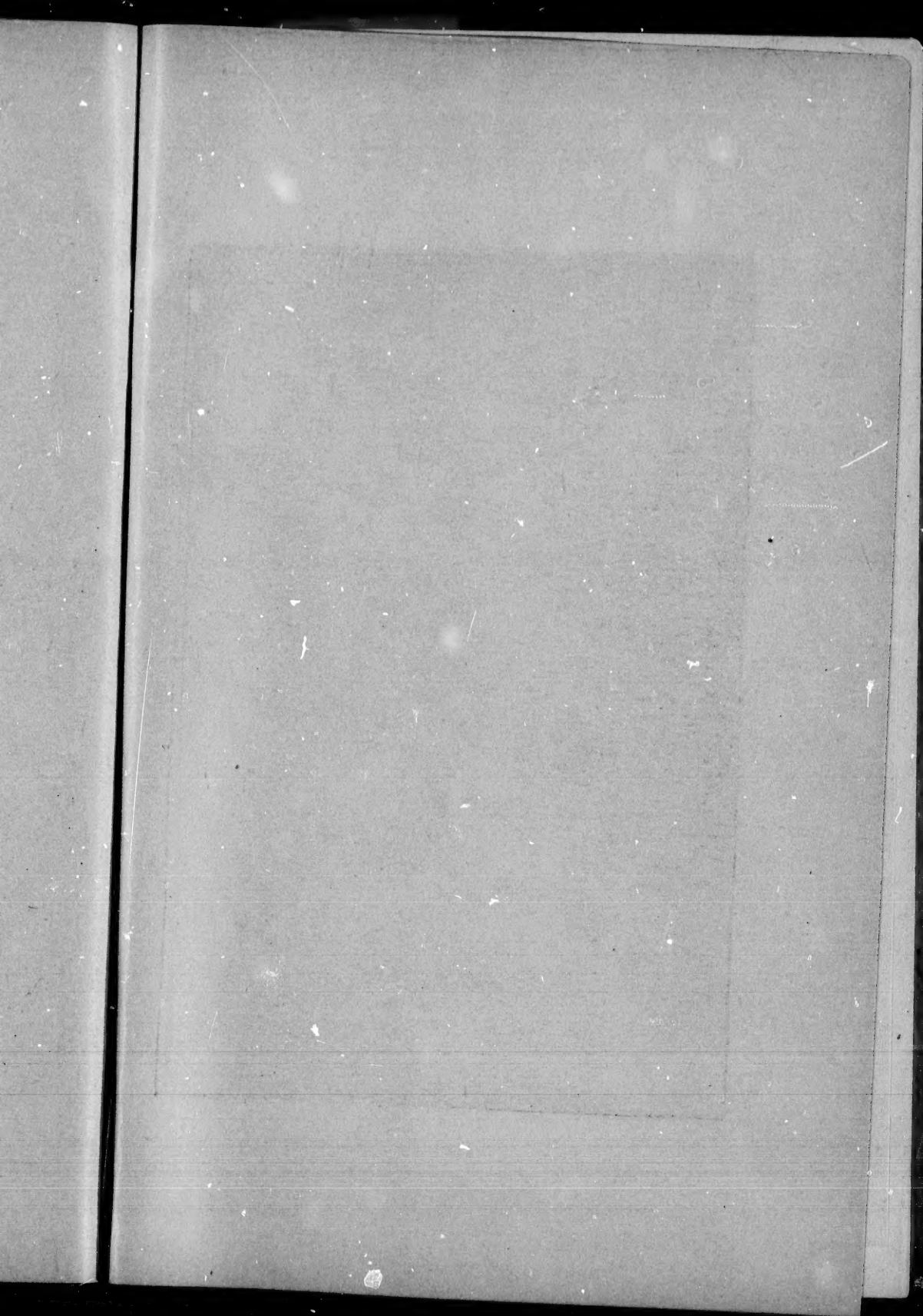
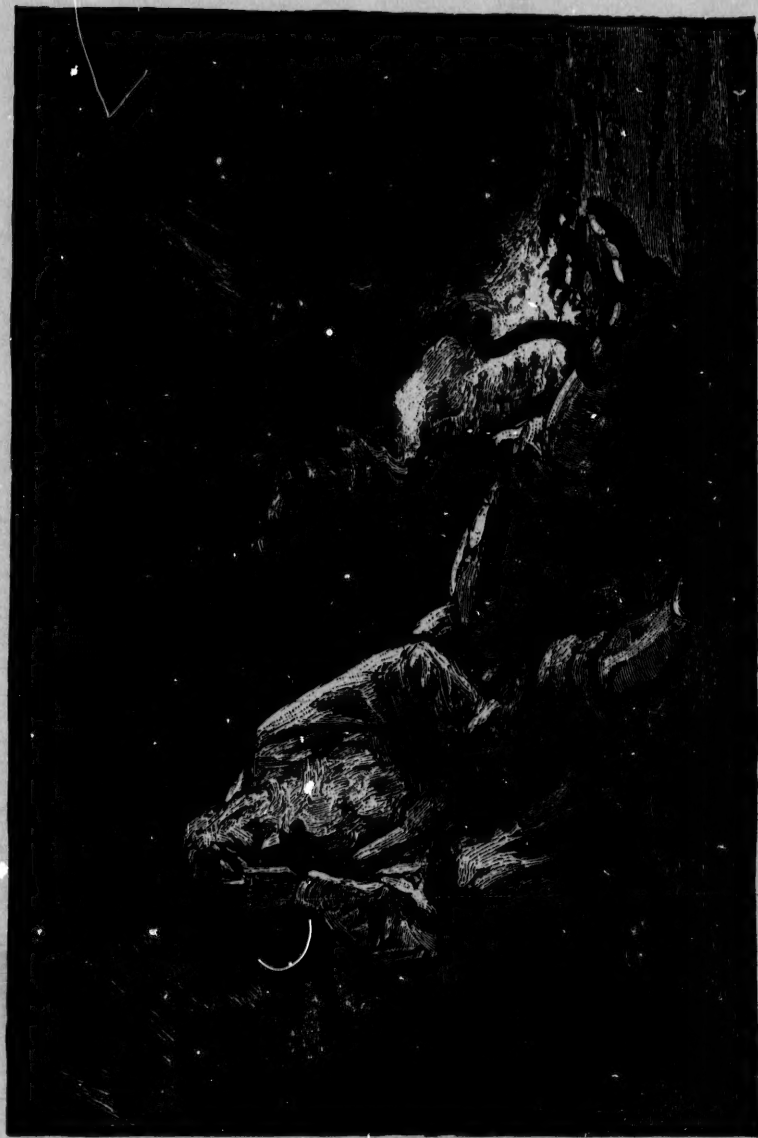






MAP OF THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES, NORTHWEST OF THE RIVER OHIO.





COUNT ZINZENDORF AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

COUNT ZINZENDORF AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIAN LIBRARY

TECUMSEH

AND

THE SHAWNEE PROPHET.

INCLUDING ANNOTATIONS OF
GEORGE ROGERS CLAY, JOHN WILSON, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
CORNSTALK, BLAINE, AND THE SHAWNEE LOGAN,
AND OTHERS TAKEN IN THE FRONTIER WARS OF
THE GREAT WEST.

BY

EDWARD EGGLESTON

AND

LILLIE EGGLESTON SEELYE.

NEW YORK:

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,

751 BROADWAY.

1878

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TECUMSEH'S TIME.

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PREFACE.

IN this work we have related for the benefit of the general reader one of the most romantic passages in American history. We have especially sought to interest young people in the history of the country through the curiosity that everybody feels about aboriginal life and exciting adventure.

It would defeat the purpose of the book to cumber it with foot-notes and references to authorities. A large number of works, including many scarce and out of the way books, have been consulted, but we have not often thought it necessary to refer by name to an original authority, even when most closely following his lead. A list of the chief works on the various branches of our subject has been inserted at the close, for the benefit of those who may wish to study the matter further.

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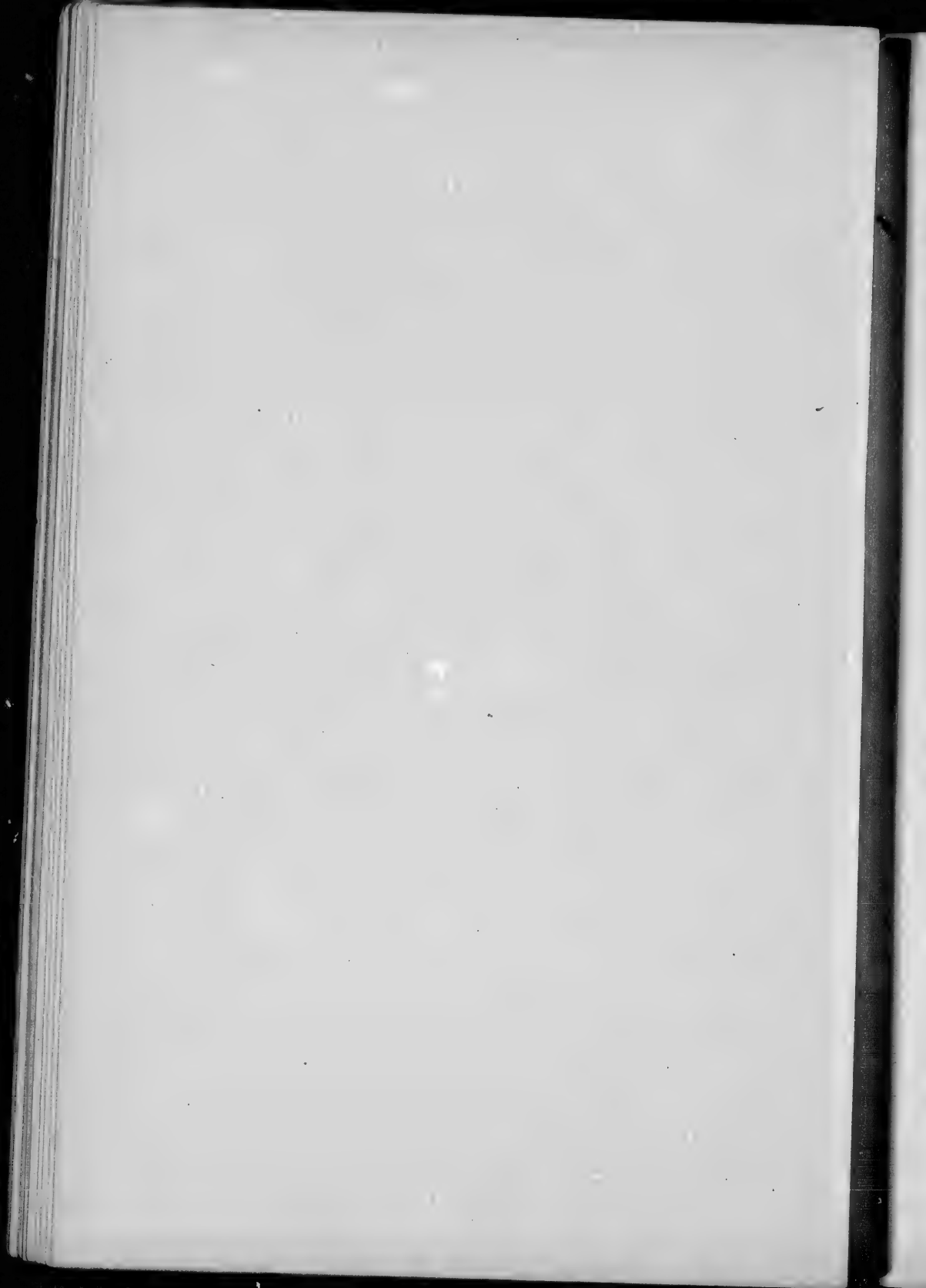
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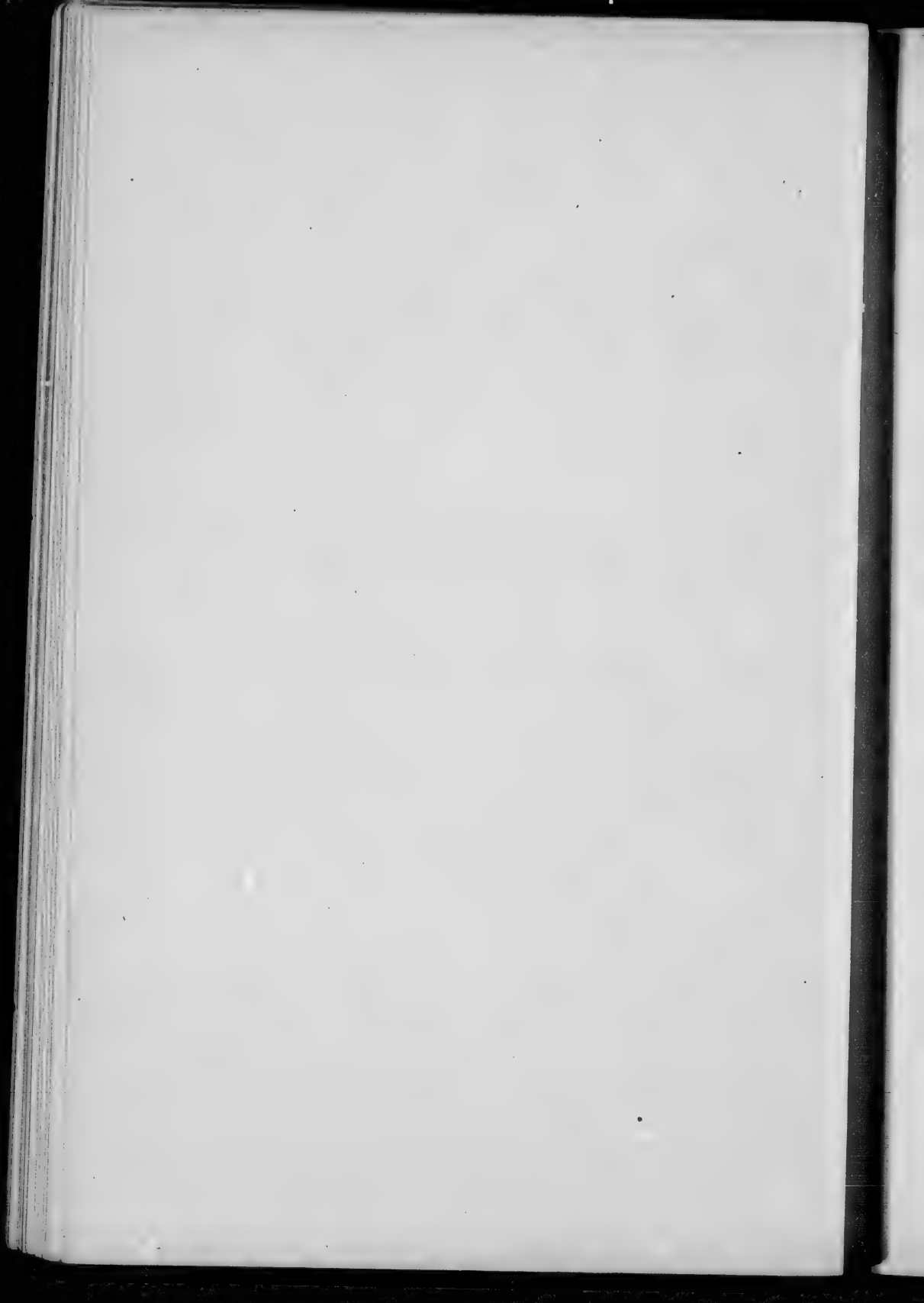
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TECUMSEH
AND
THE SHAWNEE PROPHET.



CHAPTER I.

TECUMSEH'S NATION.

SINCE the savages on this continent were known to civilized men, the Indian race has produced no more splendid genius than Tecumseh. He had courage and fortitude in common with most Indians, but to these he added an imagination capable of seeking the largest results, a practical wisdom that laid hold upon the readiest means of achieving his ends, and an energy rarely equaled by any commander. To this we must add the knowledge of human nature, the tact to command, the art to persuade, and the skill to mold men as he desired. He sought to unite the Indians into one vast confederacy or empire, and, putting himself at their head, to stay the progress of the whites. He was defeated, but that defeat was the result of the inherent superiority of civilization to savagery. Had his gifts been exercised in a more opportune field, he would no doubt have proven himself one of the great leaders of men. And even in his mistaken patriotism and foregone defeat, he showed himself a shrewd diplomatist, a great commander, a persuasive orator, a statesman, and a man of indomitable patience, brilliant courage, and won-

derful power of gaining and holding the allegiance of his followers.

He came of one of the most energetic and warlike of the Indian tribes. The Shawnees have always been a restless people, more adventurous than any other Indians. They belong to that family of Indian nations known as the Algonquin. This family was the most numerous of all the Indian races, and spoke a language not very different in the different tribes. The tribes which the whites first encountered in Virginia and in Massachusetts spoke dialects of this Algonquin speech. To this stock belong the Six Nations of Canada, the Chippewas or Ojibbeways of Wisconsin and Minnesota, celebrated in Longfellow's *Hia-watha*, the Crees of British America, the Mohegans, the Delawares, the Kickapoos, the Illinois, the Ottawas, the Sacs and Foxes, and many other tribes well known in the history of the settlement of the country. The Algonquin people are supposed to have constituted half the population east of the Mississippi at the time of the settlement of the country, and to have numbered not less than ninety thousand.

The language of the Algonquin Indians is very complex, and to the ears of those who speak languages like our own it seems to be a very strange speech. Words are joined to words, and still other

words are added to express various meanings, as to time, place, person acting, person acted upon, and so forth. One of the most curious things in the Algonquin languages is that the words take on various forms, not with reference to male and female, but with reference to a division of things into superior and inferior. In some of the dialects, all, or nearly all, animate beings are superior, while inanimate objects are put into another gender, so to speak. But in one, at least, of the Algonquin tongues, the division is more remarkable—God, the spirits or angels, and *men*, are accounted superior; *women* and all lower creatures are another "gender."

The Algonquin is very stately and suited to oratory, but not well suited to light and familiar speech. It has many delicate and rhetorical turns. When a Chippewa wishes to say that a man is dead, he merely remarks that "they have put the sand upon him." When the name of a dead person is spoken they affix to it the termination of the past tense to indicate that he is not living. Tecumseh after his death becomes "Tecumseh-e-bun." Much as though we should write, "Has-been Washington," to imply that the Washington of whom we speak was no longer alive.

The history of the Shawnees, even after the settlement of America, is wrapped in obscurity. They

moved about so incessantly, and were so often divided in their migrations, that we are unable to track the various divisions. Some are of the opinion that the Eries, who are said to have been destroyed by the Iroquois in very early times, were none others than the Shawnees before their wanderings began. Certain it is that when we first hear of them in early documents, they seem to be divided, wandering, and of uncertain habitation. We hear of a war which was being waged against them by the Iroquois at the time of Captain John Smith's arrival in America in 1607. They were at that time located to the west of the Susquehanna, and on its banks. De Laet mentions them as on the Delaware in 1632. They are also said to have been located at the South, and to have come from near Lake Erie. We can only reconcile these conflicting accounts by supposing them to have already divided into several bands, some of which were in motion, for other authorities place their seat, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, in the basin of the Cumberland River in Kentucky. Later they are found on the Wabash, where Tecumseh long afterward made a new settlement, and in 1708 they are spoken of as removing from the Mississippi to South Carolina. The Swanee or Suwanee River, in Florida, derives its name from a party of Shawnees who had come from north of the Ohio. Yet another

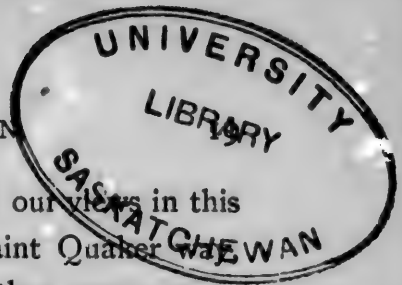
authority speaks of a tribe of Shawnees that had been wandering for four years in the wilderness, and who were then returning to the country of the Creeks. From all of which we gather that the Shawnees were in the earliest times what they proved to be later—a people of restless energy, without fixed unity or local habitation, very energetic and warlike, breaking into small bands and reuniting again. Colden, in 1745, said that “the Shawnees were the most restless of all the Indians,” and that “one tribe had quite gone down to New Spain,” or Florida.

One thing that impresses us is the uselessness of tradition among savages. The historic sense is not developed in uneducated people, and fact soon gets strangely mixed with fiction in all annals of races not yet civilized. Some authors have quoted from speeches of the Shawnees to show what their traditions of the creation are, but an Indian orator gets up his account of the creation for the purpose of carrying his point at the moment, and his story is no doubt quite as fresh to those of his own tribe who may be present as to any others.

It is inferred that the Shawnees were present at that first beneficent treaty of peace and friendship negotiated by William Penn in 1682. But there is no assurance of this fact, for to Penn and his associates but just arrived, all Indians were simply Indians,

and the treaty makes no mention of their nation or names. It is quite probable that the Indian languages were at that early day so imperfectly understood that the treaty itself was apprehended by the savages more in its peaceful import than in its details. The presence of the Shawnees is inferred from the fact that in Penn's later council with the Indians in 1701, we find Wapatha, a chief of the Shawnees, expressly mentioned as representing his people; and in 1722, in conference with the whites, the Shawnees are said to have exhibited a copy of the first treaty, though the two treaties of Penn may have been confounded. About 1698, nearly seventy families of Shawnees, with the consent of the government of Pennsylvania, removed from Carolina and settled on the Susquehanna. They perhaps found remaining there that portion of their tribe which was contending with the Iroquois in the time of John Smith, unless the Iroquois succeeded in quite driving them out. And these from Carolina may have been some who had been expelled in the wars in which they were almost always engaged, returning again to an old home.

In the year 1706, Thomas Chalkley, a minister of the Society of Friends, found Shawnees and Senecas living at Conestoga, near the Susquehanna. He relates that one of the tribes had a woman among



the chiefs. "On informing them of our visit to them," he says, in his quaint Quaker way "they called a council, in which they were grave, and spoke one after another, without any heat or jarring." Observing that there was a woman present who took part in all deliberations, the missionary inquired of the interpreter how it came that a woman was admitted to council. He answered that some women were wiser than some men—a proposition not difficult even for white people to accept. This "ancient, grave woman" spoke much in council and gave her influence heartily in favor of the missionaries, so that good Thomas Chalkley adds that "the poor Indians, and in particular some of the young men and women, were under a solid exercise and concern of mind."

As early as 1684 there were Shawnees in the West, allied with the Miamis, and yet we afterward hear of Southern Shawnees expelled from Georgia emigrating to the West, and building a village at the mouth of the Wabash. They applied to the Delawares, who gave them territory in the valley of the Wyoming, whither part of them removed. In 1742, the famous Count Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravians, had a very curious adventure with these Indians. He went to Wyoming determined to try to introduce Christianity among them. He was not

well received; the Indians suspected him of seeking their lands, and some of them determined to assassinate him privately. He sat in his tent at night, with a small fire to keep him warm. The heat of the fire had warmed into activity a rattlesnake, that stretched itself across his leg the better to feel the fire, but the pious Count was too deeply engaged in meditation to observe the reptile. The Indians raised the blanket which served as door to his tent, but seeing the venerable missionary sitting wrapped in devout reflections and peacefully unconscious of the presence of the snake, they were seized with superstitious terror. They hurriedly returned to their village and told their associates that the old man was under the special protection of the Great Spirit, for they had found him with only a blanket for a door, and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over him without doing him any harm.

When the war between England and France broke out in 1754 it involved the English colonies in America in a struggle with the French in Canada and the West, and the Shawnees on the Ohio took part with the French. But those residing in Pennsylvania rejected all solicitations to join them; the influence of Penn's treaties and Count Zinzendorf's missionary labors had rendered them friendly towards the whites.

About this time occurred the curious "grasshopper quarrel," which, beginning in a contest between children, ended in the expulsion of the Shawnees from the Wyoming Valley. There seems to have grown up a gradual estrangement between the Delawares and Shawnees, which was fanned to a flame by a most trivial circumstance. The women of the two tribes were gathering berries by the river-side, when some of the Shawnee children fell into a wrangle with the Delaware children over the possession of a grasshopper. The mothers took sides with their children, the Delaware women maintaining that, though a Shawnee child had caught the grasshopper, it was caught on the side of the river belonging to the Delawares, hence the Delaware children were entitled to it. From such arguments they came to blows; upon which the Shawnee women were speedily driven to their canoes by the superior numbers of their angry assailants. On their return, the Shawnee hunters, influenced by the angry complaints of the squaws, prepared to avenge the insult, but found the Delawares ready to meet them. The battle began while the Shawnees were crossing the river, and lasted afterward until many of the Delawares and full half of the Shawnees were killed. Soon after this the latter abandoned the Wyoming and settled with those Shawnee tribes that had remained in the valley of

the Ohio. It was here, in their villages on the Miami, the Scioto, and the Mad River, that they became involved in the savage conflict that raged so long between the Indians and the white settlers, in which border warfare Tecumseh was cradled, educated, and spent his life.

The Shawnees were at one time divided into twelve bands or tribes, but the number gradually declined to four. Besides these bands there is another division, running through all the Algonquin tribes, into what are called "totems," the word being a corruption of "dodaim," a family mark. Each totem has some name, usually of an animal; and it is said that no man could marry a person of his own totem.

The present remnant of the once powerful Shawnees is very small, many of them having become absorbed by intermarriage with the whites no doubt. Others may have mixed with the Indian tribes, but the strength of this once powerful people has been wasted in the almost ceaseless wars in which they have been engaged, against the whites and against other Indian nations. They have ever been eager to take the sword, and they have perished by the sword. The Shawnees were accustomed to boast of their superiority to the other tribes, and their haughty pride has had much to do with their conflicts and their destruction.

"The Master of Life," said one of their chiefs in 1803, "was himself an Indian. He made the Shawnees before any other of the human race. They sprang from his brain. He gave them all the knowledge he himself possessed, and placed them upon the great island (America), and all the other red people descended from the Shawnees. After he had made the Shawnees he made the French and English out of his breast, the Dutch out of his feet, and the Long Knives (Americans) out of his hands. All these inferior races of men he made white, and placed them beyond the stinking lake (the Atlantic Ocean)."

This arrogant pride and warlike ferocity made the Shawnees one of the most formidable of all the tribes with which the white settlers had to contend in the Ohio Valley. They slew old and young, male and female, without pity and without remorse. They rejoiced in battle and carnage, in deception, stratagem, and faithlessness. But in judging them we must not forget that they were savage. Their whole education made them what they were; and in too many instances the white men, in the bitter struggles of "the dark and bloody ground," easily forgot their civilization, and fell into the cruelty, bad faith, and revengefulness of savages.

Tecumseh had the pride, the energy, and the fortitude of his race. In intellect and humanity he was

superior to them, but all their fierce antipathies were in him. He confessed that he could not see a white man without feeling the flesh of his face creep. He was a savage, patriotically believing in savage life, but he was none the less one of the very ablest men that savage life has produced.

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CHAPTER II.

THE CHILDHOOD OF TECUMSEH.

THERE are always curious contradictions in the accounts of an event that reach us only through the traditions of Indians and frontier men. Tecumseh was born, according to some accounts, in 1768, and according to others, in 1771, some say near Chilli-cothe, though Tecumseh is reported to have said that his birth occurred near the old Indian village of Piqua. There is a story that he and his brother, the Prophet, were twins, and even that a third brother was born at the same time; though according to one account the Prophet and a twin brother were some years younger than Tecumseh. It seems more likely that the earlier date—1768—was that of Tecumseh's, and the later—1771—the date of the Prophet's birth, who was perhaps a twin. There can be little doubt that Tecumseh was born at the old Indian village of Piqua, or Pickaway, on the Mad River, near the Miami.

There is likewise a great contradictoriness in the accounts given of the family history. It would be easy to believe, from Tecumseh's superior mind, that

there was white blood in his family. There is, however, pretty good evidence that the family was of pure Shawnee extraction. The assertions of some, that he had both Anglo-Saxon and Creek blood in his veins, seem to be entirely founded on a boast of Lauliwasikau, the Prophet, who excelled more in bragging than he did in battle, and who was more voluble than truthful. The story is interesting to us as a small novel of the Prophet's own invention, rather than for any probable historical basis.

His paternal grandfather, according to this incredible tale, was a Creek Indian, who, with other Indians, went to one of the Southern cities, either Savannah or Charleston, to hold a council with the English governor. The governor's daughter was present at some of her father's interviews with the Indians. She had previously conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character, of which she took this opportunity to inform the governor. This most obliging of fathers inquired of the Indians in council, next morning, which of them was the most expert hunter. Tecumseh's grandfather, then a handsome young man, sitting modestly in a retired part of the room, was pointed out to him. The governor, on finding that his daughter was really desirous of marrying an Indian, directed her attention, in council the following day, to this young Creek war-

rior, and she promptly fell in love with him. The chiefs were informed of the young lady's attachment. It seemed to them incredible, at first, but finding that the governor was in earnest, they advised the young Creek to accept this piece of fortune, to which he seems to have made no objection. He was immediately taken to another apartment, where a train of black servants disrobed him of his Indian costume, washed him, and presented him with a new suit of European clothes, after which the marriage ceremony was performed. It is customary with the Indians to bathe a man on adopting him among them, and this may be what suggested the soap and water part of the story to the Prophet's mind, though one cannot but think it possible that he appreciated the necessity for washing an Indian before presenting him to a lady.

The young warrior did not return home with the other Indians at the close of the council, but remained with his romantic wife. He amused himself with hunting, in which he was very successful, usually taking two black servants with him to bring back his large quantities of game. The Prophet's father, Puckeshinwau, was a son of this marriage, and at his birth the governor made great rejoicing, causing thirty guns to be fired. This boy, who was permitted to visit the Indians, was given by them his name,

which means "something that drops." He afterwards preferred to desert the governor's house for a life among the Indians. This is the Prophet's tale ; but an account which is more credible states that Tecumseh's father, Puckeshinwau, was a full Indian belonging to the Kiscopoke, while his mother was of the Turtle tribe of the Shawnee nation. His mother's name was Methoataske, and means "a turtle laying eggs in the sand."

The parents of Tecumseh removed with others of their tribe, under the lead of the great chief Blackhoof, from the South to the valley of the Ohio, about the middle of the eighteenth century. They established themselves at first on the Scioto and afterwards on the banks of the Mad River, one of the tributaries of the Great Miami. Puckeshinwau was not a chief by birth, but he rose to that rank, and was killed in the battle of Kanawha in 1774. After her husband's death, Methoataske, who is spoken of as a respectable woman, returned to the South, where she lived to an advanced age among the Cherokee Indians.

Though the Prophet is known by several names, Tecumseh never had but the one, which means "a shooting star." The influences surrounding Tecumseh in babyhood and boyhood must have tended to make him what he was in after life. The life of an Indian child is pre-eminently one of hardship.

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INDIAN BABY, (on its mother's back, strapped to a board.)



We can imagine him as a baby bound hand and foot, and strapped to a board and carried like a piece of baggage on his mother's back for the first six months. Then he must endure the long periods of famine which come from the vicissitudes and improvidence of an Indian hunter's life. Like other Indian boys who take to the water from the time they are babies, Tecumseh, no doubt, enjoyed swimming in the Mad and Miami Rivers during the warm summer days. His first toy was probably a bow and arrow, and he learned to hunt as naturally as to swim.

There were seven children in this remarkable Indian family, five of whom were people of more or less distinction. Tecumseh's eldest brother, Chee-seekau, is said to have taken great pains in the education of the fatherless boy. This is rather remarkable, if it be true, for there is usually little that can be called direct education among the Indians. We must remember that the only honorable occupations for an Indian man are hunting and warfare; all else is work for squaws. Of course, Tecumseh's education was mainly in the arts of the soldier and the hunter, but Chee-seekau is said not only to have labored to make Tecumseh a great warrior, but also to have taught him a love for truth, a contempt for everything mean and sordid, and the practice of those cardinal Indian virtues, courage in battle and forti-

tude in suffering. If Cheesekau attempted the education of his other brother, the Prophet, in any of these particulars, he must have failed signally, for he possessed neither truth nor courage.

"From his boyhood Tecumseh seems to have had a passion for war. His pastimes, like those of Napoleon, were generally in the sham battle-field. He was the leader of his companions in all their sports, and was accustomed to divide them into parties, one of which he always headed, for the purpose of fighting mimic battles, in which he usually distinguished himself by his activity, strength, and skill. His dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow exceeded that of all the other Indian boys of his tribe, by whom he was loved and respected, and over whom he exercised unbounded influence. He was generally surrounded by a set of companions who were ready to stand or fall by his side." Such are the stories told of Tecumseh's boyhood by some who knew him. It seems very likely that he displayed in his youth that skill in hunting and war, and above all the great powers of leadership, which marked him so strongly in after life.

That Tecumseh was capable of strong affection is shown by his regard for his only sister, Menewaula-koosee, or Tecumapease, the name by which she is better known, and which was doubtless given to her

later in life, according to Indian usage, to signify her relationship to the great Tecumseh. She was "sensible, kind-hearted, and uniformly exemplary in her conduct," and must have been a person of commanding character, for she is said to have exercised a remarkable influence over the females of her tribe. She was married to a brave called Wasegoboah, or Stand Firm. Tecumapease was a great favorite with her brother Tecumseh up to the time of his death. He is said to have treated her always with respect, making her many valuable presents.

In considering the influences which surrounded the boyhood of Tecumseh, we must not forget the stories told around the Indian camp-fires of the daily events of the time; and it will be necessary to recall here what these events were. When he was very young the war of the American Revolution began. Living in the Far West of those days, he was not so entirely removed from the Revolutionary War as not to feel some influence from it. Great Britain, remote from her rebellious colonies, was engaged in war with France at the same time. She carried on the war on this continent at great disadvantage, and it was the policy of the mother country to use the savages to harass the Americans.

That Tecumseh listened well to all he heard of current events is shown in his after life, when he evinced

a considerable knowledge of the past differences between the United States and England.

The news which came to the hearing of the boy Tecumseh, as fresh as that which comes to us in our newspapers to-day, consisted of accounts of perpetual skirmishings, scalpings, and fightings. The successive and exciting events of border warfare, in which the Indians were very successful during Tecumseh's early childhood, entered into his education. His patriotic feelings were all enlisted on the side of the Indians, who were opposing themselves to the ever-increasing stream of immigration which poured over the Alleghanies during the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, and which became a flood during the first decade of the nineteenth.

Tecumseh was not more than six years old when his father was killed, and his family were several times sufferers from the war between the whites and Indians. During all his childhood this fierce border war was waging. Between 1783 and 1790, it was estimated that fifteen hundred men, women and children were slain or taken captive by the Indians upon the waters of the Ohio. The loss was also undoubtedly great on the Indian side, and the whites were often ready to learn from the Indians lessons of inhuman cruelty and torture.

Tecumseh's childhood was thus rocked in the

cradle of the Indian wars of the Revolutionary period, and by all the strength of early impressions and training he learned to love war, to regard the English as allies, to hate the Americans, and to oppose himself to the tide of immigration west of the Alleghanies.

Doubtless the boy Tecumseh, sitting by the camp-fire and listening to the stories of this savage war and to reminiscences of the "good old times" when the whites had not come among them with guns and strong drink and the superfluous wants of civilization, laid in his boyish mind the foundation for his great plan, in the strong conviction that the whites had no right to leave the home on the sea-shore, which the Indians had allowed them, and to encroach still further upon the wilderness. He seems to have stored up carefully all that he heard of broken treaties and injuries inflicted on the Indians by their neighbors. He certainly was well versed in all facts of this kind, though he naturally did not take the same pains to remember also the instances of perfidy on his own side.

CHAPTER III.

WARS OF THE SHAWNEES IN TECUMSEH'S CHILDHOOD.

ABOUT the time of Tecumseh's birth (1768), the Shawnee and Delaware nations concluded a peace with the Cherokees, a Southern nation of Indians, and remained at peace with both whites and Indians until 1774. The cause of disturbance which sent them on the war-path with the whites in this year was the murder of Indians by lawless white men in retaliation for the stealing of horses, without regard to whether the Indians killed were the offenders or not. The settlers along the frontier, feeling sure that the Indians would avenge the death of their friends, prepared for defence, and sent an express to the Assembly of the colony of Virginia, then in session, asking for assistance. Hostilities were begun by the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, whose pathetic speech is familiar to every schoolboy. He had always been friendly to the whites, but, Indian-like, now destroyed several settlers' families indiscriminately in retaliation for the murder of his own relatives. The Earl of Dunmore, at that time governor of Virginia,

raised several regiments west of the Blue Ridge, which he placed under the command of General Andrew Lewis, with instructions to proceed to the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, where he was to be joined by Lord Dunmore at the head of forces raised in the interior. The Indians, consisting of Shawnees, Delawares, Mingos, and Iowas, were under the command of Cornstalk, a renowned Shawnee chief. General Lewis, after a march of nineteen days through one hundred and sixty-five miles of wilderness, reached the mouth of the Kanawha. Here he waited several days expecting the arrival of Dunmore. He at length dispatched scouts overland to Pittsburg to see if anything could be heard of the governor. Before the scouts returned, an express arrived from Lord Dunmore, informing Lewis that he had changed his plan and intended to march directly against the Indian towns on the Scioto. General Lewis, though not altogether pleased with this change of plan, was preparing, early the next morning, to obey the orders of the governor, when he learned that a large body of Indians, which "covered four acres of ground," was close at hand. When Lewis, who was a man of remarkable coolness, received this intelligence, he lighted his pipe and ordered out two detachments to meet the enemy, one to march to the right, some distance from

the Ohio, and the other to proceed along its bank. About a mile from camp they met the Indians under Cornstalk, by whom the two detachments were almost simultaneously attacked, it being now about sunrise.

The commanders of both these detachments being in full uniform were soon severely wounded, one of them mortally. The troops having been reinforced from the reserve, the battle was waged stubbornly all day long, and it is ranked among "the most memorable and well contested that has been fought on this continent." The underbrush, ravines, and fallen trees were favorable to the Indians. They succeeded in carrying away their wounded and throwing most of their dead into the Ohio, according to their universal practice of concealing their slain in battle, whenever possible.

There were many celebrated chiefs present at this battle, among whom were Logan, Red Eagle, Elenip-sico, and Cornstalk, who is styled "chief sachem of the Shawnees and leader of the northern confederacy." It is said that this chief, who was generally friendly to the whites, had opposed this attack on General Lewis, but had been overruled. In battle he fought with great bravery, being the loudest-voiced and most conspicuous in encouraging the Indians. When their lines began to waver he was

among them in a moment, crying, "Be strong!" "Be strong!" He buried his tomahawk in the head of one of his retreating warriors, and, shaming the rest, completely rallied his forces.

It was during this day's battle that Tecumseh's father, the chief Puckeshinwau, was killed. His eldest son, Cheeseekau, fought at his side. Toward the latter part of the day, the Indian forces, having been attacked in the rear by the Virginians, began a slow and orderly retreat, conducted by Cornstalk, the Indians advancing and falling back alternately, and fighting stubbornly all the way. At length as night came on the savages disappeared in the darkness. After the battle they recrossed the Ohio and marched to the valley of the Scioto. Here a council of war was held to determine future movements. Cornstalk rose in council and made this speech: "What shall we do now? The Long Knives (a name by which the Indians called the whites because of their swords) are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?" Here he made an impressive pause, and no one answering he proceeded: "Shall we kill all our women and children and then fight until we are killed ourselves?" All were silent. Then, Cornstalk, striking his tomahawk into the war-post standing in the midst of the council, said with great vehemence: "Since you are not inclined to

fight, I will go and make peace." And peace was made.

Governor Dunmore had marched to within a few miles of the camp, where he was met by messengers from the Indians suing for peace. He sent an express to General, Lewis, who had crossed the Ohio and was marching for the Shawnee towns on the Scioto, ordering him to retreat across the river. The general and his forces were so anxious to continue the campaign and avenge the blood of their companions, that they disregarded the governor's order and continued their march until Lord Dunmore met them in person and repeated his command emphatically.

Cornstalk was one of those able Indians of whom the Shawnees had more than their proportion. He was the earnest friend of the Moravian missions among the Indians, and always encouraged any effort which tended toward the moral and physical betterment of his people. He was also spoken of very highly as an orator. When the treaty was concluded between the Indians and Dunmore, Cornstalk made a speech which showed his patriotism and sense of justice. He described the wrongs his people had suffered from the colonists, and contrasted the condition of his nation before their intercourse with the whites, with their degraded and miserable state at that time.

He spoke boldly of the dishonesty of the traders, and proposed that no commerce with the Indians should be carried on for individual profit, but that honest men should be sent among them who would trade for such things as they needed at a fair price; and, above all, that no "fire-water" of any kind should be allowed to come among them.

This treaty with Governor Dunmore did not bring a lasting peace. New difficulties were ever arising. Cornstalk's friendship for the whites, and his desire to avoid the disastrous effects of a war on his own people, led him to his death. In 1777, two years after the beginning of the Revolutionary War, an offensive alliance was formed among the Indians against Western Virginia. Cornstalk opposed this with all his influence, but in vain. He determined to give warning to the whites, in hope of thus preventing the war he so much dreaded for his people. He went secretly to the fort at Point Pleasant, accompanied by Red Hawk, who was also friendly to the whites, and another Indian. After fully explaining all to the commander, he frankly said, in speaking of the state of feeling among the Shawnees: "The current sets so strongly against the Americans, in consequence of the agency of the British, that they will float with it, I fear, in spite of all my exertions."

The commander, Captain Arbuckle, in violation

of all good faith, detained the chiefs as hostages. While they were there the officers in the fort held many conversations with Cornstalk, and were much surprised at his intelligence. He seemed to take pleasure in giving them descriptions of his country. One day as he was drawing a rude map on the floor by way of illustration, a call was heard from the opposite shore, which he knew to be the voice of his favorite son Elenipsico, a fine young Indian, who was prominent in the battle at Kanawha. Elenipsico, at his father's request, crossed the river and joined him at the fort, where they greeted each other very affectionately. Soon after two men belonging to the fort went out hunting, and one of them having been killed by some Indians, the regiment to which he belonged rushed madly in to kill the captives at the fort in revenge, believing Elenipsico to have brought with him the Indians who killed their friend. Cornstalk and his companions were warned by the interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the Indians and felt an affection for them. Elenipsico denied having anything to do with it, and seemed much agitated, but his father encouraged him, saying, "If the Great Spirit has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man." Which they both did, being cruelly slain by the enraged soldiers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN THE WEST— COLONEL CLARK'S EXPEDITIONS.

THE expedition of Colonel Clark against the British posts in the West illustrates so well the general character of the West at that time, and the Western methods of warfare, and is withal a story so full of interest, that we give it briefly here. It has also certain relations to the life of Tecumseh, in so far as it shows the early conflict between the United States and Great Britain on this ground.

During the Revolutionary War the British were in possession of many posts on the frontier, among which was Kaskaskia, near the junction of the Kaskaskia River with the Mississippi, in what is now the State of Illinois. This place was originally a French post, founded in 1673, but it had been surrendered to the British at the time of the fall of Canada and the consequent overthrow of the French power in America, and from this point the British authorities during the Revolution furnished the Indians with the supplies which enabled them to harry the American frontier.

In 1778, one of the first expeditions beyond the Ohio was sent out from Virginia against Kaskaskia. This expedition was placed under the command of Colonel George Rogers Clark, a man of great courage, immense energy, and incredible powers of endurance. He had, besides, a peculiar talent for Indian warfare. Indians seldom fight in the open battle-field. Their great strength lies in surprises. They make sudden movements and plan ambuscades with great craft. A lack of attention to these peculiarities of a savage foe caused Braddock's defeat and many other disasters. But the skillful frontier man, in all border skirmishes, adopted the Indian methods. In nearly all frontier conflicts the number of men killed and wounded was small. Men were scarce, and craft took the place of force. Many of the expeditions sent from the East after that of Colonel Clark, were disastrous failures, from the fact that the large forces of regulars would march into the country, allowing the wary Indians time to prepare traps into which the troops would blindly march only to be cut to pieces.

The object of Clark's expedition was kept a profound secret. A regiment was authorized to be raised for the protection of the Western frontier, and the confidence in Colonel Clark was so great that no trouble was found in raising three hundred men without delay.

This little force made a wilderness journey of more than a thousand miles. They crossed the mountains of the Monongahela and descended by water to the Falls of the Ohio. Here they were met by some Kentucky volunteers; for no conflict, great or small, took place on the Western frontier in which the warlike Kentuckians did not have a part. The expeditionary force then proceeded down the Ohio to a point about sixty miles above its mouth, where they hid their boats to prevent their being discovered by the Indians. Clark's little army was now one hundred and thirty miles from Kaskaskia, and the country to be traversed—what is now Southern Illinois—was, in its wild state, almost impassable. Through this low prairie, covered with a dense vegetation, the brave colonel marched at the head of his men, his rifle on his shoulder and his provisions on his back. They waded through or crossed by the quickest means available the numerous streams and morasses on their route. They marched two days after their provisions were exhausted, and arrived before the fortifications of Kaskaskia in the night. The long march had been accomplished without alarming either the English or the Indians; no one had suspected his coming. Clark halted, formed his men, and delivered a short and pointed speech, of which the substance was that "the town was to

be taken at all events." But the surprise was so great that the capture was effected by stratagem, without resistance, on the night of the fourth of July. The inhabitants were closely shut within their houses, to prevent intelligence of the arrival of the Americans becoming known in the other settlements. A detachment was mounted on the horses of the country and immediately pushed on up the Mississippi to surprise the villages there. They were all taken as secretly and suddenly as Kaskaskia, and the power of Great Britain was entirely broken in the Mississippi River country, by the sudden onslaught of a few hundred men.

Winning the favor of the French at Kaskaskia by kindness and shrewd management, Clark got them to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Then he dispatched a friendly priest, Father Gibault, to sound the people at Vincennes, an old French settlement on the Wabash which had become a British post, and which now lay between Clark and the American settlements.

Through the influence of this priest in the absence of the governor, Vincennes declared for the Americans; but on the approach of Governor Hamilton with a British force, the American captain, who with one private soldier constituted the garrison, was forced to surrender. By planting a loaded can-

non in the gate of the fort, and standing over it with a lighted match, the commander of this little garrison of two extorted the honors of war from his captor.

Vincennes, having been considered within reach of an attack from the Americans, had been strongly fortified, and was now well garrisoned, and under the command of the English governor, Hamilton, an experienced and excellent officer. He proposed to march upon Clark as soon as possible, with a certainty of success, for his force was greatly superior to that of the Americans, and he had also under his command a body of six hundred Indian warriors. The season was such, however, as to make any movement seem entirely impracticable. The intervening country is low and level, and the rivers and streams overflow their banks during heavy rains. They were by this time greatly swollen. The British commander reasoned that Colonel Clark would also be unable to move for the same reason that detained him, and that upon the shores of the Mississippi no reinforcements could by any possibility reach him from the distant settlements. As soon as the streams should fall in the spring, Hamilton proposed to attack the Americans at Kaskaskia with the assurance of success; and had Clark been a regular military officer, or a common man accustomed to regard

difficulties or even to respect impossibilities, Governor Hamilton's plans would have been sure to bring victory.

He reckoned badly, however, in feeling sure that anything could detain so impetuous a man as Clark anywhere. Shrewdly guessing what were the purposes of the British governor, and having been informed of the size of Hamilton's force, he quickly saw that to await his arrival at Kaskaskia would be fatal. The other expedient was almost equally desperate; but he decided, in spite of all obstacles, to be himself the first to attack.

To carry out this arduous undertaking he would have to pass, without a road, through one hundred and sixty miles of "fertile soil, whose light, spongy loam, saturated with water, afforded no firm footing to the steps of the soldiery, and to cross the Kaskaskia, the Little Wabash, the Embarras, and the Great Wabash Rivers, besides a number of their tributaries, all of which were swollen and margined by wide belts of inundated land." He began the march for Vincennes, however, having nothing but a few pack-horses and the backs of the soldiers on which to carry his provisions and ammunition. This march was made in eleven weary days of plodding through mud and water, the troops sleeping at night without shelter on the damp ground. At one time the men

refused to march through an icy river. Clark mounted a little drummer boy on the shoulder of a tall sergeant, and ordered the one to beat a march while the other proceeded into the water. Clark drew his sword and fell in behind the sergeant, crying, "Forward!" The men were amused and elated by the scene, and of course followed the commander. This dauntless man had each of the companies give a "feast" on successive nights of the march, to which the others were invited. By means of these frolics the men were made to forget the awful perils and hardships of their march.

At last they reached the Great Wabash River, which of itself seemed a barrier quite impassable. On the high eastern shore of its bank stood the English fort with the swift current of the river sweeping around its foot, while the western shore was low and full of treacherous quicksands, where Hall, in his "Sketches of the West," says he has seen the horse sink under his rider and become instantly buried in the mire. The prairie was now covered for five miles with water, in some places too deep for fording, in others too shallow for boats. Clark hesitated for no difficulties. It took him five days to get his now starving and exhausted troops across this waste of water, maneuvering successfully to conceal his forces from the enemy by keeping as nearly under shelter

of the timber as possible, sometimes wading breast-deep, and at other times using canoes or constructing rafts. At one time when the men faltered he diverted them by blacking his face with powder, giving a war-whoop, and making them follow his example. Having at last achieved the passage of the river he appeared before Vincennes, surprising the post as completely as he had surprised the more western forts.

Before attacking the post he sent secretly the following characteristic letter to the French inhabitants of the town. One cannot but smile now at this manifesto of a commander whose troops had eaten almost nothing for five days, and who were now to contend with a force greatly superior, a part of which was composed of Indians who would show no mercy in case they were victorious:

"To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes.

"GENTLEMEN: Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your Fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there are, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the Fort, and join the HAIR-BUYER GENERAL, and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the Fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty will be well treated.

G. R. CLARK."

The nick-name of Hair-Buyer General applied to the English commander doubtless refers to the British use of the Indians as allies, and the practice, on the part of the savages, of scalping those who fell into their hands. It is but fair to state that Hamilton was a courteous and magnanimous gentleman, notwithstanding Clark's contempt. The latter, like many other brave and patriotic soldiers, was not remarkable for observing the courtesies of life, nor indeed for personal culture. His spelling is very eccentric. He speaks of himself as having been very much "adju-tated" at one time; he says "atacted," and he receives "intilgence." But it does not take the education of the schools to make a daring and skillful frontier commander, and this last he was.

By repeating Hannibal's stratagem of marching his few soldiers round and round so as to make them seem many more than they were, and by a series of tricks, some of which seemed almost like practical jokes and school-boy pranks, he outwitted the English commander in every way. He had so few men that he could ill afford to lose one, and another force that he had sent round by water had not yet come. He kept his men under shelter, had them now fire rapidly and then slacken, so as to seem to be relieving one party with another. After a particularly hot fire the men would shout and laugh as though it

were only play. Fearing that some important dispatches intended for him had fallen into the enemy's hands and would be destroyed, he concluded to force a surrender at once, if possible. The demand was made with characteristic effrontery, as follows:

"SIR: In order to save yourself from the impending storm that threatens you, I order you *immediately* to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, &c., &c.; for if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town, for, by Heavens! if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.

"G. R. CLARK.

"TO GOV. HAMILTON."

Hamilton refused to surrender, but soon after proposed a truce. This Clark refused, making up in assurance what he lacked in force. Colonel Hamilton at last capitulated, surrendering to Clark a force much more numerous than the attacking party. By this victory the great north-western region was added to the territory of the United States.

Two years later the border war came directly to Tecumseh's own home, in an affair that must have left a strong impression on the boy's mind. The Indian village of Piqua, picturesquely situated on a precipitous cliff overlooking the Mad River, and bordered by a beautiful prairie, was then quite populous. It is said that there was within its limits a rude log

fort surrounded with pickets, and more than two hundred acres of corn and other vegetables had been planted there by the Indians.

This time Colonel Clark led an expedition of a thousand Kentuckians against the Shawnees residing on the Great Miami. He dropped upon them suddenly, as was his fashion, and they had scarcely time to send to the woods for safety their squaws and children, among whom, no doubt, was the young Tecumseh. Though they defended their cabins for a time, their villages were burned and the corn-fields destroyed. "This seems," says James Hall, with great justice, "to have been the most effectual method for bridling the ferocity of the Indians; the death of a portion of their warriors only increased their fury, but the destruction of their villages and corn-fields chilled their courage by showing them that war could be carried to their homes, while it crippled their military power by forcing them to engage in hunting to support their families."

CHAPTER V.

EARLY BATTLES AND ADVENTURES OF TECUMSEH.

IN 1786, Captain Benjamin Logan led a party of mounted men against the villages of Machachacs (or Mequacakes), one of the four tribes into which the Shawnees were divided at that time, and who lived on the waters of the Mad River. His attack was made on the villages while most of the warriors were absent, which may account for the fact that two Indian youths, who afterwards became distinguished on opposite sides, should have been among those who defended the villages at this time. In one of Logan's skirmishes, near where the city of Dayton now stands, Tecumseh, who was not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age, came under fire for the first time. He was under the charge of his brother, the distinguished brave Cheeseekau. It is said that the boy Tecumseh took fright and fled. A similar story is told of the great Seneca chief, Red Jacket, and of Frederick the Great. This is the only instance on record in which Tecumseh showed fear or lost his presence of mind in peril.

In this same skirmish, or in some other during this expedition, Captain Logan captured Spemica Lawba, who afterwards took Logan's own name and became celebrated, not like Tecumseh, as the enemy of the white man, but as his friend. Captain Logan having entered a village from which the warriors were mostly absent, captured, with slight resistance, thirty prisoners, mostly women and children. But after the conclusion of the battle he was much annoyed by arrows shot by some one with an aim so good as to greatly harass the men. Search was made in the tall grass about the village until an Indian boy was discovered with bow and quiver, boldly persecuting the enemies of his people, though he fought single-handed. He was made prisoner, and lived in Captain Logan's family for some years, until he was exchanged and returned to his own people. His name, Spemica Lawba, meant "The High Horn," but after his captivity he was always known as Logan, and was ever afterward a steadfast friend of the whites. He is not to be confounded with Logan, the famous Mingo chief.

The services which Logan was able to render to the whites in the war of 1812, were many and brilliant; but there was one earlier enterprise of this most friendly and faithful savage that deserves mention here.

The Indians around Fort Wayne had been showing signs of hostility, and the whites thought best to remove the women and children, of whom there were twenty-five, to a better protected place in Ohio. This defenceless party was intrusted to the care and guidance of Logan. After nearly a hundred miles of perilous travel he brought them safely to their destination. His sense of responsibility in this difficult and delicate mission was so great that he is said not to have slept during the whole time of its performance.

Tecumseh, a little later, took part in an attack made by the Indians on some flatboats descending the Ohio. The greater part of the commerce of the Ohio River was, until very recent times, carried on by large flatboats of peculiar construction, often more than a hundred feet in length. These covered flatboats, which still float on the large Western rivers, are propelled by great oars, that require from two to four men to the oar, and are moved by the men walking forward on the deck of the boat as they push the oars through the water. So that each boat needs a crew of six or more. In the time of peril from the Indians several of these boats were lashed together in order that the force for defense might be greater. The flatboat men and keelboat men of that day led adventurous and dangerous lives. Voyag-



INDIANS ATTACKING A WESTERN FLAT BOAT.

ing down the great Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, they were a prey to the Indians and the fierce outlaws who infested the river and the wilds of Tennessee and Kentucky, through which their return journey by land was made.

If Tecumseh had manifested any lack of bravery and coolness in his previous battle, he seemed determined to wipe out the stain this time, for he showed such courage as to leave in the background some of the oldest and bravest warriors in the party. The boats were captured and the men all killed with the exception of one, who was taken prisoner and burnt according to the barbarous Indian custom. Tecumseh silently witnessed the revolting scene, it being his first experience of the kind. When it was over, the youth expressed his abhorrence of it, and made the Indians so eloquent and forceful a speech that they all agreed with him in saying that they never would burn another prisoner. And it is believed that none of the party were ever afterward guilty of participation in this fiendish practice. Nothing could better indicate Tecumseh's wonderful power over men. It was a very extraordinary thing for a mere stripling to succeed in persuading Indians to renounce a custom so fixed and so suited to the savagery of the Indian temper. From this battle dates the beginning of Tecumseh's renown as a brave. In

hunting, which is the chief occupation of an Indian, he early became famous.

About 1787, when he could not have been more than nineteen years of age, he and his brother Cheesekau, with a party of Kiscopokes—moved no doubt by the impulse to wander which was so strong in all of the Shawnees—started westward on an expedition in search of adventure.

They stopped for some time on the Mississinewa River, in what is now the north-eastern part of Indiana. Here the young men were near home. After some months, growing bolder or more vagrant in disposition, they crossed the country westward and encamped on the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of Apple Creek. After remaining for eight or nine months, they started toward the country of the Cherokees, traveling to the south through Illinois to the Ohio River, where they engaged in a buffalo hunt, in which Tecumseh was thrown from his horse and had his thigh broken. This accident detained them for several months opposite Fort Massac. After his recovery they continued their wanderings southward under the lead of Cheesekau. On their arrival in the Cherokee country they found that tribe at war with the whites. With true Shawnee love of battle and adventure, they offered to join the Cherokees in their attack on a fort, the name of which is unknown.

A day or two before the assault took place, if we may believe the story, Cheeseekau made a speech to his followers, in which he predicted that at a certain hour on a certain morning they would reach the fort, and he would be shot in the forehead and killed. He told them that they would succeed in the attack, however, if they persevered. They tried to induce him to turn back from the undertaking, but he refused. Cheeseekau was killed according to his presentiment. He fell with true Shawnee fanaticism, rejoicing that it was his lot to die in battle, and saying that he did not want to be buried at home like an old woman, but preferred that the fowls of the air should pick his bones. The Indians, always superstitious, were panic-stricken, and fled in spite of the attempts of Tecumseh and the Cherokee leaders to rally them.

The young Tecumseh had not yet had enough of this adventurous life. He remained in the South nearly two years. After his brother's death he seems naturally to have taken the lead of his party. He told them that he was determined not to return to his own country until he had done something worthy of being told. So he took with him eight or ten men, and going to the nearest settlement he attacked a house, killed all the men, and took the women and children prisoners.

Such is the adventure which an Indian could re-

count with pride around the camp-fire on his return home. Tecumseh visited many of the Southern tribes at this time, probably learning something of their languages, and gaining acquaintance and a reputation among them as a brave, which was of use in his visit to them in after life, when he was forming his great confederacy. During the whole time he led a daring life, joining in many forays of the Southern tribes. His encampment was three times attacked in the night, but so great was his carefulness, and so excellent his judgment in the choice of a camping-ground, that no advantage was gained over him. At one time a party of thirty whites attacked him. Tecumseh, who had not yet laid down, was dressing some meat. He was on his feet in an instant, and ordered his little band to follow him. Under Tecumseh's lead, they rushed boldly upon the whites and killed two, putting the rest to flight by the sheer impetuosity of their charge, without the loss of a man. Tecumseh at last set out for his own country with eight followers. On their homeward journey they went through Western Virginia. Crossing the Ohio near the mouth of the Scioto River, they visited the Machachac villages on Mad River; thence they went to the Auglaize, which they reached in the fall of 1790, having been absent from Ohio for three years.

CHAPTER VI.

DEFEAT OF HARMER AND ST. CLAIR.

IF Tecumseh had a budget of adventure to relate to his friends around the camp-fires, the Indians in Ohio had, on their part, the fresh news of a great victory to recount. Just preceding Tecumseh's return, a battle between General Harmer and the Indians had been fought. It was now seven years since the close of the Revolutionary War, but the English still held posts in the Western country. It had been stipulated, when the independence of the United States was acknowledged by Great Britain, that Americans should be held responsible for debts due to British subjects, which had been contracted before the war and repudiated after the Revolution began. But under the earlier form of government, the United States could not enforce the collection of these debts in opposition to statutes enacted by the several States to defeat the British creditor. This failure of our government to comply with one of the stipulations of the treaty gave the British government a pretext for refusing to surrender the frontier posts, the holding of which kept the profitable fur

trade in the hands of English traders. These posts were not surrendered until a new treaty had been made, in 1794. Meantime the presence of this semi-hostile military power, and of the English traders, kept the Indians in a state of constant enmity to the growing American settlements at the West.

Harmer had been sent into the West at the head of about three hundred Federal troops and over eleven hundred Kentucky volunteers. The sole object of this expedition was to penetrate into the Miami country and to destroy the corn-fields of the Indians. This it accomplished successfully; and had it attempted nothing more, all would have been well. The forces were about to return, when some Indians were seen. Colonel Hardin, the commander of the Kentucky troops, was sent out in pursuit, with a small detachment. He followed the enemy for six miles directly into a trap. The Indians had retreated, and after dividing themselves into two parties, had counter-marched at some distance on either side of their own trail, and then approached it, concealing themselves in the tall grass. When Colonel Hardin and his men had walked into this snare, the savages suddenly appeared on all sides and fired upon the troops. Hardin bravely tried to rally his panic-stricken men, but the Indians were greatly superior in numbers to this detachment, and they charged

upon the soldiers with gun and tomahawk, destroying all but those who saved themselves by flight.

Two days later the army again set out on its return. After marching about ten miles from the ruined villages, Harmer sent back Colonel Hardin with a detachment of four or five hundred militia and about sixty regulars to the principal towns, where he supposed the scattered Indians would gather on the departure of the troops. But by this movement Harmer again foolishly divided his army. There were only a few Indians found at the village, however, who fled on being attacked. The undisciplined militia, eager for revenge, rushed off without orders in pursuit of them, leaving the regulars at the village. It was for some such subdivision that the wily savages were waiting. No sooner were the regular troops left alone than an immense number of Indians rose from an ambuscade. A fierce battle followed, the enraged Indians throwing aside guns and fighting with tomahawks, and the Americans with their bayonets, with which they made great havoc in the Indian ranks for a time. The savages greatly outnumbered them, however, and these brave troops and their commander, Major Willis, were slain almost to the very last man. The militia had been recalled, but though they fought a brave battle, and themselves suffered con-

siderable loss, they were too late to relieve the regulars. They retired at last in good order before the superior numbers of the savages, who attacked their ranks "like demons."

In this victory over General Harmer, Blue Jacket, an influential Shawnee chief, and Little Turtle, a chief of the Miamis, commanded the Indians.

The year following Tecumseh's return he spent in hunting. In the fall of 1791, news reached the Indians that General St. Clair was preparing to march into their country. The young warrior Tecumseh was sent out with a party of spies to watch the movements of this new expedition. St. Clair, a brave and veteran soldier, began his march cautiously at the head of fourteen hundred troops. Two forts were erected about forty miles apart, on the route, for places of deposit, and to secure safety in case of retreat. While Tecumseh and his party were lying on Nettle Creek, a stream which flows into the Great Miami, St. Clair passed out through Greenville to the head waters of the Wabash. In this way it happened that Tecumseh, acting as a scout, did not participate in the battle itself.

General St. Clair, who had no skill in Indian warfare, was suddenly, at a moment when he fancied himself secure, attacked on all sides by an overwhelming force of Indians, who had long been

hanging upon his flanks, and had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the numbers and disposition of his troops. The soldiers fought bravely, but seeing themselves environed on all sides by countless hordes of savages, they became panic-stricken and fled, pursued by the Indians, who filled the air with demoniac yells, while they killed all they could lay their hands on. Weary with slaughter, they turned back at last to enjoy the plunder of the deserted camp.

The troops had been formed in close order; a plan which was always bad, and which was wholly given up in Indian warfare after this disaster. The close order of the whites gave the Indians a great advantage, and St. Clair's loss in this defeat amounted to nearly eight hundred, while it is supposed that the Indian loss did not much exceed ten men. The whole country was plunged into grief and consternation by this overthrow of an army regarded as well-nigh invincible.

CHAPTER VII.

SKIRMISHES WITH THE WHITES—TECUMSEH AND KENTON.

IN the month of December, 1792, Tecumseh was encamped with ten warriors and a boy, near a place called Big Rock. As the party sat smoking around their camp-fire, early in the morning, they were suddenly fired upon by a company of whites of nearly three times their number, under command of Robert McClelland. Tecumseh instantly gave the war-whoop, and the Indians sprang to their feet and returned the fire. He told the boy to run, but looking around saw Black Turkey, one of his warriors, running also. Tecumseh angrily called him back, and although he was a hundred yards away when Tecumseh saw him, he obeyed the order and joined in the fight. Two whites were killed, of whom one was slain by Tecumseh himself. McClelland's party retreated, and while following them Tecumseh broke the trigger to his gun, and then gave over the pursuit. The Indians came off with a loss

of but two wounded, one of whom was the runaway, Black Turkey.

In Tecumseh's next adventures he came into conflict with Simon Kenton, one of the most famous of all the frontier men and Indian fighters. In March, 1792, some horses were stolen from settlements in Kentucky by Indians. A party of thirty-six whites immediately gathered to pursue the marauders, and of this party Kenton was the leader. Following the trail of the Indians they crossed the Ohio River by means of rafts, and continued to follow the Indian trail all the next day in bad weather and over wet ground. The following morning twelve men were permitted to return, being unable to continue the pursuit. The remaining twenty-four still followed the trail until about eleven in the morning, when they heard the tinkling of a bell, such as the frontier men were accustomed to tie on the necks of their horses. Supposing themselves to be near an Indian encampment, all unnecessary articles of clothing and baggage were laid aside, and two detachments sent ahead to reconnoiter. The scouts advancing found that the sound of the bell was coming nearer. A halt was ordered, and the whites saw a solitary Indian approaching them. He was dispatched, and the scouts were again sent forward by Kenton, who felt sure of finding an Indian encampment close at hand. This

they soon discovered on a fork of the Little Miami. But the Indian force appeared to be so large that on calling a council it was thought best to retire until night came on, if a retreat could be effected without discovery. This was done, two scouts being left to watch the enemy's camp. At night, the men being wet and cold, the party was marched into a ravine, where a fire could be built without danger of discovery by means of the smoke.

The men were then divided into three divisions, which were to attack the Indians simultaneously. They had approached very near the camp when an Indian rose and stirred the fire. For fear of discovery he was instantly shot, and the attack began. The whites had chosen "Boone" for their watchword. This choice of a watchword was unfortunate, for Boone's was a name which the savages had many good reasons for knowing, and which was indeed quite as familiar to their ears as to those of the whites. The attack was made after midnight, and it was very dark. In a few moments the whites and Indians were mingled together; wild and confusing cries of "Boone," and "Che Boone," arose on all sides from both parties. Kenton expected the Indians to be panic-stricken at the first dash of a night attack, but the presence of Tecumseh had prevented this. At the first alarm he had rushed forward and killed a

white man with his war-club, and his presence of mind and the confidence of the Indians in his leadership quite defeated Kenton's hopes. By some it is said that Kenton discovered another camp on the opposite bank of the river but that account is the more probable which tells how in the melee an Indian fell into the water; the splashing which he made led the whites to believe that reinforcements were coming. Kenton accordingly ordered a retreat after a few minutes of fighting. They were pursued by the Indians through the remainder of the night and a part of the next day.

On the day previous to this battle one of the white men had succeeded in catching an Indian horse, which he had tied in the rear of the camp. When a retreat was ordered he mounted this horse and rode off. Early the following morning Tecumseh and four of his men started out in pursuit of the retreating Kentuckians. Discovering this man's trail, they followed him, and at last came upon him where he had stopped to cook some meat. He fled at sight of the Indians, two of whom with Tecumseh pursued him. Seeing that they would inevitably overtake him, he turned and aimed his gun at them. The two Indians who were in advance of Tecumseh immediately sprang behind trees, but Tecumseh rushed up and took him prisoner. He was tied and taken

back to camp. Tecumseh then asked some of the Indians to catch the horses, but as they seemed unwilling to do it, he went himself with one other.

When he returned to the camp, he found that his men had killed the prisoner. At this he was very indignant, angrily denouncing it as cowardly to kill a helpless captive. In this matter of the treatment of prisoners, he was always far more humane than the savages, and indeed more humane than many of the white settlers.

Tecumseh's next skirmish was with another party under Kenton. In 1793, a party of thirty-three men was formed to cut off some Indians who had attacked settlements in Kentucky, and were returning through Ohio with their prisoners. In this expedition Kenton commanded one of the three divisions into which the small party were divided. After crossing the Ohio River, they encamped near Paint Creek. Soon after their halt for the night, a noise was heard, and an Indian camp was discovered close at hand. This camp was not that of the marauders, but of Tecumseh, who with a few followers, accompanied by their women and children, was engaged in hunting on the banks of this creek. The whites reconnoitered and found that the Indian horses were between them and the Indian camp. It was decided that no attack should be made on the Indians until

it should be light enough to shoot accurately. The plan was for each of the three bodies of men to place themselves on different sides of the encampment, which would then be guarded, as the creek was on the fourth side. The Kentuckians marched to the enemy's camp very early. Before two of the parties had reached their positions, a dog barked among the Indians, and a gun was fired. On this alarm, the whites instantly began their attack, the men rushing to their positions; but the plan was entirely deranged by the first party's having taken the wrong side of the camp. It is said that Tecumseh called out to his warriors, of whom there were but six or seven, that the women and children must be defended. The Indians sent back the battle cry, and instantly "treed," in Western parlance—that is, concealed themselves behind trees. It was still quite dark, and a good deal of random shooting and much Indian shouting was done with little effect. At this time Tecumseh sent some of his men around to the rear of the whites to get the horses; these were brought to the front without discovery, and the Indians all quickly mounted and rode away, carrying with them their only wounded man, a white man by the name of John Ward. He had been captured when three years old by the Indians, among whom he had grown up, married, and raised several chil-

dren. Curiously enough, he was the brother of one of the men associated in this expedition with Simon Kenton. John Ward died of the wound received in this fight. So strange were the vicissitudes of border life in that day.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A SKETCH OF SIMON KENTON.

SIMON KENTON lived one of the most eventful of lives, and there is no frontier man whose adventures give us a more vivid picture of border warfare, and of the relations of the settlers and Indians at the time of Tecumseh's advent, than his. In the present chapter, therefore, we turn aside from Tecumseh to give a sketch of some incidents in the life of one who was several times his antagonist. Kenton fled from Virginia at seventeen years of age, in consequence of a fight with a young man who was his rival in the affections of a country belle. The girl had been unable to decide between the two; or what is more likely, had preferred the glory of having her lovers fight it out. Kenton was but sixteen when the fight took place, and, owing to foul play on the part of the friends of his robust rival, he had been beaten. A year after he sought another fight, in which his antagonist, after throwing him, kicked and taunted him brutally. He however managed in the moment of his humiliation to tie his enemy's hair, which was very long, to some brush, after which he beat him

most unmercifully. Believing that the man would die from the effects of the beating, Kenton fled to the West and assumed the name of Butler. Here he became renowned as a hunter and Indian fighter. One of his adventures will illustrate the character of the backwoodsman and that of the ordinary Indian, who was quite different from the exceptional man like Tecumseh.

About 1777, Kenton, who was acting as a scout under Boone, was sent in this capacity with two other men to a Shawnee town on the Little Miami. In this adventure, the spies made off with a number of Indian horses. They were discovered and chased by the Indians. The captured horses were led by two men, who rode in front, while the other one rode in the rear, lashing the horses with a whip to keep them up to time. They dashed through the woods thus, hearing behind them the cries of the pursuing Indians. They rode forward, aiming a straight course for the Ohio River, during the whole night, without stopping to rest, and after halting but a short time in the morning traveled all that day and the following night. They thus reached the river far ahead of their pursuers. Its waters, however, were so rough that it was impossible to force the animals to cross. They were unwilling to let them go, however, in order to save their own lives.

"Death or captivity might be tolerated, but the loss of so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of."

The Indians were upon them at the close of twenty-four hours which they had wasted on this spot. Kenton's gun flashed when he fired, and he tried to save himself by running through the woods, but an Indian soon galloped up near him, extending his hand and calling out affectionately, "Brother! brother!" Kenton said afterwards that if his gun, which was wet, would have made fire he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content. Making him promise good treatment, however, Kenton surrendered. He then received many proofs of brotherly kindness, the Indians using their ramrods over his head and exclaiming with indignation, "Steal Indian hoss, hey!" Meantime, one of Kenton's friends was shot while bravely riding to his rescue, but the other made good his escape.

The captors secured their prisoner for the night by forcing him to lie upon his back and putting a stout pole across his breast, to which they fastened his wrists with thongs made of buffalo hide. His feet were then made fast in the same manner to stakes driven into the ground. A halter was tied around his neck and secured to a sapling growing near. Finally a strong rope was passed around his breast

and tied to the stick to which his arms had been fastened, his elbows also being tied to this pole. While this operation was being performed they boxed his ears soundly, calling him "A tief! a hoss steal! a rascal!" and swearing profusely at the same time. For, as the author of "Western Adventure" says, "all the Western Indians had picked up a good many English words, particularly our oaths, which, from the frequency with which they were used by our hunters and traders, they probably looked upon as the very root and foundation of the English language."

The Indians with their prisoner were three days in reaching their village of Chillicothe. During the night he was confined in the way described, and in the day time was tied, for their amusement, on a fine, wild, and entirely unbroken colt, which was one of the horses the Indians had recovered from Kenton's party.

When they came near Chillicothe, the party halted and a messenger was sent forward to inform the village of their arrival. A chief by the name of Blackfish soon came to meet them. He regarded Kenton severely.

"You have been stealing horses?" he shouted, in good English.

"Yes, sir," answered Kenton.

"Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?" demanded the chief.

"No, sir; I did it of my own accord," said Kenton.

This enraged Blackfish so that he applied a hickory stick with great force to Kenton's back and shoulders.

On nearing the village he saw all the inhabitants, men, women, and children down to the smallest, running to meet him. He was now greeted with torrents of abuse, and demands that he should be immediately tied to the stake. This operation was soon performed, the squaws assisting in it. They then danced around him until midnight, whooping and yelling, striking him freely with their hands and with switches. They reserved the pleasure of burning him, however, until another time.

The following day he was made to run the gauntlet. In this operation, a double row of men, women, and boys extended about a quarter of a mile, each holding some instrument of torture, such as clubs, switches, hoe-handles, and tomahawks. At the beginning of the line stood two warriors with butcher-knives in their hands, while at the end an Indian was beating a drum. A little beyond the drum was the council-house. The prisoner is forced to run the length of this line, between the double row of well-

applied Indian vengeance, taking refuge in the council-house.

The race being over, a council was held to decide the question of whether the prisoner should be immediately burned or taken first to the other villages and exhibited to the tribes. The warriors sat entirely silent, in a ring on the floor of the council-house, while the vote was taken. The manner of this was to pass a war-club around the circle. Those who were in favor of postponing the execution were to pass the club on in silence, while those who were "contrary minded" were to strike it violently on the ground.

An Indian, furnished with a knife and piece of wood, was appointed to count the votes. This he did by making a mark on one side of the wood for those of one opinion, and on the other side for the other. He quickly announced that the execution was postponed, and that the prisoner was to be taken to a village called Waughcotomoco. Kenton inquired of the interpreter, when informed of this decision, what they would do with him there. He was fiercely informed that he was to be burned.

On the way to Waughcotomoco, Kenton meditated an escape. He thought if he must burn anyway they could do no worse to him if he were recaptured. He could not make up his mind to this daring act,



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however, until the Indians fired their guns and raised the scalp halloo, which was answered by the deep roll of a drum far ahead. With a loud cry Kenton fled into the dense woods. He was instantly pursued, but so swift was his flight that he would have escaped had it not been that he stumbled into the midst of another war party, which had come forth from the village on hearing the firing.

At this village of Piqua, Tecumseh's birthplace, he was again tied to the stake, the warriors assembling in the council-house. After their debate they surrounded the stake, dancing and yelling for some hours.

At Waughcotoomoco he was once more compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt. He was then taken to the council-house, where his fate was to be decided. He was sitting dejectedly awaiting his death, when the council-house door opened, and Simon Girty, a famous outlaw who had joined the Indians, and excelled them in savagery, appeared, along with some prisoners and scalps. Kenton was removed from the council-house, and after some hours was taken back and informed that his fate had been decided. He divined from the savage scowls of the Indians on his entrance that there was no hope for him. He was ordered by Girty to seat himself. Kenton seems to have felt

somewhat stubborn about obeying in any hurry this renegade white man, but Girty violently jerked him down.

"How many men are there in Kentucky?" demanded Girty.

"It is impossible for me to answer that question," said Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers, and you can judge for yourself."

"Do you know William Stewart?" was the next inquiry.

"Perfectly well; he is an old and intimate acquaintance," answered the prisoner.

"What is your own name?"

"Simon Butler," replied Kenton.

As soon as Girty heard the name he sprang to his feet and threw his arms around the neck of the prisoner. Previous to Simon Girty's desertion of the whites, they had been spies together in Governor Dunmore's expedition, and Girty had formed a warm attachment for Kenton.

Girty then made the astonished warriors a speech in which he told them that their prisoner "was his bosom friend; that they had traveled the same war-path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam." He earnestly pleaded for the life of his friend. Several of the chiefs expressed their approval by a low guttural sound. Many others disap-

proved, saying they would be acting like squaws to change their mind every hour, recounting Kenton's misdemeanors, and pathetically pleading the disappointment of those who had come from a distance to see the burning.

Girty again urged vehemently his request, claiming it as the reward of his own savage loyalty to the Indian cause since he had come among them.

The debate lasted for an hour and a half, and then the vote was taken. Kenton, who a few hours before had been despairingly resigned to his fate, now watched with the greatest excitement the war-club go around. He saw that there were many more who passed the club in silence than those who struck the ground with it.

For three weeks Kenton lived with his friend, being treated with great kindness. One day, however, the war-whoop was heard, and they were obliged to go to the council-house—Kenton with dread in his heart, having a great dislike to all council-houses. It was unusually full, many chiefs and warriors from a distance being present. Kenton saw that there was an ominous look on the faces of the warriors. Girty walked around the room offering his hand to those present, and it was received with cordiality, but when Kenton offered his it was rejected with scowls. He tried six Indians in this way and then

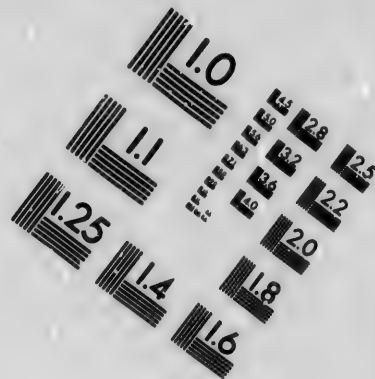
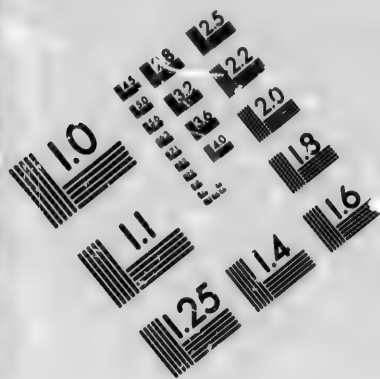
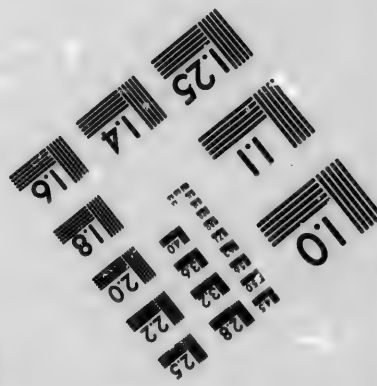
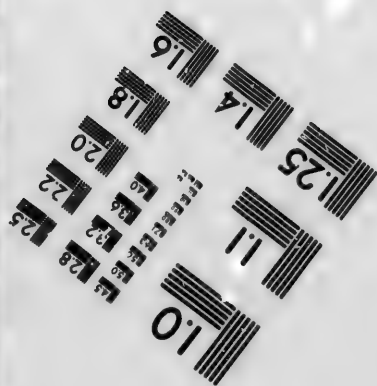
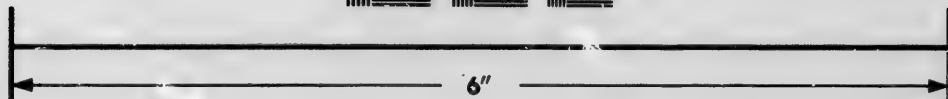
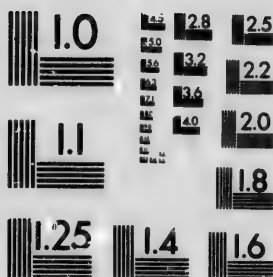


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sat down in utter dejection. A warm debate followed, in which the chiefs from a distance were stern and indignant, and Girty's arguments seemed to have little influence. He at last turned to Kenton.

"Well, my friend, you must die!" said he.

The prisoner was then started on his journey with a halter around his neck. When they had gone some distance, Girty passed them on horseback, telling Kenton he had friends at the next village whom he hoped to influence in his favor. Girty, however, could do nothing, and returned to Waughcotomoco another way, not wishing to see his friend under the circumstances.

They passed through the next village. On the road Kenton was attacked by an Indian, who had been sitting on a log smoking and directing his wife in her labor of chopping, but who, on the approach of the prisoner, seized the ax and dealt Kenton such a blow as to wound him severely. He was reprimanded by those Indians who accompanied Kenton, for trying to destroy their own amusement by interfering with their right to kill their prisoner.

They stopped at a village on the head waters of the Scioto. Here Kenton saw the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan. "Logan's form was striking and manly, his countenance calm and noble."

"Well, young man, these young men seem to be very mad at you!" said Logan, in correct English.

"Yes, sir, they certainly are," answered Kenton.

"Well, don't be disheartened," said Logan. "I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky; they speak of burning you there, but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you."

The runners were sent, and during their absence Kenton was treated with kindness, holding many conversations with the friendly chief. When the runners returned they were closeted with Logan, of whom Kenton saw nothing until the next morning, when the chief gave him a piece of bread, told him that he was to go instantly to Sandusky, and turned on his heel and walked away. At this, Kenton naturally lost all hope.

He was taken to Sandusky, and was to be burned the following morning. An English Indian agent, however, interceded for him this time, saying that he wished to obtain information for the commandant at Detroit. The Indians were much opposed to giving up their victim, and it was only with the pleasant promise to return him after he had obtained the information that the agent got possession of Kenton. At Detroit he remained a prisoner, though kindly treated, for almost a year. He then laid a plan to escape with two Kentuckians. They had

to pass through a hundred miles of country filled with hostile Indians, but by taking a circuitous route, and by journeying only at night, they arrived at Louisville after thirty days.

In this strange adventure among the Shawnees, Simon Kenton was forced to run the gauntlet eight times, and was three times tied to the stake to be burned.

Kenton afterwards rose to the rank of general in the militia, and died at the age of eighty-one, in a populous country filled with cities and manufactories, where he used to wander as a hunter and warrior, and through which he had been led as a doomed captive.

CHAPTER IX.

WAYNE'S VICTORY OVER THE INDIANS.

THE country was now greatly distressed by the Indian war on the frontier. The administration of President Washington was severely condemned by the opposition for the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair. The treasury was so low that the money which had been expended on these expeditions—a large amount for the times—was greatly regretted. Those who had any liking for a military life looked with horror upon the Indian war. Soldiers came to have a superstitious dread of the savages. So great indeed was this dread that bare intelligence of the approach of Indians would throw them into a panic. Under these circumstances, General Anthony Wayne was placed in command of the North-Western army. "Mad Anthony Wayne," as he was often called, had distinguished himself by his services during the Revolutionary War, in which he had fought from the beginning to the end. He was known as "the hero of Stony Point," he having stormed the fort of that name, on the Hudson. Washington now selected him to retrieve the fortunes of the United States in

her Indian wars, and impressed upon his mind "that another defeat would be inexpressibly ruinous to the reputation of the government."

The troops placed under General Wayne were new and undisciplined. Without sufficient aid, and with the greatest labor, he set out to instruct them in military discipline, and to practice them especially in shooting at a target, knowing that marksmanship was of the very first importance in Indian warfare. He stimulated their emulation by offering prizes to be contended for in these rifle matches. He was also very careful to keep whisky, which he called "ardent poison," out of the reach of his camp.

In time they gave their commander much pleasure by their progress, and the general and his army were impatient to be engaged in active service. This was not yet permitted, the government being anxious to make peace if possible, and feeling very cautious about risking another great defeat. Many overtures for peace were made through General Wayne, but the Indians, elated by their brilliant successes, and encouraged by the half-hostile English authorities in Canada and in the Western posts yet held by the British, rejected all advances.

Among other forts built by Wayne, one was erected on the spot of General St. Clair's defeat, and named Fort Recovery.

This fort was attacked in the summer of 1794 by a large body of Indians of various tribes, estimated at more than fifteen hundred. One of the Shawnees in this attack was Tecumseh. The savages assailed a body of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, who were starting on their return after having escorted a large amount of supplies to the fort. An exciting battle ensued, in which many of the officers and men were killed before the retreat into the fort could be effected. After the troops had reached the fort, two officers were given up for dead, when they were seen running from different directions, hotly pursued by the Indians, and notwithstanding the fire of the enemy they reached the fort in safety. One of them had escaped by knocking down an Indian who had captured him.

The savages continued the attack for the remainder of the day, losing many of their number by the artillery fire from the fort. During the night they carried off their dead by the light of torches, with the exception of a few which were too near the fort to be reached.

The attack was resumed the following morning, but resulted in the final rout of the Indians.

Wayne had called upon the governor of Kentucky for two thousand mounted volunteers. In July, 1794, they arrived, under the command of Major-General

Scott. General Wayne now made demonstrations which led the enemy to believe that he intended to attack the villages on the Miami, but he moved suddenly and rapidly into the very heart of the Indian settlements on the Grand Glaize. These lay almost under the very guns of one of the frontier forts yet held by British troops. Full of exultation, the general wrote:—

“We have gained possession of the grand emporium of the hostile Indians in the West without loss of blood. The very extensive and highly-cultivated fields and gardens show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the Lake and the Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles above and below this place; nor have I ever beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America from Canada to Florida.”

Here—in the western part of what is now the State of Ohio—Wayne built a fort, and named it Defiance. He generously made one more offer of peace to the Indians. In writing of this, he adds: “But should war be their choice, that blood be upon their own heads. America shall no longer be insulted with impunity. To an all-powerful and just God I therefore commit myself and gallant army.”

The Indians, assembled in great force, held a coun-

cil, composed of Miami, Pottawatomie, Delaware, Shawnee, Chippewa, Ottawa, and Seneca chiefs. It was proposed to attack General Wayne's encampment that night. This was decided in the negative. The plan of meeting him next day in battle was then discussed. The Miami chief, Little Turtle, was much opposed to this, and favored peace.

"We have beaten the enemy twice under different commanders," said he. "We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him; and during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace."

The Shawnee chief Blue Jacket, who had entire command of the Indians in the ensuing battle, was strongly in favor of giving battle. His influence prevailed over the wiser advice of Little Turtle. In the morning General Wayne advanced, not yet sure whether the Indians intended to fight or not. A body of his men were soon fired on, however, by the Indians who were secreted in the woods and tall grass. Tecumseh, already distinguished as a brave, led a party of Shawnees. At the beginning of the action

he and two of his brothers were in the advance guard. Wayne found the ground covered with fallen trees, probably the result of a tornado. This was particularly favorable to the Indian mode of fighting.

In General Wayne's own account of the battle, he says that the Indians "were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending nearly two miles, at right angles with the river." He adds: "I soon discovered from the weight of the fire, and the extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line in advance to support the first, and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route. At the same time I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms, and to rouse the Indians from their coverts, at the point of the bayonet; and, when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give time to load again. I also ordered Captain Mis Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable ground for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the

charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time, that although every exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, yet but a part of them could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles, through the thick woods, by less than one-half their numbers."

During this battle Tecumseh fought for some time, when in loading his rifle he put a bullet in before the powder and thus lost the use of his gun. He was at the same time forced to retreat by some infantry which pressed him in front. This he did with his party until he met another company of Indians, whom he urged to stand fast, saying if any one would lend him a gun he would show them how to do it. With a fowling-piece which was handed him he fought a while, until again compelled to give ground. This time, while falling back, he met a party of Shawnees whom he rallied and induced to make a stand in a thicket. When the infantry pressed them close and fired their muskets into the bushes, Tecumseh's party returned the fire, and then retreated to the main force of the Indians. A

brother of Tecumseh's, named Sauwaseekau, a brave warrior, was killed during the day.

In this famous battle Tecumseh was for the first time opposed to William Henry Harrison, who was afterward to become his chief antagonist. Harrison was then a young man of about Tecumseh's own age. Neither of them had any part in the plan of the battle, but both acted their parts well. An immense destruction of Indian villages and corn-fields followed the victory of General Wayne.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PEACE AT GREENVILLE—BLUE JACKET.

FORT MIAMI, the British fort which stood in the midst of these Indian villages, was a great provocation to the American troops, who knew well that the presence of an English force was one of the chief causes of trouble. General Wayne made a reconnoissance in force under the very walls of the fort, and the English officers with difficulty restrained their men from firing on him. Some angry correspondence ensued between the two commanders, but "Mad Anthony Wayne" was a man of coolness and self-control, and he could easily see that it was not wise to plunge the infant nation into a new war with the mother country. And, notwithstanding his courage, there can be little doubt that the powerful armament of Fort Miami helped him to a prudent decision in the matter. To have assailed so strong a work as this with the means at his disposal, would have been to have risked all the fruits of his victory in a most desperate venture.

The Indians were beaten and anxious for peace. In October, Blue Jacket, the Shawnee, headed a

deputation of chiefs, for the purpose of bearing a flag to General Wayne. English agents intercepted this flag by inviting the chiefs of the combined army to meet them at the mouth of the Detroit River. Here they were urged to remain in hostility to the United States. In a speech to them, Governor Simcoe said:—

“CHILDREN: I am still of the opinion that the Ohio is your right and title. I have given orders to the commandant of Fort Miami to fire on the Americans whenever they make their appearance again. I will go down to Quebec, and lay your grievances before the great men. From thence they will be forwarded to the King, your father. Next spring you will know the result of everything what you and I will do.”

The English in Canada did not know at what moment hostilities might break out again between England and the United States, and they succeeded by such persuasions in delaying the conclusion of peace between the Indians and the Americans.

During the following winter, however, parties of Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Sacs, Miamis, Delawares, and Shawnees visited General Wayne's headquarters, where they signed preliminary treaties of peace, agreeing to meet Wayne at Greenville in June, with all their sachems and war-chiefs, to conclude a definite treaty of peace.

This treaty of Greenville was of the greatest importance to the Western country. By it the Indians relinquished large bodies of lands for settlement, and the peace there established continued so long as the memory of Wayne's victory remained fresh in the minds of the savages. During the eighteen years of peace which followed, the Western settlements were so firmly established that, on the rise of the new opposition under Tecumseh and the Prophet, it was quite beyond the reach of possibility for the Indians to check for any considerable time the rapid development of the West. Tecumseh heartily hated this treaty of Greenville; it had given repose to the settlements, and had confirmed the title of the whites to the land on which new and powerful communities had grown up.

The principal speaker on behalf of the Shawnees in this council was the famous Blue Jacket, who had commanded the Indian forces in the battle with Wayne, and who had been a joint commander with Little Turtle in the attack on St. Clair. When he met Wayne at Greenville he made apologies for his tardiness in not coming sooner, as he had promised, and gave the most solemn assurance of his sincerity. We get a curious glimpse of the relations subsisting between the various Indian nations in his speech on the second day of the council: "Brothers, I

hope you will not take amiss my changing my seat in this council. You all know that the Wyandots are our uncles, and the Delawares our grandfathers, and that the Shawnees are the elder brothers of the other nations present. It is therefore proper that I should sit next my grandfathers and uncles."

This fictitious relationship between the various tribes is quite often alluded to in the Indian transactions among themselves. At the close of the council Blue Jacket made another speech that brings out the temporary character of the authority of a war-chief. He began: "Elder brother, and you my brothers present, you see me now present myself as a war-chief to lay down that commission, and place myself in the rear of my village chiefs, who for the future will command me."

Notwithstanding all his protestations of peaceful intentions for the rest of his life, he appears again in the troubles fomented by Tecumseh.

There is a curious story that illustrates his duplicity. In the year 1800, he agreed to show to a company a valuable mine on the head waters of the Kentucky River. But ever as their eagerness increased did his demands become more exorbitant. As he was during all these negotiations boarding at the expense of the company, he did not seem to be in any

hurry to conclude them. When at length the bargain was made, and the horses, goods, and money were delivered, Blue Jacket and another chief who was associated with him were escorted in great state to Kentucky, their wives and children accompanying them. They were treated in the most flattering way, and all their wants were anticipated. When they reached the region of the fabled mine, traveling with great secrecy, he spent some time in "pow-wow-ing," humbling himself with fasting and prayer, to get permission from the Great Spirit to reveal the location of this secret wealth. He got but a doubtful answer in his dreams, and after many days of fruitless search the mine could not be found. He laid the blame on his eyes, which he said were dimmed by age. He promised on his return home to send his son, who was young, and who knew the exact spot, and would disclose it to the company. But the son came not, and the great Blue Jacket Mining Company never found its mine.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH OF WAWILLAWAY—TECUMSEH AS A PEACE-MAKER.

WE again find Tecumseh engaged in hunting, in the spring of 1795, on Deer Creek. This occupation he carried on more as pastime than as business. It is said of him, on the authority of those captives and half-breeds who knew him well, that he was not avaricious, but that his generosity was proverbial. The furs that he caught or the goods acquired by exchange were dispensed with a bountiful hand. He did not hunt for the purpose of bettering his fortunes, but from love for it as a manly and soldierly employment, and as a means of furnishing food to those who were not able to hunt for themselves. No doubt this generous temper had much to do with the popularity he acquired among his people. While encamped on Deer Creek, one of his brothers and several other young Shawnees proposed to wager Tecumseh that they could each kill as many deer in three days as he could. This wager was probably the result of that vain boasting to which the Indians are greatly addicted, and which is not uncommon

among hunters of all kinds. Tecumseh accepted the challenge, and they all repaired to the woods. When the time had expired, they all returned with the skins of the deer in evidence of what success they had had. The challengers had none of them more than twelve deer-skins, while Tecumseh returned with about thirty. From this time he was generally confessed the greatest hunter in his nation.

Wayne's treaty with the Indians of the North-West was finally concluded at Greenville, in August, 1795. The Indians ceded at this time to the whites a large tract of land in consideration of annuities.

During the summer of 1795, in which a large body of Indian lands was finally ceded to the whites in exchange for annuities, Tecumseh began to form a new band of his own and to call himself a chief. He did not attend Wayne's council at Greenville, though he was certainly considered a man of influence and importance in his nation, for after this treaty Blue Jacket visited him on Deer Creek and told him the terms on which peace had been made.

In the spring of 1796, Tecumseh and his followers moved to the Great Miami. In this place they raised a crop of corn, moving the next fall to the upper branches of the White Water, where, during the spring and summer of 1797, they raised another crop of corn. In 1798, Tecumseh received an invitation

from the Delawares, part of whom were residing on White River in Indiana, to take up his quarters in their neighborhood. This invitation was accepted, and, like roving Shawnees that they were, the band moved again. Here on the White River he remained for several years peacefully occupied in hunting. During this time he was steadily extending his influence among the different tribes, and adding to his band of followers.

Some difficulties had grown up between the Indians and the settlers on Mad River. In 1799, a council was held by them near the place where Urbana now stands. Tecumseh, who with other Shawnee chiefs attended this council, is said to have been the principal orator, and his speech was much admired for its eloquence. The interpreter, Dechouset, said "that he found it very difficult to translate the lofty flights of Tecumseh, although he was as well acquainted with the Shawnee language as with the French, which was his mother tongue." The Indian eloquence is often very striking and remarkable, especially for its poetical element, which is well suited to "children of nature," as they are styled. Single sentences in the speeches of Indian orators often sparkle like gems, as for instance the saying of a Winnebago chief, portraying the wrongs of his people in an address to a government commissioner.

"The very leaves of the forest," he cried, "drop tears of pity on us as we walk beneath."

In 1803, the inhabitants of the Scioto Valley were thrown into a panic which it took Tecumseh's eloquence to allay. Captain Herrod, one of the first settlers, a man greatly beloved, was found dead and scalped in the woods. This event put the whites, who had no confidence in Indian fidelity to the treaty, into great consternation, though it was believed by some to have been the deed of a certain white man who had a grudge against the murdered Captain Herrod. The inhabitants of the Scioto Valley, however, residing five and fifteen miles apart, moved together, and in many instances built block-houses for protection, while the citizens of Chillicothe collected for the purpose of fortifying the town.

A wicked and wanton retaliation, attempted by some white men, greatly increased the panic. Wawillaway, a Shawnee chief and an unwavering friend of the whites, was one day returning from Old Town, where he had been for the purpose of trading off his game and skins. He was an Indian of sober habits, brave and intelligent, and well-known among the whites.

He was met in the trail by an old hunter and settler appropriately named Wolf and two men whom Wolf had hired to go with him to his farm. Wawil-

laway shook hands with them cordially, and asked after their health and that of their families. Wolf then proposed to exchange guns with the Indian. While they were examining each other's guns with reference to an exchange, he secretly took the priming from that of the chief and returned it, saying he would not trade. The white men then asked if the Indians had begun war.

"No, no!" said Wawillaway, "the Indians and white men are now all one—all brothers."

Wolf asked him if he had heard that the Indians had killed Captain Herrod. Wawillaway seemed much surprised at this story, and doubted its truth. On being assured, however, that it was true, he said,

"May be whisky, too much drink, was the cause of the quarrel."

"Herrod had no quarrel with the Indians, nor is it known by whom he was killed," said Wolf.

"May be some bad white man kill Captain Herrod," suggested the Indian. Wawillaway now shook hands all round and turned to go, when he was shot from behind and mortally wounded by the dastardly white man. The brave Shawnee turned upon his assailants, killed one of them, and wounded Wolf and the other man severely before he died. When this occurrence became known it greatly augmented the



DEATH OF WAWILLAWAY.

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excitement. The whites fled in one direction, and the Indians, equally alarmed, in another.

In consequence of this distressing excitement some prominent citizens rode into the Indian country near Greenville. Here they found a large body of Indians, and among them Tecumseh. A council was held with these Indians, and the whites frankly related all the circumstances connected with the death of Herrod and Wawillaway. The Indians denied having any knowledge of these things, and declared their intention of standing by the treaty which had been made at that place. Tecumseh at last agreed to return with the white men and make these peaceful declarations in person to the settlers. On their arrival, a day was appointed when this chief should address all the people. A white man, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, acted as interpreter. An immense throng gathered to hear Tecumseh's speech, which was, even when translated, full of telling and eloquent passages.

He spoke in the strongest language of the friendly relations existing between the Indians and their white brethren, and of the determination on the part of the Indians to abide by this treaty forever. He hoped that it would be kept inviolate by both parties, and that brotherly love would be as long and lasting as time between the white man and the Indian. When

Tecumseh closed, the sachems shook hands to express the friendship and fellowship existing between the two people. After this speech of Tecumseh, whose tall, commanding figure and noble dignity impressed all who saw him, the people returned contented to their quiet homes. It seems a pity that Tecumseh should ever have held other views about the treaty at Greenville, than those expressed in Chillicothe.

It is the right and duty of the nearest of kin among the Indians, to kill the murderer of their relative, unless he purchase his life at a price agreed upon by the family. The two sons of Wawillaway had therefore vowed vengeance upon Wolf. He, however, moved to Kentucky, and employed an agent to make terms with the young men. This agent finally agreed to furnish each son with a horse, a new saddle and bridle, and a new rifle, and they, on their part, though not without much debate and hesitation, agreed to bury the tomahawk and make peace with the murderer and his family forever.

At the time fixed for the fulfillment of this contract, a large gathering of people assembled at Old Town to see the Indian ceremonies. Rev. J. B. Finley, at one time an Indian missionary, thus describes the scene : "A hollow square was formed, in which were Wolf and his horses and trappings and the two

young men. The Indians, in relinquishing their claim to the life of the murderer, raised their hands toward heaven invoking the Great Spirit, declaring that to Him alone they transferred the blood and life of Wolf, forfeited by the death of their father. The scene was full of the most impressive solemnity, and many were moved to tears. In token of their forgiveness, they advanced and took Wolf by the hand—the same bloody hand which sent their beloved father to the grave and made them orphans. Then saluting him as a brother, they lighted the calumet, or pipe of peace, and smoked with him in the presence of the Great Spirit. They remained good friends ever afterward, and often visited each other."

During this year a stalwart Kentuckian came to Ohio to explore the lands on Mad River. He stopped over night at the house of Captain Abner Barrett, living on the head waters of Buck Creek. He was evidently startled to hear that there were Indians encamped in the immediate neighborhood. Soon after learning this, the door of the dwelling was suddenly opened and the noble form of Tecumseh appeared. He walked in with his usual stately dignity and looked around him in silence. His eye soon lit upon the alarmed Kentuckian, who was showing the greatest agitation. Tecumseh regarded him a moment, and then turning to Barrett exclaimed,

"A big baby! a big baby!" He then walked up to the frightened fellow and patting him gently on the shoulder repeated contemptuously, "Big baby! big baby!" increasing the alarm of the poor man, to the great amusement of those present.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RISE OF THE PROPHET.

THE immense tract of land between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, now divided into many states, constituted the old Northwestern Territory. In 1801, the State of Ohio was formed out of this, and the remainder was called the Indiana Territory. Of this territory William Henry Harrison was appointed governor. There were then but three settlements in the territory, and these were widely separated. The first was on a grant of one hundred and fifty thousand acres at the Falls of the Ohio, made to General George Rogers Clark's successful troops; the second, the old French settlement at Vincennes, and the third, the old settlement between Kaskaskia and Cahokia on the Mississippi. The whole of this vast territory then contained but five thousand people. Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, now for the first time comes into notice. The earlier and latter parts of his life were passed in entire obscurity. He is only prominent during the time his notoriety as a prophet served to further Tecumseh's ambitious scheme. The Prophet is called by many different

names, or modifications of the same name. His earlier name was Laulewasikaw, or the Loud Voice, possibly in reference to his self-assertion and boastfulness, as much as to his really stentorian voice.

Long before he divulged it to his followers, Tecumseh may have meditated his plan for gathering the red men into a great confederacy, driving the whites back across the Ohio, or at least arresting their further progress, and thus preventing that extinction of the Indian race which he so much dreaded. Or, shall we regard him as an ambitious leader whose ambition grew with his increasing influence and success?

In 1805, a part of the Shawnees were living at the Tawa villages, at the head of the Auglaize River. Wishing to unite their scattered nation, they sent a deputation to Tecumseh's party on White River, and to another party of Shawnees on the Mississinnewa, inviting them to move to the Tawa towns and there join their brethren. Both of the companies thus invited resolved to accept the invitation. They immediately set out for the Tawa villages, but at Greenville the two parties met, and through Laulewasikaw's influence they decided to remain at that place. It seems likely that Tecumseh was behind Laulewasikaw in this, seeing in it a chance to increase the number of his followers. Laulewasikaw impressed

all who knew him with his craftiness ; Tecumseh's shrewdness must have been of a much deeper and more far-seeing kind, and it was hidden under a noble dignity and reserve.

About this time there died an old Shawnee Indian by the name of Penagashega, or The-Change-of-Feathers, "who had for some years been engaged in the respectable calling of a prophet." Laulewasikaw, who had seen the old prophet's influence with the Indians for some time, now began himself to receive communications from the Great Spirit, and announced himself a prophet in place of the departed Change-of-Feathers. Prophet-wise, he assumed a new name, that of Tenskwatawa, which signifies "The Open Door." This name pointed him out as a means of deliverance to his people, and indicated the new way he undertook to show forth in his teachings.

The Prophet is not an uncommon institution among the Indians. Every body of Indians has its medicine-man. Prophecy, however, seems to be somewhat higher than the calling of the medicine-man, who is a sort of juggler, superstition-monger, exorcist, and curer of diseases by means of "pow-wows," mysterious incantations, and solemn humbuggery. A prophet adds to this the character of a seer and a moral-reformer among his people.

We have already mentioned that more than a cen-

tury before the times of Tecumseh the Indians at Conestoga, part of whom were Shawnees, had among them a venerable prophetess, whom they took with them to all their councils, and to whom they paid great respect. During Schoolcraft's residence among the Chippewas, he found the widow of a man named Soangageshick, or "Strong Sky," who followed the profession of prophetess, or jossakeed. The jossakeed enters a lodge which is closed up, and from this utters oracular things, like an ancient pythoness or a modern "trance-medium." Of another prophet, Schoolcraft says that he was "a tall, not portly, red-mouthed and pucker-mouthed man, with an unusual amount of cunning and sagacity, and exercising an unlimited popularity by his skill and reputation as a jossakeed or seer." This man, like Mohammed, Brigham Young, and other prophets, practiced polygamy, having three wives. The better to impress his clients, he "had an elaborately-built seer's lodge, sheathed with rolls of bark carefully and skillfully united, and stained black inside. Its construction, which was intricate, resembled the whorls of a sea-shell. The white prints of a man's hand, as if smeared with white clay, were impressed on the black surface. I have never witnessed so complete a piece of Indian architectural structure, nor one more worthy of the name of a temple of darkness."

That the curious reader may understand what the seer's office was at the time of the setting up of "The Open Door," and may see how far the office of prophet was modified by him, we give another instance. One Rue was made captive in 1781. He was at Detroit, and meditating plans of escape. During the drunken revels of the tribes gathered at the trading-house there, an Indian lost a purse containing ninety dollars in silver. Great excitement ensued; there were many accusations and recriminations among them, and the tribes became so far exasperated toward each other as to threaten the use of knives and tomahawks, when the announcement was made that there was a prophet present who belonged to none of the bands engaged in the wrangle. Order was immediately established, while this prophet undertook to detect the thief by conjuration. Very solemnly he unrolled a deer-skin, which he spread upon the ground with the flesh side up. He then emptied upon it a little bag of fine sand which he drew from his belt. With a magic wand he spread this smoothly upon the skin. The crowd were now watching with eager, awe-struck faces. The prophet gazed steadily at the sand for several moments, and then muttered some inarticulate words. Taking another long look, he exclaimed: "I see the thief and the stolen treasure." The prophet was pressed to tell

who the culprit was, but this he benevolently refused to do, declaring that he feared that the information would lead to the extermination of one or more tribes before the matter ended. It was very improper, he said, to divulge a fact that might produce results so disastrous as he foresaw. He said, however, that none of those who had been accused were guilty, but it was a member of a tribe other than those embroiled in the quarrel. He thus shrewdly restored harmony among the Indians. Rue and his companions now resolved to question the fortune-teller regarding their friends at home. They visited him in private, and, paying the fee, seated themselves around the deer-skin. After a long silence the prophet announced that he saw Rue's family passing through the door-yard, and gave their number, sex, age, and appearance so well as to incline Rue to believe him a real wizard.

"You two intend to make your escape, and you will effect it soon," said the soothsayer, raising his eyes. Looking again into the sandy future, he said,

"You will meet many trials and hardships in passing over so wild a district of country, inhabited by so many hostile nations of Indians. You will almost starve to death, but about the time you have given up all hope of finding game to sustain you in your famished condition, succor will come when you least

expect it. I see dimly the carcass of some wild animal taken as game; what it is I can't clearly see. It will be of the male sex. After that you will find plenty of game, and will arrive safely at your homes."

These things are said to have indeed happened to the fugitive captives pretty nearly according to the Indian's prophecy.

But Laulewasikaw took hints from the missionaries, and got many things from the Shakers. He did not mutter from a darkened lodge, nor tell fortunes with sand. He was a preaching prophet.

In November, 1805, our Shawnee prophet gathered together quite an assembly of his own nation, with many Wyandots, Ottawas, and Senecas, at Wapakonetta, on the Auglaize River, in Northern Ohio, where he made them a speech declaring his new vocation. In this address he harangued against witchcraft, a thing very much believed in by the Indians. He said that all those who practiced it or remained bewitched would not go to heaven or see the Great Spirit. He next denounced drunkenness most vehemently. He said that since he had become a prophet he had gone up into the clouds, and the first place he came to was the dwelling of the Devil. Here he saw all who had died drunkards, with flames of fire issuing from their mouths. He

admitted that previous to this he had himself been a drunkard, but his vision had frightened him so that he drank no more. He then preached with a good deal of earnestness against Indian women intermarrying with the whites, saying this was one of the causes of their unhappiness. He proposed community of property—an adjustment of things which would well have suited this indolent reformer. He also preached that which Tecumseh so constantly practiced—the duty of the young at all times supporting and cherishing the aged and infirm. He denounced innovations in the dress and habits of the red man, and appealed to their national pride by boasting of the superiority of the Shawnees over any other nation. He promised to those who would follow him and obey his injunctions all the comfort and happiness enjoyed by their ancestors before the advent of the whites among them. He closed by announcing the power which had been given him by the Great Spirit to confound his enemies, to cure all diseases, and to prevent death either from sickness or on the battlefield.

From this opening speech we can judge of the nature of his teachings. We can see that his doctrines were many of them wild and fanatical, while the denunciations of drunkenness and of the assumption of the habits and dress of the whites by the

Indians agreed with the well known opinions of Tecumseh. The natural boastfulness of the Prophet is shown in his claims to supernatural power, which were well calculated to excite the superstitious mind of the savage. The Prophet was even a better speaker than his brother; and though his face as shown in his portrait is certainly not attractive, it is said that his manner was more graceful than that of any other Indian. Without Tecumseh's dignity, he is said to have possessed more persuasion and plausibility. He certainly possessed none of the noble qualities of his brother. His main characteristics were cunning and a certain showy smartness. He was neither courageous, truthful, nor above cruelty. It is, however, very probable that he believed even more firmly in himself than did any of his followers. As is often the case with impostors, he may have succeeded in deceiving himself more completely even than he deceived his fellows. Some of his preaching shows the influence of the white man's opinions upon him. It is believed that he picked up some scraps of his system from the Shakers, who made their advent into Ohio at this time.

President Jefferson wrote his opinion of Laulewasikaw after the close of his administration, to his predecessor, ex-President Adams. He said: "The Wabash Prophet is more rogue than fool, if to be a

rogue is not the greatest of all follies. He rose to notice while I was in the administration, and became, of course, a proper subject for me. The inquiry was made with diligence. His declared object was the reformation of his red brethren, and their return to their pristine manners of living. He pretended to be in constant communication with the Great Spirit; that he was instructed by Him to make known to the Indians that they were created by Him distinct from the whites, of different natures, for different purposes, and placed under different circumstances, adapted to their nature and destinies; that they must return from all the ways of the whites to the habits and opinions of their forefathers; they must not eat the flesh of hogs, of bullocks, of sheep, &c., the deer and the buffalo having been created for their food; they must not make bread of wheat, but of Indian corn; they must not wear linen nor woollen, but must dress like their fathers, in the skins and furs of animals; they must not drink ardent spirits; and I do not remember whether he extended his inhibitions to the gun and gunpowder, in favor of the bow and arrow. I concluded from all this that he was a visionary, enveloped in their antiquities, and vainly endeavoring to lead back his brethren to the fancied beatitudes of their golden age. I thought there was little danger of his making many proselytes from the habits and

comforts they had learned from the whites, to the hardships and privations of savagism, and no great harm if he did. But his followers increased until the British thought him worth corrupting, and found him corruptible. I suppose his views were then changed; but his proceedings in consequence of them were after I left the administration, and are therefore unknown to me; nor have I ever been informed what were the particular acts on his part which produced an actual commencement of hostilities on ours. I have no doubt, however, that the subsequent proceedings are but a chapter apart, like that of Henry and Lord Liverpool, in the book of the Kings of England."

- There can be no doubt that the Prophet really sought the good of his people. With all his vanity, deception, superstition, and craft, he no doubt believed in the beneficial tendency of the measures he advocated. This is quite consistent with the opinion that he had ambitious projects in assuming the character of a prophet, and that Tecumseh's gradually developing schemes had much to do with the Prophet's plans.

His influence soon began to show itself. Many followers gathered around him, most of whom were young men and persons of wild and adventurous tendencies from the various tribes. It is stated that

they entirely abstained from strong drink, and in many other ways practiced their leader's precepts. Opposition was naturally made to the innovations of the new prophet by the neighboring chiefs, who felt that he sought to undermine their power. An inquisition was now introduced by Tenskwatawa. A course of fanatical persecution for witchcraft was begun, shocking indeed in its cruelty and injustice, but only too much resembling something which occurred in Salem, among people of our own enlightened race.

The superstition of the Indians was so great that if the Prophet denounced some chief who opposed him, as a witch, a loss of reputation and perhaps of life ensued. Several Delawares were among the first victims. An old woman was burned to death, being called upon many times by the Indians to give up her charm and medicine bag. As she was dying, she exclaimed that her grandson who was out hunting had it. He was pursued, tied, and brought into camp. He confessed that he had borrowed the charm, and by means of it had flown through the air, over Kentucky to the banks of the Mississippi and back again between twilight and bedtime. He insisted that he had returned the charm, however, and was finally released. The following day a very old chief named Teteboxti was sentenced at a council held for the purpose, at which he was present.

Knowing there was no escape, he arrayed himself in his finest clothes and calmly assisted in the building of his own funeral pile. In consideration of his age, the white-haired chief was treated mercifully, being killed before his body was burned. An old "preacher" called Joshua—probably a Christian convert—next met the same fate. A council was held over the wife of Teteboxti and his nephew, Billy Patterson. The latter died like a Christian, singing and praying. Preparations were then made for the burning of Teteboxti's wife, when her brother, a young man of twenty, suddenly started up and bravely led her by the hand out of the house. He returned to the amazed council, and said "The Devil," (alluding to the Prophet) "has come amongst us, and we are killing each other." He then reseated himself. This seemed to awaken the Indians to a realization of what they were doing, and put a stop for a time to further persecutions among the Delawares, while it gave a check to the influence of the Prophet.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BAND AT GREENVILLE—THE PROPHET IN COUNCIL.

AS soon as Governor Harrison heard of this witchcraft delusion, he sent to the Delaware Indians the following "speech" or letter, by a special messenger:—

"MY CHILDREN: My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears at the news which has reached me. You have been celebrated for your wisdom above all the tribes of the red people who inhabit this great island. Your fame as warriors has extended to the remotest nations, and the wisdom of your chiefs has gained you the appellation of grandfathers from all the neighboring tribes. From what cause, then, does it proceed that you have departed from the wise counsels of your fathers and covered yourselves with guilt? My children, tread back the steps you have taken, and endeavor to regain the straight road which you have abandoned. The dark, crooked, and thorny one which you are now pursuing will certainly lead to endless woe and misery. But who is this pretended prophet who dares to speak

in the name of the great Creator? Examine him. Is he more wise and virtuous than you are yourselves, that he should be selected to convey to you the orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs at least of his being the messenger of the Deity. If God has really employed him, He has doubtless authorized him to perform miracles that he may be known and received as a prophet. If he is really a prophet, ask of him to cause the sun to stand still, the moon to alter its course, the rivers to cease to flow, or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things, you may believe that he has been sent from God. He tells you that the Great Spirit commands you to punish with death those who deal in magic, and that he is authorized to point them out. Wretched delusion! Is then the Master of Life obliged to employ mortal man to punish those who offend Him? Has He not the thunder and the power of nature at His command? And could He not sweep away from the earth a whole nation with one motion of his arm? My children, do not believe that the great and good Creator of mankind has directed you to destroy your own flesh; and do not doubt that if you pursue this abominable wickedness His vengeance will overtake you and crush you.

"The above is addressed to you in the name of the Seventeen Fires. I now speak to you from my-

self, as a friend who wishes nothing more sincerely than to see you prosperous and happy. Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the arts of an impostor. Drive him from your town, and let peace and harmony prevail amongst you. Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burnt alive by their own friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career; and if you value the friendship of your great father, the President; if you wish to preserve the good opinion of the Seventeen Fires, let me hear by the return of the bearer that you have determined to follow my advice."

It is necessary to explain that by "Seventeen Fires" is meant the United States, which consisted at that time of seventeen states, or council-fires in the Indian mode of speaking.

There is no evidence that Tecumseh was in favor of this persecution for witchcraft, and one authority asserts that he was opposed to it, though it is not unlikely that he was quite willing to serve his ends by the Prophet's reign of terror.

The Prophet lost many followers among the Shawnees at this time, there being only about forty of that nation left in his village. He was not so successful in gaining an ascendancy among the Miamis

as he was with the Delawares, in whose midst he had lived for some years. During the year 1806, however, the Prophet and Tecumseh were established at Greenville, where they were visited by very many Indians, so that they again greatly augmented the strength of their band of followers. The Prophet exercised his gifts with diligence, seeing visions and dreaming dreams. It is probable that he had heard beforehand from the whites of the great eclipse of the sun which was to occur in 1806. Governor Harrison's challenge that he should work wonders was an unfortunate one, for nothing is easier than miracles wrought among ignorant and credulous people. He boldly announced to his followers that on a certain day he would make darkness come over the sun as proof of his supernatural power. Accordingly at the time appointed, the Prophet, standing in the midst of his party at midday, cried out, when all grew dark, "Did I not prophesy truly? Behold! darkness has shrouded the sun!" This incident, of course, made a great impression on the Indian mind, and established the belief in his right to the claim of intercourse with the Great Spirit.

About April, 1807, great alarm began to be felt on the frontier. At this time the Prophet had gathered near four hundred Indians around him. These savages were greatly excited by religious fanaticism,

and were ready, it was believed, to join any enterprise into which the brothers should lead them. Several efforts were made to learn the objects of the leaders in gathering together so many warriors, but without success. The Indian agent at Fort Wayne, William Wells, sent Anthony Shane, a half-blood Shawnee, to them, with a request that Tecumseh and the Prophet, with two of their other chiefs, should visit him at Fort Wayne, in order that he might read to them a letter which he had just received from their great father, the President of the United States.

A council was called, and Shane delivered his message. Tecumseh, who seems now to have risen to the first place in the band, leaving his brother to play Aaron to his Moses, arose, without consulting any other member of the council, and, with an assumption of kingly dignity, said, "Go back to Fort Wayne, and tell Captain Wells that my fire is kindled on the spot appointed by the Great Spirit above; and if he has anything to communicate to me, *he* must come *here*. I shall expect him in six days from this time."

With this message Shane was obliged to return to the Indian agent, who, not feeling inclined to wait on Tecumseh in person, sent Shane back at the appointed time with a copy of the President's communication. The substance of this was that they were

desired to remove from where they were established, it being within the limits of the purchase from the Indians. If they would move beyond the boundaries agreed upon at the treaty of Greenville, assistance would be given them by the government until they were established in their new home. This was all carefully interpreted to the Indians at a council which was assembled for the purpose.

Tecumseh's dignity was much offended that Captain Wells had not visited him in person. He arose, and turning to his followers, deeply excited, made them a long, fiery, and eloquent speech, in which he spoke of the injuries the red men had received from the whites and of their constant encroachments. He closed with these words: "These lands are ours; no one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners; the Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us on which to light our fires, and here we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit above knows no boundaries, nor will his red people know any."

He paused a moment, and then turning with dignified indifference to the messenger, he said:—

"If my father, the President of the Seventeen Fires, has anything more to say to me, he must send a man of note as his messenger. I will hold no further intercourse with Captain Wells."

The Prophet then rose and spoke in the same lofty and defiant strain, doing also some personal bragging on his own account: "Why does not the President of the Seventeen Fires send us the greatest man in his nation? I can talk to him—I can bring darkness between him and me; nay, more, I can bring the sun under my feet; and what white man can do this?"

The stir among the Indians went on increasing, and at the last of May it was estimated that so many as fifteen hundred Indians had passed and repassed Fort Wayne on visits to the Prophet. Many of these were from very remote nations. There was a great assembling of councils; messengers were sent from tribe to tribe with pipes and belts of wampum, and it was evident that some uncommon movement was afoot. English agents were also known to be very active in assisting in the excitement, while the object of all this was kept entirely secret from the Americans and friendly Indian chiefs. It was estimated by those familiar with Indian affairs, that in the month of August the Prophet and Tecumseh had gained the leadership of seven or eight hundred Indians at Fort Wayne and Greenville. Many of these were armed with new rifles.

These facts coming to the knowledge of the governor of Ohio, he sent Thomas Worthington and

Duncan McArthur to Greenville to hold a council with the Prophet and Tecumseh, in order to inquire what was their intention in assembling so large a body of Indians within the limits of the land they had already ceded to the United States in 1795. These commissioners were courteously received, and a general council of the Indians was called, at which Stephen Ruddell, who had lived among them seventeen years and understood the Shawnee tongue, acted as interpreter. The governor's letter was first read and interpreted in the Shawnee, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa languages. The commissioners then made a speech referring to the relations existing between the Indians and the United States in the past, Great Britain's policy toward the latter, and the importance of the Indians remaining neutral in the event of a war between these two nations.

The council was continued the following day, when it was announced that the Shawnee chief, Blue Jacket, who was authorized by all the Indians present to speak for them, would answer the commissioners.

"Brethren," said Blue Jacket, "we are seated who heard you yesterday. You will get a true relation, as far as we and our connections can give it, who are as follows: Shawnees, Wyandots, Pottawatomes, Tawas, Chippewas, Winnepaus, Malominese, Malockese, Secawgoes, and one more from the north

of the Chippewas. Brethren, you see all these men sitting before you who now speak to you.

"About eleven days ago we had a council at which the tribe of Wyandots, the elder brother of the red people, spoke and said, God had kindled a fire, and all sat around it. In this council we talked over the treaties with the French and the Americans. The Wyandots said; the French formerly marked a line along the Alleghany Mountains, southerly to Charleston (S. C.). No man was to pass it from either side. When the Americans came to settle over the line, the English told the Indians to unite and drive off the French, until the war came on between the British and Americans, when it was told them that King George, by his officers, directed them to unite and drive the Americans back.

"After the treaty of peace between the English and the Americans, the summer before Wayne's army came out, the English held a council with the Indians, and told them if they would unite as one man, they might surround the Americans like deer in a ring of fire and destroy them all. The Wyandot spoke further in the council. We see, said he, there is like to be war between the English and our white brethren, the Americans. Let us unite and consider the sufferings we have undergone from interfering in the wars of the English. They have often prom-

ised to help us, and at last, when we could not withstand the army that came upon us, and went to the English fort for refuge, the English told us, 'I cannot let you in; you are painted too much, my children.' It was then we saw the English dealt treacherously with us. We now see them going to war again. We do not know what they are going to fight for. Let us, my brethren, not interfere, was the speech of the Wyandot.

"Further, the Wyandot said, I speak to you, my little brother, the Shawnee at Greenville, and to you our little brothers all around. You appear to be at Greenville to serve the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Now send forth your speeches to all our brethren far around us, and let us unite to seek for that which shall be for our eternal welfare, and unite ourselves in a band of perpetual brotherhood. These, brethren, are the sentiments of all the men who sit around you; they all adhere to what the elder brother, the Wyandot, has said, and these are their sentiments. It is not that they are afraid of their white brethren, but that they desire peace and harmony, and not that their white brethren could put them to great necessity, for their former arms were bows and arrows by which they got their living."

The commissioners made some explanations in

reply to the speech of Blue Jacket. They were then told that the Prophet would tell the reasons why the Indians had established themselves at Greenville. "He then proceeded to inform us," say the commissioners in their report, "that about three years since he became convinced of the error of his ways, and that he would be destroyed from the face of the earth if he did not amend them; that it was soon after known to him what he should do to be right; that from that time he constantly preached to his red brethren the miserable situation they were in by nature, and endeavored to convince them that they must change their lives, live honestly, and be just in all their dealings; kind toward one another and their white brethren; affectionate toward their families; put away lying and slandering, and serve the Great Spirit in the way He had pointed out; never think of war again; that the Lord did not give them the tomahawk to go to war with one another. His red brethren, the chiefs of the Shawnees at Tawa town, would not listen to him, but persecuted him. This produced a division in the nation; those who adhered to him separated themselves from their brethren at Tawa town, removed with him, and settled where he now was, and where he had constantly preached the above doctrine to all the strangers who came to see them. They did not remove to this place be-

cause it was a pretty place or very valuable, for it was neither, but because it was revealed to him that the place was a proper one to establish his doctrines; that he meant to adhere to them while he lived; they were not his own, nor were they taught him by man, but by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; that his future life should prove to his brethren the sincerity of his professions. He then told us that six chiefs should go with us to Chillicothe."

CHAPTER XIV.

TECUMSEH'S DEFIANT SPEECHES.

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ACCORDING to the Prophet's promise, four chiefs—Tecumseh, Blue Jacket, Roundhead, and Panther—returned with the commissioners to the seat of government in Ohio. Here they remained about a week, during which time a council was held. Curiously enough, Tecumseh, who seems to have reserved his eloquence for some one of more importance than the commissioners, was the principal speaker at this conference held with the governor of Ohio. He at one time spoke for three hours. In this speech he undertook to prove the nullity of the treaties under which the Americans claimed any land north and west of the Ohio. He reviewed all the treaties of the whites with the Western tribes in their order, and showed a thorough knowledge of them. He denied their validity with great bitterness and scorn, and boldly declared his intention of resisting any further encroachments of the whites. While he so frankly stated his opinions, he still disavowed any intention of making war on the whites.

Tecumseh's eloquence is highly spoken of by

those who heard this speech. "The utterance of the speaker was rapid and vehement; his manner bold and commanding; his gestures impassioned, quick, and violent, his countenance indicating that there was something more in his mind struggling for utterance than he deemed it prudent to express." The governor was satisfied at the close of this council that there was no immediate danger to be feared from these Indians at Greenville and Fort Wayne, and disbanded the militia which had been called into service.

In the fall of 1807, new apprehensions arose in consequence of the murder of a white man near the spot where Urbana now stands, by some straggling Indians. This event, and the fact that so many Indians were assembled under the Prophet, produced a great alarm on the frontier, which led many families to return to Kentucky. The whites made a demand on Tecumseh and the Prophet for the murderers. They, however, denied any knowledge of the affair. In order to quiet the increasing disturbance, it was finally agreed that a council should be held at Springfield.

In this council, which included in all nearly three hundred Indians, were present two parties—one from the north and that of Tecumseh, consisting of sixty or seventy warriors, including Round-

head, Blackfish, and several other chiefs. Between these two parties some jealousy existed, and each was willing that the other should be blamed with the murder. The commissioners wished the Indians to leave their arms a few miles outside of Springfield. With this request the northern party complied, but Tecumseh, who was never willing to appear in any council without proper dignity, refused. The conference was held in a maple grove. After it was opened, the commissioners, who feared some violence, renewed their efforts to induce Tecumseh to lay aside his arms. He refused again, saying his tomahawk was also his pipe, and he might wish to use it as such before they closed their session. (The tomahawk had a pipe-bowl on the back.) At this point a long, lank Pennsylvanian, who was among the spectators, approaching Tecumseh with great caution, handed him his pipe, a long-stemmed, dirty-looking earthen affair, intimating that Tecumseh might smoke it if he would deliver up the dreadful tomahawk. The kingly chief took it between his thumb and finger, held it up, looked at it and then at the owner, who was cautiously backing away, and then threw it with an indignant sneer over his head into the bushes.

The oldest chief present, Tarfee, or the Crane, who was head chief of the Wyandots, took charge of the opening ceremonies in the council. The

chiefs and braves were seated in a semicircle in front of the agent's stand. The peace-pipe was passed round in token of good-will. The old chief of the Wyandots and the chief of the Ottawas replied in a conciliatory tone, and all seemed to be going on toward a peaceful termination. But unhappily Tecumseh's part was no longer that of peace-maker. The growth of his ambitious plans involved the keeping alive of hostile feeling towards the whites; and no doubt the hatred of his childhood and the conflicts of his early manhood had left a deep and bitter antagonism in his mind. Just at this moment of reconciliation he rose and made a speech of fiery eloquence, tracking the history of the relations of the two races from the first settlements to his own time. So tremendous was the effect of this defiant oratory, that the younger warriors were hardly able to keep their seats in the council, and even the old men, who sat smoking, showed the greatest excitement, so that the immediate breaking up of the council seemed imminent. Tecumseh, when he had closed, turned his back on the agent's stand and walked to the remotest part of the semicircle, where he took his seat among the young braves. Here again, as elsewhere, the interpreter was obliged to confess his inability to put Tecumseh's speech into a foreign tongue. There were some parts that he

purposely omitted, fearing that General Simon Kenton, who was one of the agents at this council, would not brook words that "were so defiant, so wrathful, so denunciatory, so full of indignant abuse." But the speech was not meant for the agents, but for the Indians. The shrewd Tecumseh knew that all of the Indians present would give admiring reports of his gallant defiance of the whites, by every camp-fire. Thus his ascendancy would be extended in other tribes. He was not unlike the congressman whose speech is made for the newspapers.

The council afterward became more conciliatory, and the affair was settled.

During their stay at Springfield the Indians amused themselves several times with games and athletic sports. In these Tecumseh was generally victorious. Those who attended the council admired his splendid physical vigor almost as much as his intellectual character.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL HARRISON AND THE PROPHET.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born in Virginia, in the year 1773. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When very young, Harrison was desirous of joining the Western campaign under St. Clair. For this purpose, Washington, who had been an intimate friend of his father, gave him an appointment.

He set out, at the age of nineteen, with the commission of ensign to join the army, and arrived immediately after St. Clair's defeat. When General Wayne came into control of the North-Western army he noticed the spirit and wisdom of young Harrison, and appointed him one of his aids-de-camp. In this capacity he fought in Wayne's campaign in 1794, and received flattering commendation from his commander.

On the death of General Wayne, in 1797, Harrison left the army and was appointed secretary of the Northwestern Territory. He declined to allow his name to be brought forward for the governorship,

because he was unwilling to be brought into competition with St. Clair. In 1801, on the erection of the territory of Indiana, he was appointed governor of the new territory, and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. He was made by President Jefferson sole commissioner for treating with the Indians. It was thus that he came to be so nearly connected with the history of Tecumseh.

The council with Tecumseh at Springfield in 1807 did not quiet the general alarm on the frontier. Governor Harrison, in the autumn of this year, sent a speech, by one of the Indian agents, named John Connor, to the head chiefs of the Shawnees. These chiefs, and probably Tecumseh among them, were absent from Greenville when the speech was delivered. The Prophet listened patiently while it was read, as follows, to him :—

“MY CHILDREN: Listen to me. I speak in the name of your father, the great chief of the Seventeen Fires.

“My children, it is now twelve years since the tomahawk, which you had raised by the advice of your father, the King of Great Britain, was buried at Greenville, in the presence of that great warrior, General Wayne.

“My children, you then promised, and the Great Spirit heard it, that you would in future live in

peace and friendship with your brothers, the Americans. You made a treaty with your father, and one that contained a number of good things, equally beneficial to all the tribes of red people who were parties to it.

"My children, you promised in that treaty to acknowledge no other father than the chief of the Seventeen Fires, and never to listen to the proposition of any foreign nation. You promised never to lift up the tomahawk against any of your father's children, and to give notice of any other tribe that intended it. Your father also promised to do something for you, particularly to deliver to you every year a certain quantity of goods, to prevent any white man from settling on your lands without your consent, or to do you any personal injury. He promised to run a line between your land and his, so that you might know your own; and you were to be permitted to live and hunt upon your father's land as long as you behaved yourselves well. My children, which of these articles has your father broken? You know that he has observed them all with the utmost good faith. But, my children, have you done so? Have you not always had your ears open to receive bad advice from the white people beyond the lakes?

"My children, let us look back to times that are past. It has been a long time since you called the King of

Great Britain father. You know that it is the duty of a father to watch over his children, to give them good advice, and to do everything in his power to make them happy. What has this father of yours done for you during the time that you looked up to him for protection and advice? Are you wiser and happier than you were before you knew him; or is your nation stronger or more respectable? No, my children, he took you by the hand when you were a powerful tribe; you held him fast, supposing he was your friend, and he conducted you through paths filled with thorns and briars, which tore your flesh and shed your blood. Your strength was exhausted, and you could no longer follow him. Did he stay by you in your distress and assist and comfort you? No, he led you into dangers and then abandoned you. He saw your blood flowing, and he would give you no bandage to tie up your wounds. This was the conduct of the man who called himself your father. The Great Spirit opened your eyes; you heard the voice of the chief of the Seventeen Fires speaking words of peace. He called you to follow him; you came to him, and he once more put you on the right way—on the broad, smooth road that would have led to happiness. But the voice of your deceiver is again heard, and, forgetful of your former sufferings, you are listening to him.

"My children, shut your ears and mind him not, or he will lead you to ruin and misery.

"My children, I have heard bad news. The sacred spot where the great council-fire was kindled, around which the Seventeen Fires and ten tribes of their children smoked the pipe of peace—that very spot where the Great Spirit saw his red and white children encircle themselves with the chain of friendship—that place has been selected for dark and bloody councils.

"My children, this business must be stopped. You have called in a number of men from the most distant tribes to listen to a fool, who speaks not the words of the Great Spirit, but those of the devil and of the British agents. My children, your conduct has much alarmed the white settlers near you. They desire that you will send away those people, and if they wish to have the impostor with them they can carry him. Let him go to the lakes; he can hear the British more distinctly."

When the reading of this speech was finished, the Prophet dictated the following answer:—

"Father, I am sorry that you listen to the advice of bad birds. You have impeached me with having correspondence with the British, and with calling and sending for Indians from the most distant part of the country, 'to listen to a fool that speaks not the

words of the Great Spirit, but the words of the devil.' Father, these impeachments I deny, and say they are not true. I never had a word with the British, and I never sent for any Indians. They came here themselves to listen and hear the words of the Great Spirit.

"Father, I wish you would not listen any more to the voice of bad birds; and you may rest assured that it is the least of our idea to make disturbance, and we will rather try to stop any such proceedings than to encourage them."

A man by the name of John Tanner, who had been taken captive by the Indians when a boy, was at this time among the Chippewas, or Ojibbeways, a nation living then as now on Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, and known to all readers of literature as the people made famous by Longfellow's poem of Hiawatha. He gives an interesting account of the influence of the Prophet's reputation over the superstitious mind of the Indian.

He says that news reached this distant people that the Shawnees had received a revelation from the Great Spirit. A messenger brought this piece of information, and appeared deeply impressed with the solemnity of his mission. When he arrived he at first maintained a long and mysterious silence before announcing that he was the forerunner of the great

Prophet, who would soon shake hands with the Chippewas, reveal to them his inspired character, and set forth the new manner of living which they were hereafter to adopt. He repeated the doctrines of the Prophet to them, and solemnly enjoined the observance of his system of morals. A strong impression was made by all this upon the principal men among the Chippewas, and a time was appointed and a lodge built, that the new doctrines might be accepted in public. When the Indians had gathered in this lodge, "we saw something," says Mr. Tanner, "carefully concealed under a blanket, in figure and dimensions bearing some resemblance to a man. This was accompanied by two young men, who, it was understood, attended constantly upon it, made its bed at night, as for a man, and slept near it. But while we remained no one went near it, or raised the blanket which was spread over its unknown contents. Four strings of mouldy and discolored beads were all the visible insignia of his important mission. After a long harangue, in which the prominent features of the new revelation were stated and urged upon the attention of all, the four strings of beads, which we were told were made of the flesh of the Prophet, were carried with much solemnity to each man in the lodge, and he was expected to take hold of each string at the top, and draw them gently

through his hand. This was called shaking hands with the Prophet, and was considered as solemnly engaging to obey his injunctions and accept of his mission as from the Supreme. All the Indians who touched the beads had previously killed their dogs; they gave up their medicine bags, and showed a disposition to comply with all that should be required of them. The influence of the Prophet was very sensibly and painfully felt by the remotest Ojibbeways of whom I had any knowledge, but it was not the common impression among them that his doctrines had any tendency to unite them in the accomplishment of any human purpose. For two or three years, drunkenness was much less frequent than formerly, was less thought of, and the entire aspect of things among them was changed by the influence of this mission. But in time these new impressions were obliterated, medicine bags, flints and steels, the use of which had been forbidden, were brought into use; dogs were reared, women and children beaten as before, and the Shawnee Prophet was despised."

Early in the year 1808, great numbers of Indians came flocking from the lakes to visit the Prophet. With the characteristic improvidence of savages, they prolonged their visit until their provisions were entirely exhausted. Their religious excitement of

the previous year had interfered with the more prosaic occupation of corn-raising. Governor Harrison benevolently and prudently (for hungry Indians are apt to be dangerous neighbors) ordered them to be supplied from the public stores at Fort Wayne. The Indian agent who carried out this order came to the conclusion that the Prophet's followers had no hostile designs against the United States. It seems very likely that in the beginning the purpose of the Prophet was simply the establishment of a new religion, with an accompanying reformation of morals, and that he got many suggestions in a fragmentary and distorted way from the missionaries who had preached Christianity among the Indians. As with Mohammed and other leaders, the political purpose was an afterthought. It may have been the rising influence of Tecumseh that gave this final bent to the preaching of the Prophet. Tecumseh, about 1808, visited the Mississinawa villages. The object of this trip could not be discovered, but it was probably connected with his incipient scheme of uniting the Indians in a confederacy, of which he should be the leader. The Indians in these towns promised to meet him and his brother the following June, on the Wabash, to which place they had decided to move. An Indian agent, Mr. Jouett, wrote to the governor that he feared this meeting would result in some

hostile movement on the frontier, and advised that the Prophet should be seized and imprisoned, in order to extinguish his influence. General Harrison rejected this proposition, probably because so violent a measure would have precipitated hostilities with Tecumseh's band.

The Pottawatomies and Kickapoos granted Tecumseh and the Prophet a tract of land on the Tippecanoe, one of the tributaries of the Wabash River. To this place, in the western part of what is now the State of Indiana, Tecumseh and the Prophet, with their party, started to remove in the spring of 1808, much to the relief, no doubt, of their civilized neighbors in Ohio. The Miami and Delaware nations had strong objections to their establishing themselves on the Wabash, and set out to prevent it. At this time the number of the Prophet's immediate band was still very small, there being only about forty Shawnees and less than a hundred of other nations, mostly Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes. They, however, boldly met the deputation of chiefs from the Miamis and Delawares, and turned them back from their purpose of stopping his settlement in Indiana. They returned to their tribes, but with strong suspicions of the motives of the brothers.

Tecumseh and his brother established a village on

the Tippecanoe, which came to be known as the Prophet's Town. They now drew around them a body of Northern Indians, much to the disgust of the Miamis and Delawares. The Prophet's followers here, for the first time, began to combine warlike sports with their religious exercises. Tecumseh's genius for war was gradually asserting its ascendancy over the Prophet's gift for exciting religious fanaticism.

The Prophet now announced that he intended to visit Governor Harrison, in order to explain his movements and to procure provisions for his band. He said "these could not be consistently withheld from him, since the white people had always encouraged him to preach the word of God to the Indians, and it was in this holy work that he was now engaged."

In the latter part of June, 1808, he sent a small deputation of Indians to Vincennes with a "speech" to the governor. This speech denied all the unfavorable representations of his purposes which had been circulated, saying that he and Tecumseh wished to live in peace with the white people, and promising soon to visit the governor. The messenger who bore this speech of the Prophet's, said, in a conference with the governor:—

"I have now listened to that man upward of three

years, and have never heard him give any but good advice. He tells us that we must pray to the Great Spirit who made the world and everything in it for our use. He tells us that no man could make the plants, the trees, and the animals, but that they must be made by the Great Spirit, to whom we ought to pray and obey in all things. He tells us not to lie, to steal, nor to drink whisky; not to go to war, but to live in peace with all mankind. He tells us also to work and make corn."

In August, the Prophet made his visit, staying two weeks at Vincennes, and holding frequent interviews with Governor Harrison. To prove his sincerity and earnestness, he frequently addressed the Indians, who were with him in the presence of the governor, dwelling upon the great evils resulting from war and the use of liquor. Harrison soon formed a very favorable estimate of the Prophet's talents. He tested his influence over his followers by holding conversations with them and offering them whisky, which they always refused. The governor had long been interested in the discussion of what was to be done for the Indians, and had many times urged, in his letters to the government, the necessity for keeping whisky from them. He now began to hope that this preacher of temperance might better their condition.

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Before the close of his visit, the Prophet delivered this speech before the governor:—

“FATHER: It is three years since I first began that system of religion which I now practice. The white people and some of the Indians were against me, but I had no other intention but to introduce among the Indians those good principles of religion which the white people profess. I was spoken badly of by the white people, who reproached me with misleading the Indians, but I defy them to say that I did anything amiss.

“Father, I was told you intended to hang me. When I heard this, I intended to remember it and tell my father when I went to see him and relate to him the truth.

“I heard, when I settled on the Wabash, that my father, the governor, had declared that all the land between Vincennes and Fort Wayne was the property of the Seventeen Fires. I also heard that you wanted to know, my father, whether I was God or man; and that you said if I was the former I should not steal horses. I heard this from Mr. Wells, but I believed it originated with himself.

“The Great Spirit told me to tell the Indians that he had made them, and made the world—that he had placed them on it to do good and not evil.

"I told all the redskins that the way they were in was not good, and that they ought to abandon it.

"That we ought to consider ourselves as one man, but we ought to live agreeably to our several customs, the red people after their mode and the white people after theirs; particularly that they should not drink whisky; that it was not made for them, but for the white people who knew how to use it, and that it is the cause of all the mischiefs which the Indians suffer, and that they must follow the directions of the Great Spirit, and we must listen to Him, as it was He that made us; determine to listen to nothing that is bad; do not take up the tomahawk should it be offered by the British or by the Long Knives; do not meddle with anything that does not belong to you, but mind your own business and cultivate the ground, that your women and children may have enough to live on.

"I now inform you that it is our intention to live in peace with our father and his people forever.

"My father, I have informed you what we mean to do, and I call the Great Spirit to witness the truth of my declaration. The religion which I have established for the last three years has been attended by all the different tribes of Indians in this part of the world. Those Indians were once different people; they are now but one; they are all determined to

practice what I have communicated to them, that has come immediately from the Great Spirit through me.

"Brother, I speak to you as a warrior. You are one. But let us lay aside this character and attend to the care of our children, that they may live in comfort and peace. We desire that you will join us for the preservation of both red and white people. Formerly, when we lived in ignorance, we were foolish; but now, since we listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, we are happy.

"I have listened to what you have said to us. You have promised to assist us. I now request you, in behalf of all the red people, to use your exertions to prevent the sale of liquor to us. We are all well pleased to hear you say that you will endeavor to promote our happiness. We give you every assurance that we will follow the dictates of the Great Spirit.

"We are all well pleased with the attention you have shown us, also with the good intentions of our father, the President. If you give us a few articles, such as needles, flints, hoes, powder, etc., we will take the animals that afford us meat with powder and ball."

This speech has the characteristic Indian peroration. A bit of begging is in almost every speech of the kind, and the close of this plea of the Prophet's

attests its genuineness. Nor can one read this part of Tenskwatawa's life without feeling that beneath all his ignorance, persecuting fanaticism, and imposture, there was a real ambition to be a benefactor to the Indians. Like many another so-called prophet, he did not hold out so well as he began. His system of religion was a farrago compounded of Indian prejudices and scraps of ideas gathered here and there from the missionaries. But it seems to have been a genuine advance on the superstitions that it had begun to supplant, and under more favorable circumstances it might have been a stepping-stone to a genuine enlightenment by the removal of old prejudices and the reformation of morals. The Prophet and his followers received a supply of provisions and returned to the Tippecanoe, leaving the governor in doubt as to whether the new sect really had any hostile intentions toward the United States. Harrison believed afterward that the Indian seer had played him false in this movement, and that this display of piety was a mere ruse to allay his fears and put him off his guard.

CHAPTER XVI.

PLANS AND CHARACTER OF TECUMSEH.

IN all these events Tecumseh stood in the background, while the Prophet seemed to be the leader. So much was this so that, at the time, the Prophet was supposed by the white people, including the governor and President Jefferson himself, to be the sole mover of this excitement among the Indian tribes. Tecumseh's greatness is shown in nothing more than in his ability to wait. He must have had a consciousness of talents far transcending the craft of his brother. And yet he quietly saw the growing fame and influence of the latter. When the time came he asserted his ascendancy, and turned even the Prophet's fame and power to his own purpose, which was a far less practicable one than that of Tenskwatawa—being nothing less than the formation of a vast confederacy of the Indian tribes to restrain the white race within limits, or, if possible, to force them to retreat beyond the Alleghanies. It was in his failure to estimate the resources of the whites and the relative persistency of civiliza-

tion and savagery that the weakness of the Indian mind shows itself.

But the scheme of Tecumseh should be judged from his own standpoint. He had seen the whites overthrown under Harmar and St. Clair, and in many skirmishes besides. And that too without any very large combinations among the Indians. If now he could succeed in bringing together all the Indians, so that the Southern border should be harassed at the same time that the Western border was being overwhelmed, there seemed to Tecumseh a great likelihood that the whites could be finally defeated and brought to sue for peace at the hands of the Indians.

We cannot give Tecumseh credit for originality in this scheme. The idea was an old one with energetic Indian warriors. Pontiac, before Tecumseh's birth, had planned a similar rising against the whites, and had allied himself with the French against the English, as Tecumseh after this formed an alliance with the English against the Americans. But with the Tippecanoe chieftain originated the idea of making use of religious fanaticism and superstition as a motive to union and action. It is hardly likely that Tecumseh and his brother deliberately adopted prophecy as a ruse. Tenskwatawa, indolent and lacking in courage, was inferior in the hunt and on the battle-field. What more natural than that his

crafty spirit should seek an ascendancy of another kind, and that the death of his predecessor, the Prophet Change-of-Feathers, should have suggested the means. That he soon came to believe in his own mission is not unlikely. Such cases of self-delusion are common enough.

It seems probable that Tecumseh, ambitious of military fame, and desirous of leading a larger band than the small company about him, saw in the flocking of the tribes to the preaching of his brother the opportunity he desired. From step to step his imagination rose to his large scheme, which was not to form a temporary alliance, such as had been sought by Pontiac and others, but a great and permanent confederation—an empire of red men, of which he should be the leader and emperor.

To this end he fostered his brother's influence. He raised the Prophet to the highest position among his followers, and affected always the greatest respect for him, as though he were a superior being, and added much to his brother's power by his own noble presence and influence over the minds of others. But though the Prophet seemed to govern, Tecumseh ruled with a quiet but imperious will. It is probable that he distrusted the Prophet's judgment, for, though Tenskwatawa is said to have been a more pleasing speaker even than Tecumseh, it was rarely the case

that he uttered a word in council when Tecumseh was present.

Tecumseh was despotic, but not a tyrant. His mind was large, foreseeing the probable destruction of the Indian tribes through the force of civilization. He was largely patriotic—not a Shawnee, but a red man—loving all red people and working for their advancement. He was a remarkable leader of men, possessing a strong influence over them; he was brave in battle, calm and dignified in every presence, acknowledging no man as his superior by the slightest action, and fond of a certain regal dignity without pomp; but he was never known to be cruel or revengeful to those who were helpless in his power.

Tecumseh never allowed his portrait to be painted. He "was near six feet in stature, with a compact, muscular frame, capable of great physical endurance. His head was of a moderate size, with a forehead full and high, his nose slightly aquiline, teeth large and regular, eyes black, penetrating, and overhung with heavy arched brows, which increased the uniformly grave and severe expression of his countenance. He is represented by those who knew him to have been a remarkably fine-looking man, always plain but neat in his dress, and of a commanding personal presence."

An English writer on the war of 1812 says that

Tecumseh was endowed "with more than the usual stoutness, and possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eyes penetrating, his countenance, even in death, giving indications of a lofty spirit. The Indians in general are full as fond as other savages of the gaudy decoration of their persons, but Tecumseh was an exception. Clothes and other valuable articles of spoil had often been his, yet he invariably wore a deer-skin coat and pantaloons. He had frequently levied subsidies to comparatively a large amount, yet he preserved little or nothing for himself. It was not wealth but glory that was Tecumseh's ruling passion."

There are two stories with regard to the marriage of Tecumseh, one being that he was married to several wives, but never to more than one at a time; while the other is that he had but one wife. The latter is probably the truth, for it is on the testimony of men who knew him all his life. His marriage took place at the age of twenty-eight, and was in compliance with the wishes of his friends. His wife, Mamate, was older than himself, and seems to have been a mediocre person, both physically and mentally. Tecumseh's only child was a son named Pugeshashenwa, which means "A-panther-seizing-its-prey." Mamate died soon after his birth, and he was left to

the care of his aunt, Tecumseh's beloved sister, Tecumapease.

An intelligent Shawnee who knew Tecumseh from childhood states that "he was kind and attentive to the aged and infirm, looking personally to their comfort, repairing their frail wigwams when winter approached, giving them skins for moccasins and clothing, and sharing with them the choicest game which the woods and the seasons afforded. Nor were these acts of kindness bestowed exclusively on those of rank or reputation. On the contrary, he made it his business to search out the humblest objects of charity and in a quiet, unostentatious manner relieve their wants."

"From the earliest period of his life," says one of the Indian agents who had a great deal to do with him, "Tecumseh was distinguished for virtue, for a strict adherence to truth, honor, and integrity. He was sober and abstemious, never indulging in the use of liquor or eating to excess."

A man who lived nearly twenty years among the Indians as a prisoner, part of the time in Tecumseh's family, says, "I know of no *peculiarity* about him that gained him popularity. His talents, rectitude of deportment, and friendly disposition commanded the respect and regard of all about him. In short, I consider him a very great as well a very good man,

who, had he enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, would have done honor to any age or nation."

Benjamin Drake, in his life of Tecumseh, says: "When Burns, the poet, was suddenly transferred from his plow, in Ayrshire, to the polished circles of Edinburgh, his ease of manners and nice observance of the rules of good breeding excited much surprise and became the theme of frequent conversation. The same thing has been remarked of Tecumseh. Whether seated at the tables of Generals McArthur and Worthington, as he was during the council at Chillicothe in 1807, or brought in contact with British officers of the highest rank, his manners were entirely free from vulgarity and coarseness; he was uniformly self-possessed and with the tact and ease of deportment which marked the poet of the heart, and which are falsely supposed to be the result of civilization and refinement only. He readily accommodated himself to the novelties of his new position, and seemed more amused than annoyed by them."

We can never know just when Tecumseh formed his scheme for a union of the red men, to offset the union of the "Seventeen Fires" of the whites; but the plan now began to reveal itself to the government in various ways. Operations so extensive as his could not long be entirely hidden. He had been

for some time engaged in visiting various tribes and trying by the power of his masterful oratory to induce them to join his confederacy. For at least three or four years he traveled almost ceaselessly for the accomplishment of his purpose. He was at one time away up among the lakes in the remotest part of the old Indiana Territory; at another time he was moving through the South; and at still another he was in that then almost unknown world lying beyond the Mississippi. What history we have of these travels of Tecumseh is in the merest scraps, such as came to the knowledge of the whites from time to time. Tirelessly he journeyed through the wilderness, eloquently he labored with his red brethren, returning often to his headquarters, where the Prophet reigned in his absence.

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CHAPTER XVII.

FORMATION OF TECUMSEH'S CONFEDERACY.

UNTIL 1810, Tecumseh seemed to be quietly strengthening his influence among the tribes without distinctly announcing his ultimate purpose.

Early in the year 1809, accompanied by Captain Lewis, a well-known Shawnee chief, he attended a council of Indians held at Sandusky. Here he tried to persuade the Wyandots and Senecas to remove to his settlement at Tippecanoe. Among other inducements, he said that the country on this river was better than what they now occupied, that it was further removed from the whites, and that they would have more game and be happier there. The wary Indians, however, had a suspicion that Tecumseh meant something more than he said, and their experience in Wayne's campaign had given them a wholesome fear of rashly offending the United States. The Crane, an old chief of the Wyandots, answered, "that he feared Tecumseh was working for no good purpose at Tippecanoe; that they would wait a few years, and then if they found their red

brethren at that time contented and happy, they would probably join them."

In April, 1809, the United States agent at Fort Wayne informed Governor Harrison that, according to reports, the Indians had been required by the Prophet to take up arms against the government, to exterminate the inhabitants of Vincennes and of the settlements along the Ohio; this being the order of the Great Spirit, who threatened destruction to those who disobeyed. It was also reported that the Chipewas, Pottawatomies, and Ottawas were deserting the Prophet in consequence of this order. Whether this was true or not, and whether in any case it was Tecumseh's plan, or only an ambitious undertaking of the Prophet's in Tecumseh's absence, is not known. The agent said that there were not more than a hundred warriors remaining with the Prophet; but the Governor had information that there were within fifty miles of his headquarters four or five times that number who were his devoted followers. Harrison immediately organized two companies of volunteer militia with which he garrisoned Fort Knox, which was situated within two miles of Vincennes. If there had been any warlike purpose on the part of the Prophet, this show of force put a stop to it, for Indians do not often strike an enemy who stands on guard.

In July, the Prophet and about forty followers visited Vincennes, at that time the capital of the territory and the residence of the governor. He meekly denied any part in the combination to attack the white settlements. He claimed, indeed, that the plot was entirely confined to the tribes of the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and that he had dissuaded them from their intended hostilities.

Governor Harrison was not to be so easily deceived again by the Prophet's plausibility, for he writes to the Secretary of War: "I must confess that my suspicions of his guilt have been rather strengthened than diminished at every interview I have had with him since his arrival. He acknowledges that he received an invitation to war against us from the British, last fall, and that he was apprised of the intention of the Sacs and Foxes, &c., early in the spring, and was warmly solicited to join their league. But he could give no satisfactory explanation of his neglecting to communicate to me circumstances so extremely interesting to us, and towards which I had a few months before directed his attention, and received a solemn assurance of his cheerful compliance with the injunctions I had impressed upon him. The result of all my inquiries on the subject is that the late combination was produced by British intrigue and influence, in anticipation of war

with the United States. It was, however, premature and ill-judged. . . . The warlike and well-armed tribes of the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Delawares, and Miamis, I believe, neither had nor would have joined in the combination; and although the Kickapoos, whose warriors are better than those of any other tribe, the remnant of the Wyandots excepted, are much under the influence of the Prophet, I am persuaded that they were never made acquainted with his intentions, if they were really hostile toward the United States."

In 1809, at a council at Greenville, Governor Harrison purchased a large tract of land lying on the east of the Wabash River from the Indian owners — the Miami, Eel River, Delaware, and Pottawatomie tribes. He also made a treaty with the Kickapoos, who confirmed the grant and sold another large piece of land. When he made these treaties, Governor Harrison invited all Indians to be present who were considered to have any claim to the land.

By April, 1810, there was a general conviction on the part of the whites that the plans of Tecumseh and the Prophet were really hostile to the United States. A trader who had been for some time at Tippecanoe informed Governor Harrison that there were at least one thousand souls, perhaps four hundred men, in that place under the control of the

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Prophet. It was plain that there was strong hostile feeling toward the government among these Indians. They refused to buy any ammunition from American traders, saying that they had a plentiful supply, and intimated that they could get more from the English without paying for it.

About the middle of May, the governor was informed that the Prophet's followers amounted to six or eight hundred men, and that it was probable that this force could be doubled from those tribes over which the Prophet had influence. All this led to much fear for the safety of the small, exposed settlements in Indiana.

A large meeting of Indians was held at this time on the St. Joseph's River. To this meeting Governor Harrison sent an appeal through the Delawares, pointing out the inevitable destruction of those tribes who should take up the hatchet against their fathers, and the great danger to the friendly tribes through the difficulty of distinguishing friend from foe.

The Prophet now succeeded in gaining the Wyandots over to his side. This nation had always possessed great influence among the Indians, the members of it being called "uncles," and venerated for their talents and valor. The great belt, which had been the symbol of union between the tribes in their previous war, was committed to the care of this tribe.

They also possessed the original copy of the treaty of Greenville. The negotiations between this tribe and the Prophet are a good example of Indian diplomacy. The Prophet sent a deputation to them saying that he was surprised that the Wyandots, who had always directed the councils of the Indians, in consequence of their talents and bravery, should sit still and see the property of the Indians usurped by a part.

Flattered by this message, the Wyandots answered that they had carefully preserved the belt which formerly united the Indians as one nation. This belt, they said, had remained so long in their possession without being called for, that they supposed it was forgotten. They assured the Prophet that they were glad, however, that at last it was wanted. As for themselves, they were tired of the situation; nothing was nearer their hearts than the union of the tribes again as one man. They looked upon everything that had been done since the treaty of Greenville as nothing; that they would join with the Prophet in endeavoring to bring together all the tribes for the purpose of stopping the encroachments of the white people, and recovering that which had been unjustly taken from them.

This answer was exactly according to the wishes of the Prophet. He immediately circulated it among all the Indian nations, and it proved a powerful in-

fluence in favor of Tecumseh's scheme. The Wyandots soon started to make a visit to Tippecanoe. On their way they held a conference with the Miami chiefs. They showed the great belt, and reproached the Miamis with having united with the whites against their Indian friends. The Miamis were so intimidated that they joined the Wyandots on their journey to the Prophet's Town, inviting the Weas to go with them.

An old Piankishaw Indian named Grosble, who was very much attached to Governor Harrison and to the United States, asked at this time permission to move beyond the Mississippi, saying that he had heard nothing but rumors of war among the Indians, and as he would not engage in it he wished to be out of danger. He told the governor that which he heard from other sources—that the Prophet intended to attack Vincennes, and boasted that he would follow the footsteps of the great Pontiac.

The governor had stationed a person as spy at the Prophet's Town, by whom he was now informed that there were about three thousand men within thirty miles of this place, who carried on a great deal of secret counseling, and who were at least resolved to prevent the survey of any land west of the Wabash River.

In June, a boat was sent up the Wabash with salt

for the Indians, as part of their annuities. The Prophet refused to receive the salt, and the men who brought it were treated rudely and told to go back to Vincennes.

About the time when the salt was refused, the indefatigable Tecumseh was among the Shawnees on the Auglaize; but the new leader was without honor among his own people. He tried in vain to induce them to join his scheme, but they even refused to go into council with him. The Shawnee chiefs on the Auglaize had received a letter from Governor Harrison some months previous to Tecumseh's arrival, which no doubt had something to do with their peaceful disposition. This letter Tecumseh took from the hand of the interpreter and scornfully threw it into the fire, declaring that if Governor Harrison were present he would serve him in the same way.

He told the Indians that the white people were deceiving them; that for his part he would never put any confidence in the whites. He said that if he were dead the cause would not die with him. But he went away much dissatisfied with his ill success among the Shawnees.

Tecumseh owed his failure with this tribe in great part, no doubt, to the influence of the great Shawnee chief, Black Hoof. This Indian had been born in

Florida, and was old enough at the time of the removal of his nation to Ohio to remember bathing in the salt water of the ocean. He had been present at the defeat of Braddock, in 1755, during the French and English war, and had been very actively engaged in all the wars in Ohio until Wayne's treaty with the Indians. It is said that his wisdom and energy in the planning and executing of his military expeditions was so great that he was never at a loss for braves to fight under his lead.

Black Hoof had been the orator of his tribe during most of his life, and had fought bravely in the vain hope of staying the tide of white emigration to the valley of the Mississippi. But after the disastrous defeat of the Indians by Wayne, the old chief, grown wise by the experience of years, became convinced of the futility of all attempts to drive back the whites. He signed the treaty of Greenville, and from that time actively opposed all war with the settlers. As he was the head chief of the Shawnee nation, the influence of his office and of his personal character gave him a great ascendancy in the councils of his people.

Every persuasion was brought to bear by Tecumseh on Black Hoof to induce him to join his scheme, but all failed; the chief and the greater part of his tribe remained faithful to the treaty of Greenville.

In the war which succeeded between the United States and Great Britain, he was firmly attached to the American cause, although he took no active part in the conflict.

Like Tecumseh, this great chief was opposed to polygamy and the burning of prisoners. He is said to have lived for forty years with one wife, and to have raised a large family of children, who loved and respected him. He was of a cheerful disposition and sprightly in conversation. Black Hoof was rather small, being about five feet eight inches in height. He died at Wapakonetta, Ohio, in 1831, at the age of one hundred and ten. Up to the time of his death his health was good and his eyesight undimmed.

Governor Harrison was visited in June by a deputation of Pottawatomie Indians, headed by the chief Winnemac, to inform him of the result of the council held at the St. Joseph's of Lake Michigan. It had been attended by all the neighboring Indians, and by the Delawares, who were to have gone there for the purpose of dissuading the Indians from joining the Prophet. This they succeeded in doing, and Winnemac was sent to inform the governor of all they knew of the Prophet's plans, which was that every exertion was to be made on the part of the Prophet's party to induce the trans-Mississippi tribes to join

the confederacy; and that Detroit, Fort Wayne, Chicago, St. Louis, and Vincennes were all to be surprised. It was reported that the Prophet had even suggested to his young men the murder of some of the neighboring chiefs in order that their own hands might be free to carry forward their purposes.

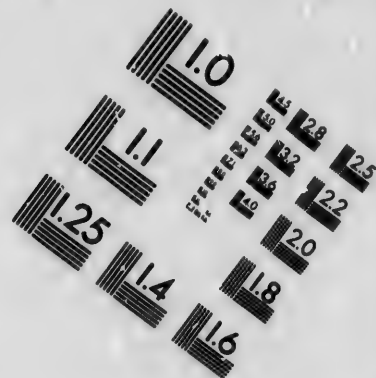
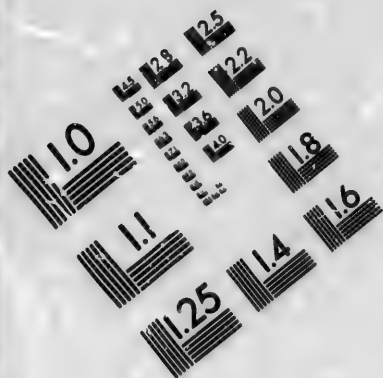
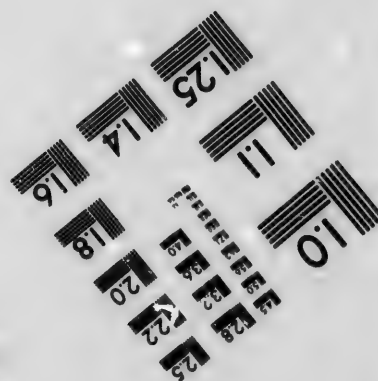
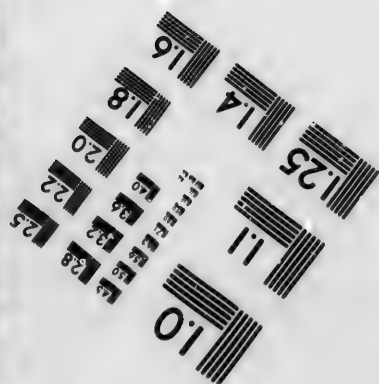
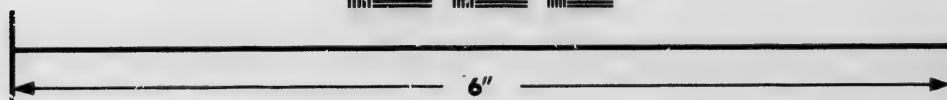
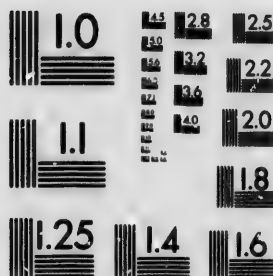


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CHAPTER XVIII.

EXECUTION OF LEATHERLIPS FOR WITCH- CRAFT.

ON the evening of the first day of June, six Wyandots, equipped in the most warlike manner, appeared at the house of a white man on the Scioto, near where the city of Columbus, Ohio, now stands. They were much agitated, and inquired after an old Wyandot chief named Leatherlips, whom they had been seeking. When they found that he was encamped two miles further up the river, they immediately started off, saying they intended to kill him.

A Mr. John Sells was told of the visit of the Indians the next morning, and started off for Leatherlips' camp. He came upon the six warriors, who were headed, it is believed, by the chief Roundhead, seated in council in a grove of sugar maples a short distance from Leatherlips' lodge. The old chief, with his arms tied with a slight cord, sat calmly in their midst. A few white neighbors were also present, and a sullen and gloomy Indian, who had been Leatherlips' companion, sat apart in the camp. Going up to the Indians, Mr. Sells found them in

earnest debate. They were trying the white-haired Leatherlips for witchcraft. With this he had been previously charged by some of the Indians present, who believed they had lost some of their friends through his evil powers.

For two or three hours the council lasted. The accusers spoke with much ceremony, but evidently very bitterly. The prisoner answered eloquently, but without passion, occasionally smiling disdainfully. The council was closed with a sentence of death. Some of the white men inquired as to the time of the execution. The captain of the accusers pointed to the sun, indicating one o'clock. Mr. Sells asked him what Leatherlips had done.

"Very bad Indian," answered he; "make good Indian sick; make horse sick; make die; very bad chief." Mr. Sells tried to induce the white men to interfere for the safety of the chief, but they refused, fearing the results of Indian animosity on their unprotected settlements. He then tried to purchase the life of Leatherlips with a very fine horse, worth three hundred dollars. This staggered the Indians at first, but after a long council their fanatical zeal triumphed, and the offer was refused.

After the close of the council, five of the Indians amused themselves with athletic sports, such as running, jumping, etc. In these, Roundhead took no

part. He now indicated the hour of four as the time of execution. Leatherlips then walked slowly to his camp, ate a dinner of jerked venison, washed and dressed himself in his best apparel, which was very rich, and finally painted his face. His graceful figure and gray hair gave him a very impressive look. He requested that the company should draw around him at the lodge. He had noticed that Mr. Sells had exerted himself for him, and now handed him a paper, which was a recommendation from Governor Hull. This paper was read to the company and then fixed to a tree at the prisoner's desire. He shook hands silently with the whole company, but on coming to Mr. Sells he grasped his hand warmly, spoke a few words in the Wyandot tongue, and pointed to the sky. He then turned, and, in a voice of wonderful strength and melody, began chanting his death-song. He was followed by the six warriors, keeping time to the wild melancholy dirge with their slow steps. The white men also silently fell into this procession. At about eighty yards from the camp they came upon a shallow grave. Here the venerable Leatherlips kneeled down and solemnly prayed to the Great Spirit. This was followed by a prayer from the leader. Mr. Sells now told him that if he did this deed he ought at least to go beyond the limits of the white settlements.

"No!" he answered sternly and with much displeasure; "no! good Indian 'fraid; he no go with this bad man; mouth give fire in the dark night; good Indian 'fraid; he no go."

Mr. Sells reluctantly gave up the old man's cause. Up to this time there was no weapon visible. Leatherlips again sank on his knees and prayed as before. In this position he remained, after he had finished praying, until the fatal blow was struck, with a tomahawk suddenly drawn from beneath the blanket of the leader.

Leatherlips, in all his rich clothing and decorations, was then buried, and the executioners returned as they had come.

This execution is believed to have taken place by order of the Prophet. It is thought that the six Wyandots came immediately from Tippecanoe to the banks of the Scioto. Whether or not motives of policy dictated the charge of witchcraft against Leatherlips, we do not know. It is quite possible that the hostile chiefs now found it needful to strike with terror all those leaders who held aloof from their movement.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEETING OF HARRISON AND TECUMSEH AT VINCENNES.

IN the month of June, 1810, Governor Harrison sent two confidential agents to Tippecanoe to discover more fully if possible the designs of the Prophet. One of these agents, a Mr. Dubois, was received kindly. He told the Prophet that Governor Harrison had sent him to find out what was the reason of his warlike preparations and his enmity against the United States. He told the Prophet that his movements had so alarmed the white people that warriors in Kentucky and Indiana were arming themselves, but that the Governor wished him to say that this was only for defence, and that no attempt should be made against him until there was no more doubt of his intentions. The Prophet said that he did not intend to make war, that he had been unjustly accused, and that he was fixed in that place by the express commands of the Great Spirit. The agent urged him to state his complaints against the government. The Prophet replied that the Indians had been cheated of their lands; that a sale to be valid must be

sanctioned by all the tribes. Mr. Dubois told him that he ought to go to Vincennes and present his complaints to the governor.

The Prophet declined doing this, saying that he had been badly treated on his former visit. Mr. Dubois also visited the Wea and Eel River tribes. They were fearful that war would break out, and that they would be involved in it.

On the 4th of July, four canoes filled with some of the Prophet's followers descended the Wabash. One of these canoes, containing some Kickapoos, came down as low as a settlement above Vincennes, where they stopped and attended a Shaker meeting on Sunday. After this act of piety they wound up their Sabbath by stealing five horses in the night.

A few days later, a party of Indians who had been visiting the Sac and Fox Indians on the Mississippi, told Governor Harrison that these tribes had taken up the hatchet and said they were ready to act with the Prophet whenever he should desire. It was also said that a Miami chief, who had been on his annual visit to the English post at Malden, after receiving his supplies, was addressed thus by the English agent:—

“My son, keep your eyes fixed on me. My tomahawk is now up; be you ready, but do not strike till I give the signal.”

Governor Harrison sent a confidential agent, Mr.

Baron, with a letter to Tippecanoe. When this messenger reached the Prophet's Town he was received in very dramatic fashion. He was first conducted ceremoniously to the place where the Prophet, surrounded by a number of Indians, was seated. Here he was left standing at the distance of about ten feet from the Indian prophet. "He looked at me," said Mr. Baron, "for several minutes, without speaking or making any sign of recognition, although he knew me well. At last he spoke, apparently in anger. 'For what purpose do you come here?' said he. 'Brouillette was here; he was a spy. Dubois was here; he was a spy. Now *you* have come. You too are a spy. There is your grave! look on it!' The Prophet then pointed to the ground near the spot where I stood."

Tecumseh, who seems to have been accustomed to check his brother's fondness for stage acting, now came out of one of the lodges, greeted Mr. Baron coldly, told him that his life was in no danger, and asked him to state the object of his visit. Mr. Baron then read the following letter:—

"William Henry Harrison, Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Territory of Indiana, to the Shawnee chief and the Indians assembled at Tippecanoe: Notwithstanding the improper language which you have used towards me, I will endeavor to open

your eyes to your true interests. Notwithstanding what white men have told you, I am not your personal enemy. You ought to know this from the manner in which I received and treated you on your visit to this place.

"Although I must say that you are an enemy to the Seventeen Fires, and that you have used the greatest exertions to lead them [the Indians] astray. In this you have been in some measure successful; as I am told, they are ready to raise the tomahawk against their father, yet their father, notwithstanding his anger at their folly, is full of goodness, and is always ready to receive into his arms those of his children who are willing to repent, acknowledge their fault, and ask his forgiveness.

"There is yet but little harm done, which may be easily repaired. The chain of friendship which united the whites with the Indians may be renewed, and be as strong as ever. A great deal of that work depends on you—the destiny of those who are under your direction depends upon the choice you may make of the two roads which are before you. The one is large, open, and pleasant, and leads to peace, security, and happiness; the other, on the contrary, is narrow and crooked, and leads to misery and ruin. Don't deceive yourselves; do not believe that all the nations of Indians united are able to re-

sist the force of the Seventeen Fires. I know your warriors are brave, but ours are not less so. But what can a few brave warriors do against the innumerable warriors of the Seventeen Fires? Our blue-coats are more numerous than you can count; our hunters are like the leaves of the forest, or the grains of sand on the Wabash. Do not think that the red-coats can protect you; they are not able to protect themselves. They do not think of going to war with us. If they did, you would in a few moons see our flag wave over all the forts of Canada. What reason have you to complain of the Seventeen Fires? Have they taken anything from you? Have they ever violated the treaties made with the red men? You say they have purchased lands from those who had no right to sell them. Show that this is true and the land will be instantly restored. Show us the rightful owners. I have full power to arrange this business; but if you would rather carry your complaints before your great father, the President, you shall be indulged. I will immediately take means to send you, with those chiefs that you may choose, to the city where your father lives. Everything necessary shall be prepared for your journey, and means taken for your safe return."

The Prophet made no answer to this speech, but promised to send Tecumseh to visit the governor.

Mr. Baron had much conversation with Tecumseh, however. He said that he did not intend to make war, but he solemnly declared that it was impossible to remain friends with the United States unless they would give up the idea of making settlements further to the north and west, and would acknowledge the principle that the Western country was the common property of all Indian tribes.

"The Great Spirit," said Tecumseh, "gave this great island to his red children; he placed the whites on the other side of the big water. They were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes: we can go no further. They have taken upon them to say this tract belongs to the Miamis, this the Delawares, and so on; but the Great Spirit intended it as the common property of all. Our father tells us that we have no business upon the Wabash—the land belongs to other tribes; but the Great Spirit ordered us to come here, and here we will stay."

Tecumseh said, however, that he was much pleased with the governor's speech. He had never been to see him, but he remembered him as a very young man sitting by the side of General Wayne. He had never troubled the white people much, he said, but he would now go to Vincennes and show the governor that he had been listening to bad men, when he

was told that they meditated war against the United States.

From Mr. Baron's report we gather that some dissatisfaction and jealousy had arisen in the Prophet's paradise at Tippecanoe, probably through the unwise over-boastfulness of the seer with regard to his divine power. A Pottawatomie chief told Baron, in the Prophet's presence, that he had promised them that there should be no more deaths at his town, but that three Kickapoos had been buried in as many days. The Prophet did not understand what the chief said, and asked Baron to repeat it. When he heard what it was, he said that the Pottawatomie had lied, for no one had died.

"I will not say," the chief answered, with Indian sarcasm, "that any have died, but I know that you promised that none should die, and I have seen three bodies buried within three days; but they may have been dogs or persons long since dead, who have been taken up to be buried over again."

Tecumseh told Mr. Baron that he would probably bring thirty of his principal men to Vincennes with him, and as the young men were fond of attending on such occasions, there would probably be a hundred in all. The Prophet added that they might expect to see a great many more than that.

This idea did not please the governor, and he sent

an Indian messenger requesting that but a few should attend Tecumseh on his visit.

Tecumseh, however, descended the Wabash on the 12th of August, with four hundred warriors, armed with their tomahawks. Captain Floyd, the commander at Fort Knox, describes the passing of this chief in a letter, thus:—

“Nothing new has transpired since my last letter to you except that the Shawnee Indians have come; they passed this garrison, which is three miles above Vincennes, on Sunday last, in eighty canoes. They were all painted in the most terrific manner. They were stopped at the garrison by me, for a short time. I examined their canoes, and found them well prepared for war in case of an attack. They were headed by the brother of the Prophet, Tecumseh, who perhaps is one of the finest looking men I ever saw—about six feet high, straight, with large, fine features, and altogether a daring, bold looking fellow. The governor’s council with them will commence to-morrow morning.”

In this council, Harrison and Tecumseh each distrusted the other’s good faith at first. The governor had intended that it should be held on the portico of his own house, which was fitted up with seats for the purpose. Here he placed himself, attended by the judges of the Supreme Court, some officers of the

army, a sergeant with twelve men from Fort Knox, and a large number of citizens. At the time appointed, Tecumseh, who was encamped outside of the town, appeared with forty warriors. He approached within thirty or forty rods, and stopped. Governor Harrison sent out an interpreter to request him and his followers to take seats on the portico. Tecumseh refused to do this, saying he did not think it a proper place to hold the council, and that he preferred a grove of trees which stood a short distance from the house. The governor answered that he had no objection to the grove, but that there were no seats there. Tecumseh replied that it would only be necessary to bring out chairs enough to accommodate the white men, saying, "The earth is my mother, and on her bosom will I repose."

The governor yielded the point, chairs and benches were removed to the grove, but the Indians, according to their habit, sat upon the grass.

As Tecumseh's speech on this occasion is very remarkable, indicating his modes of thought, we give passages from it as follows:—

"Brother: I wish you to listen to me well. As I think you do not clearly understand what I before said to you, I will explain it again. . . .

"Brother, since the peace was made, you have killed some of the Shawnees, Winnebagoes, Delawares, and

Miamis, and you have taken our land from us, and I do not see how we can remain at peace if you continue to do so. You try to force the red people to do some injury. It is you that are pushing them on to do mischief. You endeavor to make distinctions. You wish to prevent the Indians doing as we wish them—to unite, and let them consider their lands as the common property of the whole; you take tribes aside and advise them not to come into this measure; and until our design is accomplished we do not wish to accept of your invitation to go and see the President. The reason I tell you this, you want, by your distinctions of Indian tribes in allotting to each a particular tract of land, to make them to war with each other. You never see an Indian come and endeavor to make the white people do so. You are continually driving the red people; when, at last, you will drive them into the Great Lake, where they can't either stand or walk.

“Brother, you ought to know what you are doing with the Indians. Perhaps it is by direction of the President to make those distinctions. It is a very bad thing, and we do not like it. Since my residence at Tippecanoe we have endeavored to level all distinctions—to destroy village chiefs, by whom all mischief is done. It is they who sell our lands to the Americans. Our object is to let our affairs be transacted by warriors.

"Brother, this land that was sold and the goods that were given for it were only done by a few. The treaty was afterwards brought here, and the Weas were induced to give their consent because of their small numbers. The treaty at Fort Wayne was made through the threats of Winnemac; but in future we are prepared to punish those chiefs who may come forward to propose to sell the land. If you continue to purchase of them it will produce war among the different tribes, and at last, I do not know what will be the consequence to the white people.

"Brother, I was glad to hear your speech. You said that if we could show that the land was sold by people that had no right to sell, you would restore it. Those that did sell did not own it. It was me. These tribes set up a claim, but the tribes with me will not agree with their claim. If the land is not restored to us you will see, when we return to our homes, how it will be settled. We shall have a great council, at which all the tribes will be present, when we shall show to those who sold that they had no right to the claim that they set up; and we will see what will be done to those chiefs that did sell the land to you. I am not alone in this determination; it is the determination of all the warriors and red people that listen to me. I now wish you to listen to me. If you do not, it will appear as if you wished me to kill all the

chiefs that sold you the land. I tell you so because I am authorized by all the tribes to do so. I am the head of them all; I am a warrior, and all the warriors will meet together in two or three moons from this; then I will call for those chiefs that sold you the land and shall know what to do with them. If you do not restore the land, you will have a hand in killing them.

"Brother, do not believe that I came here to get presents from you. If you offer us any, we will not take. By taking goods from you, you will hereafter say that with them you purchased another piece of land from us. . . . It has been the object of both myself and brother to prevent the lands being sold. Should you not return the land, it will occasion us to call a great council that will meet at the Huron village, where the council-fire has already been lighted, at which those who sold the lands shall be called, and shall suffer for their conduct.

"Brother, I wish you would take pity on the red people and do what I have requested. If you will not give up the land and do cross the boundary of your present settlement, it will be very hard, and produce great troubles among us. How can we have confidence in the white people? When Jesus Christ came on earth, you killed him and nailed him on a cross. You thought he was dead, but you were mis-

taken. You have Shakers among you, and you laugh and make light of their worship. Everything I have said to you is the truth. The Great Spirit has inspired me, and I speak nothing but the truth to you. . . . Brother, I hope you will confess that you ought not to have listened to those bad Birds who bring you bad news. I have declared myself freely to you, and if any explanation should be required from our town, send a man who can speak to us. If you think proper to give us any presents, and we can be convinced that they are given through friendship alone, we will accept them. As we intend to hold our council at the Huron village, that is near the British, we may probably make them a visit. Should they offer us any presents of goods, we will not take them ; but should they offer us powder and the tomahawk, we will take the powder and refuse the tomahawk. I wish you, brother, to consider everything I have said as true, and that it is the sentiment of all the red people that listen to me."

All this was not calculated to promote a peaceful or friendly feeling in the council. Each side felt exceedingly distrustful of the other. Tecumseh had awakened in his own mind, and in the minds of his companions, the bitterest feeling of injury from the United States, while he had increased the suspicions

of treachery on the part of the inhabitants of Vincennes who were present.

Governor Harrison now arose and denied that the Indians were one nation. He said that when the white people had come to America, the Miamis occupied all the country on the Wabash, and the Shawnees lived in Georgia, from which place they had been driven by the Creeks. These lands had been bought from the Miamis, who were the owners. It was ridiculous to say that the Indians were all one nation. If the Great Spirit had meant it to be so, he would not have put different tongues into their heads, but would have taught them to speak a language that all could understand. The Miamis thought it to their interest to sell part of their land for a further annuity, the benefit of which they had for a long time experienced from the punctuality with which the Seventeen Fires had paid them. The Shawnees had no right to come from a distant country and control the Miamis in the disposal of their property.

The governor sat down, to allow the interpreter time to explain this. He had interpreted it to the Shawnees, and had begun to do so to the Pottawatomies, when Tecumseh rose up and began to speak very vehemently. The governor was surprised at his violent gestures, but thinking he must be making some explanation, turned his attention to the friendly

chief, Winnemac, who was priming his pistol, which he kept concealed from the Indians, but which was in full sight of the governor. Just then he heard General Gibson, who understood the Shawnee language, say to Lieutenant Jennings,

"Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard."

The governor looked at the Indians, who at that moment seized their arms and sprang to their feet around their leader with their eyes upon Harrison. He rose immediately from his arm-chair and drew a small sword which hung at his side, while Captain Floyd drew a dirk and Winnemac cocked his pistol. The unarmed citizens, of whom there were quite a number present, laid hold of clubs and brickbats, while Mr. Winans, a Methodist minister, ran to the governor's house, got a gun, and stood at the doorway to defend the family. During this strange scene no one spoke a word. The guard soon came running up, and were about to fire, when the governor ordered them not to do so, and asked the interpreter to explain what had happened. He replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, saying that all that the governor had said was false, and that the Indians had been cheated and imposed upon by him and the Seventeen Fires.

The governor then told Tecumseh that he was a

bad man, and that he would have no further communication with him, that he might go in safety, since he had come under protection to the council-fire, but that he must immediately leave the neighborhood.

The following morning Tecumseh sent for the interpreter. Through him he earnestly entreated the governor to give him an opportunity to explain his action, saying that he did not intend to attack him, and that he had acted under the advice of white people.

The governor at last consented to receive the Indian chief, each party having the same force as before. Harrison and his friends took pains to be better armed, however.

At this interview Tecumseh behaved very differently, being cool and dignified. When the governor asked him if he intended to prevent the survey of the land on the Wabash, he answered that he was determined the old boundary should continue.

When Tecumseh finished speaking, Wyandot, Kickapoo, Pottawatomie, Ottawa, and Winnebago chiefs all spoke, saying that they had joined Tecumseh's confederacy, and appointed him their leader, and that they would support him.

Governor Harrison then told Tecumseh that as he had been candid in acknowledging his intentions, he

would be so too. He would send to the President a faithful statement of what he had said in disputing the claim to the lands in question, and tell Tecumseh his answer when he received it, but he was sure the President would never admit them to be the property of any other than those tribes who had occupied them since the white people came to America, and that as they had come by their title by fair purchase, he might be sure that it would be supported by the sword. The council then adjourned.

The governor was exceedingly anxious to have a more satisfactory conversation with Tecumseh. He accordingly went to visit him at his encampment next day, accompanied only by an interpreter. Tecumseh received the governor very politely, and talked with him for a long time. Governor Harrison asked him if his intentions were such as he had declared in council. Tecumseh said they certainly were; that it would be with great reluctance that he would make war upon the United States, of whom he had nothing to complain but their purchase of Indian lands. He was anxious to be their friend, and if the governor would prevail upon the President to give up the land recently bought, and agree never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist them in all their wars with the English. He

said he knew that the British were always urging the Indians to war for their own advantage, and not for the good of the red men; and clapped his hands and imitated the halloo of a man setting a dog on to fight, to represent the way in which the British urged the Indians on to the Americans. But, he continued, he would rather be the friend of the Seventeen Fires. If they did not comply with his terms, however, he would be obliged to take the other side. Probably this was all true, for there was very little credulity about Tecumseh, and if he hated the Americans, he equally despised the English.

Governor Harrison again said that he would tell the President of all his propositions, but that there was not the least probability that he would accede to his terms.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up this land. It is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

The governor then said that he had one thing to request of Tecumseh, that in case it came to war he would put a stop to that cruel and disgraceful mode of warfare which the Indians were accustomed to

wage against women and children, and those who were no longer in a situation to resist. Tecumseh very readily agreed to this, and he kept his promise.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST COUNCIL BETWEEN HARRISON AND TECUMSEH.

IN the fall of 1810, a Kickapoo chief visited the governor and told him that the designs of Tecumseh and the Prophet were certainly hostile. At the same time, Governor Clark of Missouri wrote to Harrison that belts had been sent to the tribes west of the Mississippi with an invitation to join in a war against the United States, which was to begin with an attack on Vincennes. He said that the Sacs had joined the confederacy, and had sent a party to the English post, Malden, for arms and ammunition. The interpreter at Chicago also sent word that the Indian tribes in that part of the country were fully determined upon war. In these various reports from different tribes we see the extent of Tecumseh's travels, and of the influence he had acquired over distant Indians.

During 1810, one of the surveyors who undertook to run the lines on the new purchase of land on the Wabash was driven off by some Wea Indians, who took two of his men prisoners.

Early in the spring of 1811, Governor Harrison sent a boat up the Wabash loaded with salt for the different Indian tribes on that river, including an allowance for the Prophet's Town. Tecumseh had been absent for some time, on a visit to the lakes, when the boat arrived at Tippecanoe. The Prophet called a council to decide what should be done. The year before the Indians had punished themselves by refusing to take any salt; now they decided to seize it all. They sent word to the governor not to be angry with what they had done, for the Prophet had two thousand men to feed, and had not received any salt for two years. There were then about six hundred men at Tippecanoe, and Tecumseh was daily expected with reinforcements. These facts increased the uneasiness and alarm which had been felt for some time in consequence of the actions of the brothers. It was now conjectured that an attack was meditated upon Vincennes, with eight hundred or a thousand warriors, a much larger force than the governor could collect.

For making this attack, Tecumseh was admirably well situated. He was far enough away to avoid close observation, centrally situated among the tribes he wished to unite immediately, and placed so that in high water his large force, in their light canoes, could glide silently down the Wabash in twenty-four hours,

and appear before Vincennes without any warning. For no messenger could travel overland with equal expedition.

Governor Harrison sent a request to the government that a regiment stationed at Pittsburg under Colonel Boyd should be ordered to Vincennes. He also asked for authority to act offensively against the Indians when it should be discovered that their intentions were decidedly hostile, believing that it was best to crush an outbreak in the beginning.

There were various little troubles constantly arising between the settlers and the Indians. Some horses had been stolen, but four of these were returned on application to Tecumseh. Some murders had been committed by certain Pottawatomies. The Indians felt little inclined to trouble themselves about redressing these wrongs, because similar aggressions often took place on the part of the whites. Governor Harrison says; "I wish I could say the Indians were treated with justice and propriety on all occasions by our citizens, but it is far otherwise. They are often abused and maltreated, and it is rare that they obtain any satisfaction for the most unprovoked wrongs." A Muskoe Indian was killed in Vincennes by an Italian innkeeper without any just cause. The governor ordered that the murderer should be apprehended, but so great was the antagonism to the

Indians among all classes, that on his trial the jury acquitted the homicide almost without any deliberation.

About the same time, two Wea Indians were badly wounded near Vincennes by some whites, without the slightest provocation. Such facts exasperated the Indians, and led to their refusal to deliver up Indians who had committed like offences against white men. When the governor made a demand on the Delaware Indians for White Turkey, who had robbed the house of a Mr. Vawter, the chiefs refused to give him up, saying that they would never deliver up another man until some of the whites were punished who had murdered their people. They put White Turkey to death themselves, however.

In June, Tecumseh had returned from a visit to the Iroquois and Wyandot Indians. Governor Harrison sent to him and the Prophet, along with the other chiefs at Tippecanoe, the following speech:—

“BROTHERS: Listen to me. I speak to you about matters of importance both to the white people and yourselves; open your ears, therefore, and attend to what I shall say. Brothers, this is the third year that all the white people in this country have been alarmed at your proceedings; you threaten us with war; you invite all the tribes to the north and west of you to join against us.

"Brothers, your warriors who have lately been here deny this, but I have received information from every direction; the tribes on the Mississippi have sent me word that you intended to murder me, and then to commence a war upon our people. I have also received the speech you sent to the Pottawatomies and others to join you for that purpose; but if I had no other evidence of your hostility to us, your seizing the salt I lately sent up the Wabash is sufficient. Brothers, our citizens are alarmed, and my warriors are preparing themselves, not to strike you, but to defend themselves and their women and children. You shall not surprise us as you expect to do; you are about to undertake a very rash act. As a friend, I advise you to consider well of it; a little reflection may save us a great deal of trouble and prevent much mischief; it is not yet too late.

"Brothers, what can be the inducement for you to undertake an enterprise when there is so little probability of success? Do you really think that the handful of men that you have about you are able to contend with the Seventeen Fires, or even that the whole of the tribes united could contend against the Kentucky fire alone? Brothers, I am myself of the Long Knife fire [Virginia and Kentucky]. As soon as they hear my voice you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous

as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers, take care of their stings. Brothers, it is not our wish to hurt you ; if we did, we certainly have power to do it. Look at the number of our warriors to the east of you, above and below the Great Miami ; to the south on both sides of the Ohio, and below you also. You are brave men, but what could you do against such a multitude ?—but we wish you to live in peace and happiness.

“ Brothers, the citizens of this country are alarmed. They must be satisfied that you have no design to do them mischief, or they will not lay aside their arms. You have also insulted the government of the United States by seizing the salt that was intended for other tribes ; satisfaction must be given for that also. Brothers, you talk of coming to see me, attended by all your young men ; this, however, must not be so. If your intentions are good, you have need to bring but a few of your young men with you. I must be plain with you ; I will not suffer you to come into our settlements with such a force.

“ Brothers, if you wish to satisfy us that your intentions are good, follow the advice I have given you before : that is, that one or both of you should visit the President of the United States and lay your grievances before him. He will treat you well, will

listen to what you say, and if you can show him that you have been injured, you will receive justice. If you will follow my advice in this respect it will convince the citizens of this country and myself that you have no design to attack them. Brothers, with respect to the lands that were purchased last fall, I can enter into no negotiations with you on that subject; the affair is in the hands of the President. If you wish to go and see him, I will supply you with the means.

"Brothers, the person who delivers this is one of my war officers. He is a man in whom I have entire confidence. Whatever he says to you, although it may not be contained in this paper, you may believe comes from me.

"My friend Tecumseh, the bearer is a good man and a brave warrior. I hope you will treat him well. You are yourself a warrior, and all such should have esteem for each other."

Captain Wilson, the bearer of this message, was well received at Tippecanoe, and Tecumseh, who had much appreciation for a brave warrior, treated him with particular friendship.

He sent this answer back to the governor:—

"BROTHER: I give you a few words until I will be with you myself. Brother, at Vincennes, I wish you to listen to me whilst I send you a few words, and

I hope they will ease your heart. I know you look on your young men and young women and children with pity, to see them so alarmed. Brother, I wish you now to examine what you have from me. I hope it will be a satisfaction to you, if your intentions are like mine, to wash away all these bad stories that have been circulated. I will be with you myself in eighteen days from this day.

"Brother, we cannot say what will become of us, as the Great Spirit has the management of us all at his will. I may be there before the time, and may not be there until the day. I hope that when we come together all these bad tales will be settled. By this I hope your young men, women and children will be easy. I wish you, brother, to let them know when I come to Vincennes and see you, all will be settled in peace and happiness. Brother, these are only a few words to let you know that I will be with you myself; and when I am with you I can inform you better. Brother, if I find I can be with you in less than eighteen days, I will send one of my young men before me to let you know the time I will be with you."

Early in July, Governor Harrison received word from Illinois that some murders had been committed in that territory, it was believed by Shawnees. He also received information that the attack was to be

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begun in Illinois to cover the main object, an attack on Vincennes. Both territories were now thrown into a state of alarm, and the inhabitants sent official notification to the Secretary of War that they would protect themselves if the government did not take measures to protect them.

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In a letter to the Secretary of War, Governor Harrison said, with regard to Tecumseh: "Upon being told that I would not suffer him to come with so large a force, he promised to bring with him a few men only. I shall not, however, depend upon this promise, but shall have the river watched by a party of scouts after the descent of the chief, lest he should be followed by his warriors. I do not think this will be the case. The detection of the hostile designs of an Indian is generally for that time to defeat them. The hopes of an expedition, conducted through many hundred miles of toil and difficulty, are abandoned frequently upon the slightest suspicion, their painful steps retraced, and a more favorable moment expected. With them, the surprise of an enemy bestows more *éclat* upon a warrior than the most brilliant success obtained by other means. Tecumseh had taken for his model the celebrated Pontiac, and I am persuaded he will bear a favorable comparison in every respect with that far-famed warrior."

Tecumseh made his visit to Vincennes during the latter part of July. He could not travel without a proper retinue, and was accompanied at this time by three hundred Indians, of whom thirty were women and children.

An arbor was built for the council. At this the chief was attended by one hundred and seventy warriors, without guns, but armed either with knives and tomahawks or bows and arrows.

The governor opened the council. He made reference to the murders in Illinois and the alarm Tecumseh had created on the Wabash by his passage with so large a force. He said he would listen to what Tecumseh or any of the other chiefs might have to say about the purchase of land on the Wabash, but he could enter into no negotiation about it, as the matter was in the hands of the President. He then spoke of the seizure of the salt, and demanded an explanation. Tecumseh replied, admitting that the salt had been seized, but he said it was during his absence, and that he was also away the spring before when the salt was refused. He said it seemed impossible to please the governor: last year he was angry because the salt was refused, and this year he was just as much displeased because it was taken. At this point the council adjourned for the day. When it was opened the next day a long speech was made

by a Wea chief with regard to all the treaties that had been made by the governor of Indiana. The governor then told Tecumseh that if he would give up the two Pottawatomies who had murdered the white men, it would show him to be sincere in his professions of friendship to the United States and of desire to preserve peace. Tecumseh replied that he had been at great pains to induce all the Northern tribes of Indians to unite and place themselves under him; that the whites were alarmed unnecessarily at his measures, which meant peace. He said the United States had set him the example of forming a union among all the Fires. The Indians, he said, did not complain of it, and their white brethren ought not to complain of the Indians doing the same thing among their tribes. As soon as the council was over, he said he intended to set out on a visit to the Southern tribes of Indians to prevail upon them to unite with the Northern. He said the murderers were not at his town, and if they were, he could not deliver them up; he had set the whites an example of forgiveness of injuries, and they ought to imitate him. He said he hoped that nothing would be done toward settling the new purchase until his return the following spring. A great number of Indians were coming, he said, to settle at Tippecanoe, and would need the land for a hunting ground; and if they did no more injury, they

might at least kill the cattle and hogs of the white people, and that this would make disturbances, and he wished all to remain quiet until his return, when he would visit the President and settle all difficulties with him. It was now night, and the governor closed the council, saying that the moon which they saw would sooner fall to the ground than the President would suffer his people to be murdered with impunity, and that he would put petticoats on his warriors sooner than give up a country which he had fairly bought from its true owners. Harrison had ordered a parade of the whole militia of the country on the day of Tecumseh's arrival; and by the maneuvering of the garrison, in making frequent reliefs of one company by another, he made it appear stronger than it was, and he hoped to convince the chief that Vincennes was guarded by a vigilance that defied surprise.

A Pottawatomie, called the Deaf Chief, from his being hard of hearing, was present at this council. He told the governor, in the presence of other Indians, after it was over, that if he had been called upon he would have confronted Tecumseh when he denied that his intentions were hostile. This was quickly reported to Tecumseh, who calmly intimated to the Prophet that on his return to Tippecanoe the Deaf Chief must be put out of the way. He was

informed of his danger by a friend, but was not in the least intimidated. He returned to his camp, put on his war dress, painted himself elaborately, armed himself with rifle, tomahawk, war-club, and scalping-knife, and paddled in his canoe to the camp of Tecumseh. The interpreter, Mr. Baron, was there in conversation with Tecumseh. The Deaf Chief reproached Tecumseh for having ordered his death, saying it was an act unworthy of a warrior.

"Here I am now," said he; "come and kill me."

Tecumseh made no answer.

"You, and your men," continued the Deaf Chief, "can kill the white people's hogs and call them bears, but you dare not face a warrior."

Tecumseh remained calmly silent. The Pottawatomie abused him in every way he could, in order to rouse his anger and tempt him to fight, calling him a slave of the red-coats, and finally using a term of reproach that can never be forgotten by an Indian. Tecumseh, however, did not for a moment lose his calm dignity, and the Deaf Chief gave the war-whoop of defiance and paddled off. There is reason to suppose that Tecumseh's orders were not disobeyed, however, for the Pottawatomie was never again seen at Vincennes.

Tecumseh set off from Vincennes for the South in a few days, attended by twenty warriors. He was

now nearing the accomplishment of his great plan. On his return from this visit he would have his confederacy formed and be ready to act. But Harrison had determined not to await Tecumseh's readiness.

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CHAPTER XXI.

GETTING READY FOR WAR.

IN a letter to the War Department with regard to this council, Governor Harrison speaks of "the implicit obedience and respect which the followers of Tecumseh pay to him," as wonderful. He says: "If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would perhaps be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose. He is now upon the last round to put a finishing stroke to his work. I hope, however, before his return," says the general, "that that part of the work which he considered complete will be demolished, and even its foundation rooted up."

It appears that though the power of Tecumseh over most of his followers was founded on their affection for him, some were subdued by fear alone,

and the moment Tecumseh had left Vincennes for the South they took occasion to express their strong discontent.

We have only some fragments of the history of Tecumseh's visit to the Southern Indians. One traveler among the Creeks or Muskogees heard that Tecumseh "came more than a thousand miles, from the borders of Canada," to visit that nation and to persuade them to go to war with the English against the Americans whenever he gave notice. A midnight council of the chiefs was held, an eloquent speech was made by Tecumseh, and the Creeks unanimously decided to "take up the hatchet" when he should command.

From another writer we get an account of Tecumseh's work with the Seminoles and neighboring tribes in Florida. Among them he was also successful. He told them that on a particular day a certain vessel of the "red-coats," filled with arms and supplies for the Indians, would be off the coast of Florida. Tecumseh prepared them a calendar, showing the day on which they were to strike the white settlements. This he did by making little bundles of sticks which he painted red. Each bundle contained sticks equal to the number of days that would pass before the one arrived which he had indicated to them. Every morning they were to throw away a

stick. Thus it came to pass that the Seminoles, in the war which followed, became widely known under the name of "Red Sticks." Tecumseh was very cautious in his operations. He directed the Indians to answer any inquiry that might be made as to why he had come from so far, saying that he had told them to till the ground, to abstain from the use of "fire-water," and to live peaceably with the white people.

From Florida he journeyed to Alabama, where he visited the Creeks of that region. Here we again hear of Tecumseh working upon the superstitious fears of the Indians. He was very successful until he reached the town of Tuckabatchee, on the Tallapoosa River. In this place he addressed the council of the nation, and met a silent opponent in the principal chief, Big Warrior. Tecumseh divined the feelings of this chief. He angrily stamped his feet on the ground, and looking into the eyes of Big Warrior, said:—

"Your blood is white. You have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckabatchee directly and shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake

down all the houses in Tuckabatchee." Tecumseh left them, and it chanced in a few weeks that the famous earthquake of New Madrid, in which a large tract of land on the Mississippi sank, occurred, and demolished every house in Tuckabatchee. The Indians exclaimed, "Tecumseh has got to Detroit!" How much fact there is in the story we do not know, but such a story will grow, and the later versions of this one have it that the earthquake took place on the very day of Tecumseh's arrival in Detroit. Without this addition the coincidence was sufficiently remarkable for Indian superstition. Warriors took up their rifles and prepared for war; prophets and witches became numerous, and murders were committed on the frontier. A company of Indians under Little Warrior, who had been on a visit to Tecumseh, butchered several families in Tennessee on the return journey.

Tecumseh was very successful in his Southern mission, and turned toward home with his plans at last matured for the accomplishment of his great purpose. He passed through the tribes in Missouri, and on the Des Moines River, and crossed rapidly to the Wabash to find his capital destroyed and his plans come to naught.

Tecumseh had told Governor Harrison that he would remain a year in the South. The governor

had information, however, that Tecumseh did not intend to stay more than three months. A Pottawatomie chief, who still remained friendly to the United States, said he was present when a message was delivered to the Prophet from the agent of the English government to the effect that it was time to take up the hatchet, and inviting him to send to Malden for the supplies that were needed.

The last council with Tecumseh was not at all satisfactory to the inhabitants of Indiana. The great chief had gone to the South to extend his hostile confederacy, and every bit of tidings that reached the settlements from the Indians tended to increase the alarm. The citizens of Vincennes and its vicinity met and sent memorials to the President, requesting his protection, and saying that if this were not accorded they would be obliged to defend themselves.

The President ordered the Fourth Regiment, under Colonel Boyd, to service under the governor of Indiana, but strongly impressed upon him the desirability of maintaining peace if possible. The government did not wish, however, that murder or robbery should be committed by the Indians without punishment, or that a confederacy should be allowed to "avail itself of success," because of neglect in meeting and defeating it. It would have been better to have extinguished Tecumseh's empire even at an earlier

day. Every sign of weakness or tardiness is unfortunate in dealing with savages. In August, Harrison sent speeches to all the neighboring Indian tribes, demanding that those who had murdered American citizens should be delivered up, and that the Miamis in particular should prove that they had no connection with the confederacy. He directed his agent to use every influence to bring the Indians to a sense of duty, and to warn them that those who took up the tomahawk against the United States would be severely punished. This brought a party of Indians from the Prophet's Town, in September, with great professions of peace.

About the same time, however, some horses were stolen, and tracked to Tippecanoe. Here they were returned to the pursuing party, but were again recaptured by the Indians, who seemed to regret having given them up.

On the 26th of September, Governor Harrison, in command of a military expedition against the Tippecanoe confederacy, left Vincennes. He encamped at a spot on the Wabash where, according to Indian tradition, a battle had been fought between the Illinois and Iroquois Indians. This place was called by the French settlers "Bataille des Illinois." Here a fort was built, and called Fort Harrison by request of the soldiers.

The governor had sent to the Delawares asking that some of their chiefs should meet his army upon the Wabash, in order that they might act in missions to the different tribes who were implicated in the Prophet's confederacy. All the chiefs of this friendly nation who were able to march set out to comply with the governor's request. They had gone but a few miles when they were met by a party from Tippecanoe, asking "whether they would or would not join them in the war against the United States," and saying "that they had taken up the tomahawk, and would not lay it down but with their lives. They had, however, positive assurances of victory, and when they had beaten the Americans, these tribes which refused to join them would have cause to repent it." Sending a messenger to Harrison to inform him of this, the Delaware chiefs set out to visit the Prophet.

About this time a sentinel in Harrison's camp was fired upon by the Indians and severely wounded.

The governor was now desirous of attacking the Prophet immediately, knowing that Tecumseh might soon return, and feeling no doubt that the Prophet was determined on war. Harrison was delayed, however, by defective arrangements in regard to provisions for the expedition, and by this delay he was much annoyed.

The governor had hoped that the advance of his army would frighten the Tippecanoe Indians into submission. This, however, was not the case, though it made a strong impression upon some of the tribes. The Miami chiefs started to visit the governor, and the Weas said that they would never return to the Prophet.

On the 27th of October, the Delaware chiefs, who had gone to make a visit to the Prophet, returned. They said that the Prophet had insulted them, making contemptuous remarks upon them and scoffing at the governor. The Prophet had received them with bad grace, treated them ill, and finally dismissed them. They left him practicing his "infernal rites," while he and his followers danced the war-dance every night. While they were there the Indians who had wounded the sentinel in Harrison's camp returned. The Delawares said they were Shawnees and near friends of the Prophet.

The Prophet had threatened to burn the first prisoners he should take. The interpreters were so frightened that it was almost impossible to get them to the front of the army. The governor therefore accepted an offer made by some of the Delawares and the Miamis to carry a message to the Prophet's Town. Governor Harrison demanded of them that Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, and Kickapoos, who

were at Tippecanoe, should return to their tribes; that stolen horses should be restored, and murderers of white people delivered up.

The deputation which bore this message never returned. It is supposed that the Miamis took part in the battle which followed, as they afterwards confessed to having been near when the action took place.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

ON the 29th of October, 1811, the army marched out of Fort Harrison, leaving behind them a garrison of invalid soldiers. Governor Harrison's force consisted of about nine hundred men, including some volunteers from Kentucky, who, with a love of conflict characteristic of Kentuckians, had requested the privilege of joining in the expedition, and who met him on the way. There were two routes used by the Indians in journeying to Tippecanoe. The one on the south-east side of the Wabash was the shorter, but it was woody and very favorable to Indian ambuscades. Harrison thought best, for this reason, to take the route on the north-west bank of the river, but in order to deceive the enemy, who were closely watching him, he had the route on the south-east side of the river reconnoitered and opened into a wagon road. Upon this the army marched for a short distance, when, suddenly crossing the Wabash, they took the other route. No signs of Indians were seen until the troops reached a very dangerous pass at Pine Creek. This creek ran between high cliffs of

rock surmounted with pine and cedar trees. The crossing of the trail on which the troops were marching was very difficult, and afforded a chance for a few Indians to successfully oppose a large force. In 1786, and again in 1790, the Indians had availed themselves of this bad crossing for the purpose of resisting in the first instance an expedition under General Clark, and in the second a detachment of General Harmar's troops. The governor sent out a body of men in the night to search for a better pass. They returned the next day and reported that they had found a good ford, which had evidently been used by the Indians, where a prairie skirted the creek. The army crossed at this place in safety, and were filled with admiration at the beauty of the great prairie, which stretched away nearly a hundred miles to the Illinois River.

On the night of the 5th of November, the troops encamped within ten miles of the Prophet's Town. Still no Indians were seen, although there were everywhere traces of scouting parties. On the following day, however, within five or six miles of the town, some parties of Indians were seen, and the interpreters in front of the army were directed to communicate with them. The Indians gave them no answer but threatening and insulting gestures.

When they arrived within a mile and a half of the

town, General Harrison resolved to encamp for the night. He was urged to attack the town immediately, but his instructions were to avoid war if possible; and he also hoped for the return of the friendly Indians whom he had sent to the Prophet's Town to meet him. He decided to advance, however, sending Captain Dubois forward with a flag of truce. Dubois did not succeed in opening any negotiation with the Indians, who refused to answer his interpreter, and tried to cut him off from the main army. General Harrison now hesitated no longer about attacking the Indians. They, however, had no thought of fighting without a surprise. Harrison was soon met by a deputation of three Indians, one of whom was the Prophet's chief counselor. They innocently inquired the reason of the army's advancing upon them. The Prophet, they said, wished to keep peace if possible, and had sent a specific message by the chiefs who had come to him from the governor, but that they had unfortunately returned on the south side of the Wabash, and thus missed him. The general readily agreed to suspend hostilities and to meet the Indians the next day for the purpose of treating for peace. He told the deputation that he would go to the Wabash and encamp there for the night. The army marched on toward the town in order to find a good place for encampment. When they neared the

town the order of troops was changed to suit the uneven character of the country. This maneuver alarmed the suspicious savages, who immediately prepared for defence. The governor rode forward, called some Indians to him, and assured them that he had no intentions of attacking them. Some officers were sent out to select a suitable place for the camp, and this having been decided upon, the army settled itself for the night in order of battle, the men sleeping on their arms. They were much dissatisfied that there was no prospect of fighting. Some of those who were more experienced in Indian ways were not so sure of this, however.

A strange and exciting night was this in the town of the Indian Prophet. This place thus rudely invaded was a sacred spot, the very centre and capital of the new religious fanaticism, where all its mysterious rites were performed. It was, according to their leader, a place chosen for them by the Great Spirit; like Jerusalem among the Jews, the peculiar home of religion and of patriotism. The fortifications which surrounded the town were impregnable to white troops, so the Prophet told them. And now the strength of their faith and of their arms was to be tested.

Had Tecumseh been at home, matters might have ended differently. He had left orders that war was

to be avoided during his absence at all hazards. Whether or not there had sprung up a jealousy between the brothers, apparently so firmly united, we shall never know. But it would have taken more magnanimity than the Prophet possessed to have seen with composure the rapid rise of Tecumseh's fame and power, eclipsing and absorbing the glory of his spiritual influence. He found himself surrounded by impetuous warriors, among them the flower of the Winnebago braves, and his force was in no way inferior to that of the white troops under Governor Harrison, who were in an unfortified camp. His men were worked up to the highest pitch of fanatical zeal, and never were Indians known to be so fierce and brave. Early in the evening the Indians held a council and formed a plan. The Indian chiefs were to meet the whites in council the next day. They were to agree to all of Harrison's proposals. They were then to retire a short distance to where their warriors were to be stationed. Two Indians were to remain behind and assassinate the governor. To this purpose some Winnebagoes had religiously devoted their lives. The battle was then to begin. The night was dark and cloudy; the moon did not rise until late, and a drizzling rain soon set in. The Indians probably occupied the time in war preparations, and in the observance of the juggling ceremonies by which the

Prophet so well succeeded in exciting their savage passions, while he, at the very summit of his importance, doubtless prophesied and boasted as usual. It is said that he concocted a composition, said incantations over, and then told his followers that one-half of Harrison's army was now dead, and that the other half was crazy, and it would be a small matter for the Indians to finish their destruction with their tomahawks. During this dark night the plan was changed, and before four o'clock the whole force of the Prophet's braves were creeping through the grass upon the sentinels around the American camp.

Governor Harrison was accustomed to arouse his men an hour before daylight and keep them on their guard until the sun rose. On the morning of the 7th of November he had just risen and was pulling on his boots before a camp-fire and conversing with several of his officers, while the drummer was being roused preparatory to calling up the men. Suddenly a single shot was heard, followed by the wild Indian yell which was the nightmare of all who slept in the Indian country. A sentinel had discovered an Indian creeping upon him and had fired. Immediately the war-whoop sounded on all hands, and the whole Tippecanoe force, commanded by White Loon, Stone Eater, and Winnemac, the Pottawatomie chief who had professed so much friendship for the governor,

was upon them in an instant. The guard gave way at the point of attack, but the men who had been sleeping on their arms were immediately prepared to receive the Indians bravely, although the suddenness of the charge was sufficient to have excited a panic. The camp-fires were instantly put out, in order that the Indians might not have the assistance of their light. In two minutes every soldier was on his feet prepared for action; officers hurried to their posts, and the battle soon raged on all sides. The Prophet, in virtue of his sacred office, and perhaps, as is suggested, unwilling "to attest at once the rival powers of a sham prophecy and a real American bullet," did not take part in the battle, but stationed himself on a small hill near at hand where he chanted a war-song, and presided like an evil genius, as the Indians soon had reason to think, over this battle in the darkness. With characteristic fanaticism or infatuation, he had prophesied that the American bullets would rebound harmless from the bodies of the Indians, and that they would be provided with light, while all would be "thick darkness" to their enemies. He had evidently heard of Moses and Pharaoh. Both parties were embarrassed by the terrible darkness.

Messengers informed the Prophet soon after the battle began that his followers were falling in the most natural way. He sent back orders for them to

persevere, saying that his prophecy would soon be fulfilled. His wild, inspiring war-song then rose above the crack of firearms and the Indian war-whoop.

The Indians made use of deer hoofs instead of drums to signal an advance or retreat; making with them certain rattling sounds. Never were savages known to battle more desperately. They quite abandoned their practice of fighting stealthily and from behind shelter. Under the influence of the fierce fanaticism in which they had so long been steeped, they braved the whites in open battle, rushing right upon their bayonets. They were also stimulated by the superior bravery of the Winnebagoes who were among them. The conflict lasted until shortly after daylight, when with a last charge the troops succeeded in putting the Indians to flight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

DURING the battle Harrison rode from one side of the camp to another, disposing his troops and conducting them in person so as to give the best support to the side attacked. He was begged not to expose himself so much, and his officers even took hold of his bridle rein to detain him. But he persisted in being where the fire was hottest, and his courage and coolness did much to keep the men steady under this deadly fire in the darkness of the night, and in the ghastly gray dawning of that bloody morning.

At one time Harrison saw an ensign, a Frenchman, standing behind a tree. He reproached him with cowardice, and told him he ought to be ashamed to be under shelter when his men were exposed. The Frenchman, when the battle was over, complained bitterly. "I was not behind de tree," he said; "de tree was before me. Dere was de tree, here was my position; how can I help? I cannot move de tree; I cannot leaf my position."

Toward the close of the action, the troops in

charging passed over the body of a major who had been killed. He was lying on his face; in person and uniform he was much like the governor, and Harrison having been seen not long before in that part of the field, word was soon passed along the line that the governor had been killed; but a minute later the men saw him riding down the front of their line and greeted him with cheers of joy.

And indeed Harrison escaped narrowly several times. It was part of the plan of the Indians to kill him at all hazards. Besides the conspiracy to slay him treacherously by assassination in the council the next day, there were other attempts of the same kind. While the troops were taking position for the night, three Indians were reported to the governor as having followed them, and as being within the lines at that time. Whether they came only as spies, or, as is more likely, to kill the commander, cannot be known. They were immediately sent back to the Prophet's Town with a message to the Prophet to return to the governor a negro who had deserted under suspicious circumstances.

This negro's name was Ben. He was employed as bullock driver by the contractor. While the troops were passing the Indian town to find their place of encampment, he declared that he was not afraid to go in. Two negroes who were with him doubted this,

and he immediately started to the town, whereupon two Indians came out and conducted him in. The governor immediately directed the interpreter to call the Indians and tell them to send him back. This they promised to do. The three Indians who had followed the army denied that they knew of the negro's having gone into the town, but said that he should be sent out as soon as they could reach the town. But Ben did not appear until some time after dark, when a Captain Wilson discovered him near the tent of the commander, apparently examining its situation. He seized him, and with the assistance of others, dragged him up to the fire. The negro said that the Indians took him into the town by force, and had sent him back on the return of the three Indians from Harrison's camp. He had passed the sentinels without being challenged, he said, and had come to report to the governor. But as he had not been in the quarters of the contractor's men, and had not spoken to any one since his return, it seemed clear that he was acting in the interest of the Indians. It is probable that he either meant to slay the governor himself in the battle, or, what is more likely, to guide Indians to his tent. Harrison himself says that this would not have been difficult to do. Captain Wilson remembered seeing him throw something out of his hand when he was seized. He went to the place and

found a high cap, made to look on the outside like the cap of a grenadier. Ben said that an Indian had taken away his hat and had given him this cap.

Ben was secured by General Wells and Colonel Owen, who were old Indian fighters, in the Indian manner, they not having any handcuffs to put on him. He was thrown on his back, then his ankles were inserted in notches cut in a split log, which was then closed around them and held together by forks driven over the log into the ground; his arms were extended and tied to stakes. He was sentenced to death for desertion, by a drum-head court-martial, held the next day, and the sentence was approved by the general, but never executed; for as the poor negro lay in his uneasy position by the evening's fire, he kept turning his eyes imploringly on Harrison, and the tender heart of the commander was so much affected that he could not afterward give the final order for his execution; but he got together all the commissioned officers, and told them they should decide the negro's fate. Some were for executing him; and he would no doubt have been shot had it not been for Captain Snelling, who pleaded for his life. "Brave comrades," he said, "let us save him. The wretch deserves to die; but as our commander, whose life was more particularly his object, is willing to spare him, let us also forgive him." The

negro was discharged when the troops reached Vincennes.

Harrison had two horses: the one on which he would have ridden during the battle was white. This white mare was saddled and bridled ready for mounting. In the night she pulled up the picket to which she was tied and got loose. The governor's servant tied her to the wagon wheel, but the fellow was so "confoundedly frightened," to use Harrison's expression, that he could not remember, when the battle began, where he had put her. Major Taylor lent Harrison his horse; and one of Harrison's aids, who rode a remarkably white horse, was killed before they reached the point first attacked. It is believed that he was killed by one or two Indians who had entered the lines, and who mistook him for the governor.

Harrison's hat rim was perforated, and his hair grazed by a ball during the night.

The loss in killed was fifty, including those who died soon after, and the total loss was one hundred and eighty-eight in killed and wounded. The Indians left thirty-eight dead upon the battle-field, which with those they carried with them must have made the loss equal to that on the American side. This large loss on their part was quite surprising, for in their ordinary mode of fighting, by firing from lurking places and in ambuscade, it is not possible to kill

many Indians. The Indians chewed their bullets so as to make a lacerated wound; to this is attributed the large proportion of the wounded who died.

Some of the militia evinced great daring. One young man, finding the lock of his gun out of order, in spite of the remonstrances of his comrades, went up to the fire, and, having made a light, remained there until he had fixed it. The light made him a good target; a great number of shots were fired at him, but he escaped unhurt. A Winnebago chief also went up to a fire at a point where the American lines had been pushed back. He sat there pecking his flint, but a rifle ball killed him, and he fell forward into the fire. We are sorry to have to say that a regular soldier went out to scalp him, but the soldier being a New Englander did not understand the barbarous practice. He was a long time accomplishing his object, and when he returned with his hideous trophy he brought back also his death-wound. Though the body of the chief lay in close proximity to the American lines, it was borne off by the Indians, and was afterward found in the town.

The battle was fought in the early morning of the 7th. The whole of that day was spent in caring for the wounded, and in fortifying the angles of the camp. The soldiers had no meat this day but broiled horse-flesh.

On the morning of the 8th, General Wells, with the dragoons and mounted riflemen, reconnoitered the famous town, but the Prophet's capital was deserted. There was found a great quantity of corn, which was most acceptable to the troops; there were also hogs and some domestic fowl, for these Indians were somewhat more civilized than the wild bands of the plains which we know to-day. The pork and fowls were kept for the wounded. The town had been abandoned in a panic; all household utensils were left, and many arms, some of which were new and yet wrapped in the coverings in which they had been imported.

The only living human being in the village was a chief with a broken leg. The General and his men burned the Indian houses, destroyed their corn and brass kettles. The whites dressed the wounds of the chief, and made other provision for him, and told him to say to the Indians that if they would leave the Prophet and return to their own tribes they would be forgiven.

After everything which the army needed was taken, the brass kettles were destroyed and the town was burned. The troops slowly returned, greatly encumbered with their wounded, who filled all the wagons. The governor ordered the destruction of

baggage, and set his officers the example by throwing all his camp furniture into the fire.

Though small parties of Indians appeared, the troops were not molested on their return. The Prophet's influence was broken forever, and in Tecumseh's absence there was none to rally the scattered savages.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TECUMSEH'S RETURN.

GOVERNOR HARRISON did not strike too soon. A few days after the battle of Tippecanoe Tecumseh returned, to find his town destroyed, his followers scattered, and the Prophet in disgrace. Great must have been his disappointment at the overthrow of his plans. One does not wonder that when he first met his disobedient and unwise regent, the Prophet, he reproached him with severity for having disregarded his command to keep peace with the United States at all hazards. The Prophet tried to excuse himself, but the exasperated Tecumseh took him by the hair and shook him, threatening to kill him.

Sudden indeed was the fall of Tenskwatawa, and deep his disgrace. On returning from battle the Indians accused him of being a murderer.

"You are a liar," said a Winnebago to him, "for you told us that the white people were dead or crazy, when they were all in their senses and fought like the devil."

The Prophet answered in dejection, that there had been some mistake in the compounding of his con-

coction. The Indians bound him and threatened to take his life, but he never received any punishment at their hands, although, to prove their peaceful intentions, they told the governor many stories about what they meant to do to him. He lost the popularity which his position as a prophet and wonder-worker, the spiritual superior of the warrior Tecumseh, and the defender of Indian rights, had given him, and became the mere Indian boaster; he was found to be like Æsop's braying donkey dressed in a lion's skin.

Tecumseh's confederacy, the work of years of peril and difficulty, seemed crushed at the first blow; and indeed his own immediate band was scattered and his headquarters destroyed, but the chief had wide influence over distant tribes. Though his plans were defeated and his combination in a measure destroyed, the indefatigable Tecumseh still persevered in his labor.

After leaving the scene of the battle, the Indians had gone about twenty miles, to Wildcat Creek. Here most of them dispersed, going to the villages of their different tribes, while the Winnebagoes started for their northern home. The Prophet sent a message asking to be allowed to go back to his town, but the governor warned him not to return.

On the 22d of November, the annual meeting to

distribute annuities to the Indians was held. Chiefs and representatives from the Delaware, Miami, Pottawatomic, and Shawnee nations were present, while some Indians who had fought in the battle of Tippecanoe boldly came and asked their part in the goods which were distributed. They said that the Indians had imprisoned the Prophet and intended to punish him with death. They succeeded in deceiving the Indian agent, but their story was not strictly in accordance with fact, for the Prophet was at the time enjoying his liberty at the village of Mississinewa. The agent made a speech to the Indians, saying that the President wished to be friendly and at peace with them, and would pardon them if they desired. The great Black Hoof answered that they all wished to live in peace with the United States. In this the Shawnees and most of the Delawares were sincere, but the Pottawatomies had no such purpose. The aged Little Turtle of the Miamis was strongly in favor of peace, but Tecumseh had much more influence among them than he did. Their chief aim now was to secure their annuities.

Stone Eater, two Winnebagoes, a Kickapoo, and a Piankishaw made their appearance at Fort Harrison before Christmas, and delivered a very contrite speech to the commandant. They wished to be allowed to go to Vincennes and visit the governor,

and this they were permitted to do. Stone Eater's story was that the Prophet was disgraced and had escaped to the Hurons.

In the winter Governor Harrison was visited by numbers of repentant Indians, but neither Tecumseh nor the Prophet, nor indeed any of the most hostile savages, made their appearance.

Little Turtle sent Governor Harrison a letter in January, 1812, in which he said that the Prophet was deserted by all his band with the exception of two camps of Shawnees which Tecumseh had just joined with but eight men.

Soon after this the governor received a message from Tecumseh saying he had returned from the South and would now visit the President. The governor replied with a permission to go to Washington, but said that no other Indians would be allowed to go with him. A sense of pride would not allow this great chief, who aimed to be ruler over a confederacy like that of the white men, to visit the chief of the Seventeen Fires without a proper retinue. Tecumseh refused to go, and this was the last of his intercourse with Harrison.

As the spring of 1812 came on, the frontier was again alarmed by Indian depredations and murders.

Governor Harrison sent out Major Floyd to induce the more friendly tribes to drive off the Prophet

and other disaffected Indians. This had some effect, for a council of twelve tribes was held in May at Mississinewa, in which Tecumseh and his band were first mildly reproved by the Wyandots. Tecumseh made a speech in answer as follows :—

“ELDER BROTHERS: We have listened to what you have said to us. We thank the Great Spirit for inclining your hearts to pity us; we now pity ourselves. Our hearts are good—they never were bad. Governor Harrison made war on my people in my absence; it was the will of God that he should do so. We hope it will please God that the white people may let us live in peace. We will not disturb them, neither have we done it, except when they came to our village with the intention of destroying us. We are happy to state to our brothers present that the unfortunate transaction that took place between the white people and a few of our young men at our village, has been settled between us and Governor Harrison; and I further state that had I been at home there would have been no bloodshed at that time.

“We are sorry to find that the same respect has not been paid to the agreement between us and Governor Harrison by our brothers the Pottawatomies. However, we are not accountable for the conduct of those over whom we have no control. Let the chiefs

of that nation exert themselves and cause their warriors to behave themselves, as we have and will continue to do ours.

"Should the bad acts of our brothers the Pottawatomies draw on us the ill-will of our white brothers, and they should come again and make an unprovoked attack on us at our village, we will die like men, but we will never strike the first blow."

This exasperated the Pottawatomies, who excused the murders which had been committed by members of their tribe, saying they were due to the influence of the Shawnee Prophet, and were committed by young men over whom they had no control. They spoke in contemptuous terms of the "pretended Prophet." Tecumseh retorted thus:—

"It is true, we have endeavored to give all our brothers good advice, and if they have not listened to it we are sorry for it. We defy a living creature to say we ever advised any one, directly or indirectly, to make war on our white brothers. It has constantly been our misfortune to have our views misrepresented to our white brethren; this has been done by pretended chiefs of the Pottawatomies and others, that have been in the habit of selling land to the white people that did not belong to them——"

Here the Delawares called Tecumseh to order, saying:—

"We have not met at this place to listen to such words. . . . Our white brethren are on their feet, their guns in their hands; there is no time for us to tell each other you have done this, and you have done that; if there was, we would tell the Prophet that both red and white people had felt the bad effects of his counsels."

The Miamis then made a speech in which they threw all the blame upon the other tribes, saying:—

"We hope our brothers, the Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and Winnebagoes, will keep their warriors in good order, and teach them to pay more respect to their women and children than they have done by going and murdering the innocent white people."

The Kickapoos then defended themselves in a speech, with which the council closed. The tone of all the speeches was no doubt modified by the presence of white people.

In June, Tecumseh visited Fort Wayne, where he demanded ammunition. His bearing was very haughty, and he was firm in his old opinions. He evidently felt much bitterness toward Harrison for the part he had had in the overthrow of Tippecanoe. The agent made him a speech, endeavoring to induce him to remain at peace with the Americans, but ammunition was refused him. Tecumseh said that

he would not be denied by his British father, and to him he would go. He remained thoughtful for some time, and at last gave a war-whoop and left. Tecumseh went immediately to Malden, where he joined the English.

CHAPTER XXV.

HULL'S SURRENDER.

THE main cause of dispute between England and America which brought about the war of 1812, was the "right of search" which England claimed over American vessels — that is, the right to stop and search any American ship on the high seas. Every British subject found in the crew of the searched vessel was seized and impressed into the English navy.

The people of the United States were divided into two parties. The war party still nursed the bitterness of the Revolution; but the Federalists, who opposed war, held that the injuries of France were quite as great as those of England. And indeed the country, new and poor, was in no condition for a war with Great Britain, and President Madison's better judgment was against it. He, however, yielded to the dominant public sentiment, which was for war. England was at the time engaged in a severe struggle with Napoleon, and it was urged by those who advocated war that the acquisition of the British possessions in America would be an easy thing. Some

concession was made on the part of England, but too late, and in the month of June, 1812, war was declared.

In anticipation of this, a body of twelve hundred militia had been raised in Ohio for the invasion of Upper Canada. The command of this expedition was given to General Hull, an old Revolutionary officer, and the governor of Michigan Territory. He was joined at Urbana by the Fourth Regiment, which had fought with Harrison at Tippecanoe. This, with the militia of his own territory, raised General Hull's force to about eighteen hundred. The Indians were much inclined to follow Tecumseh's lead, but were awe-struck by the march of so large a force as that under Hull toward British America. He arrived at Detroit, and soon after crossed into Canada, issuing a boastful proclamation to the inhabitants, offering protection to those who would remain quiet. The capture of Malden, weakly garrisoned, was now open to General Hull, but that incompetent officer delayed undertaking this until he should have fortified his camp and waited for his proclamation to take effect.

Meanwhile Tecumseh, with a few followers at Malden, was actively engaged on the British side. On the 12th of June, the Prophet, whom the chief seems to have taken into favor enough to use in any way

he could, appeared at Fort Wayne with about a hundred Winnebagoes and Kickapoos, assuring the agent that he was friendly. Soon after he received an express from Tecumseh. The messenger had stolen a horse at the River Raisin, and ridden day and night. The message was an order from Tecumseh to unite the Indians immediately, and send the women and children toward the Mississippi, while the warriors struck Vincennes. Tecumseh promised, if he lived, to meet them in the Winnebago country. The Prophet sent two Kickapoos on stolen horses to rally the Indians. He then went sorrowfully to the agent and said that two of his bad young men were gone, and he was afraid they had stolen horses from the whites. He sent two Indians *on foot* to catch the offenders.

When Hull crossed into Canada, Tecumseh was at Malden with a band of thirty Shawnees and Pottawatomies. A council of the neutral Indians was held at Brownstown, opposite Malden. Tecumseh was invited to attend this council.

"No," said he; "I have taken sides with the King, my father, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will recross that stream to join in any council of neutrality."

A small detachment sent out by General Hull to escort the mail and meet a convoy of provisions

under Major Brush at the River Raisin was surprised by about seventy Indians and forty British soldiers in ambush. The detachment, under Major Van Horne, retreated with considerable loss. This, the first action in the war of 1812, was commanded on the part of the British by Tecumseh.

Meanwhile General Hull heard of the surrender of Fort Michilimackinac or Mackinaw. This was an important post, being the only check to the Indians of the upper lake region, and it should have been well garrisoned by the United States government. But through some astonishing neglect, such as was too common at this time, the garrison was weak, and the commandant had not so much as received information of the declaration of war. His first knowledge of the fact was the attack made on him by the English. This event so alarmed the old American general, Hull, that he seems to have lost heart and head, and to have abandoned every thought of offensive operations. It had a very stimulant effect upon Tecumseh, however, who immediately sent messengers in every direction to the Indians with the news that Mackinaw had fallen, that a detachment of Americans had been defeated, that they would not attack Malden, that success was certain on the part of the English, and if the braves wished to share in the plunder they must join his side immediately.

The Indians, ever susceptible to the influence of success, and especially to the chance for spoils, flocked to Malden, and Tecumseh before long commanded a body of seven hundred magnificent warriors.

It is related in the life of the famous chief Shaubena, that he and his band of Pottawatomies were preparing to go on the winter hunt when two runners from Tecumseh arrived at his village on the Illinois River. One of these men was a half-breed and the other a petty chief. They bore a package of presents, to be distributed principally among the squaws. These were rings, beads, and various ornaments. Tecumseh sent the wampum to Shaubena with an invitation for him and his band to join in the war against the United States, with promise of large pay. Hunting was abandoned, and Shaubena with twenty-two warriors started for Malden. Shaubena became Tecumseh's aid, and was with him until his death.

Meanwhile General Hull's brave men were in a fever to attack Malden, believing it could yet be taken. A "round robin" was even proposed among the dissatisfied American soldiers, by which the colonels were requested to displace their weak general and put the next officer in rank in his place. Great was the mortification when on the 7th of August a retreat from Canada was ordered. General Hull, however, sent out a detachment of six hundred men

to open communication with Ohio if possible. They came upon a large force of English and Indians under Muir and Tecumseh, behind a breastwork of logs. From this shelter the English fired, and the American commander immediately advanced his whole line, fired upon the enemy, and then charged with fixed bayonets. The English retreated; the Indians under Tecumseh's command held out obstinately, but were nevertheless driven from their position. Tecumseh and the British commander, Muir, were both wounded. This was known as the battle of Brownstown. About this time Tecumseh was made a brigadier-general in the British army. It is supposed that his stubborn bravery at Brownstown was the cause of his appointment.

Major-General Brock, a brave and generous gentleman, was now in command of operations at Malden. He was as much honored and respected by the Americans as his successor, General Proctor, was afterwards despised. General Hull sent out three hundred and fifty men on the 14th of August, under Colonels McArthur and Cass, to reach the convoy under Captain Brush.

General Brock, after holding a council with Tecumseh, marched to Sandwich, a place opposite Detroit. He sent a summons to General Hull to surrender. This was refused. General Brock asked

Tecumseh what kind of a country they must pass through if they crossed to the American side. The chief took a roll of elm bark, spread it on the ground, and fastening it there with four stones, took his scalping-knife and drew a map of the country, representing its hills and woods, rivers, swamps, and roads. When the troops came to embark for crossing, Tecumseh, on his own motion, induced the Indians to cross first.

The American army had been impatient for a decisive engagement with their enemies. This the timid policy of their leader had denied them. The soldiers were now anxious at least to do something worthy of soldiers in defending the fort. They were severely disappointed, however, for soon after the opening of the British batteries, on the 16th of August, General Hull surrendered, in opposition to the wishes of all his officers and men. Many of the men shed tears on hearing of it, and threw down their arms in rage.

Colonel McArthur's detachment returned soon after, being unable to reach their destination for want of provisions, and having had nothing to eat for several days. Great was their astonishment at finding the English flag flying over Detroit, and the Indians engaged in killing the cattle which had been provided for the American army. Colonel McArthur and his associate Colonel Cass, seeing no hope for

them in resistance, sent in a flag of truce. When the articles of capitulation were shown to them, Colonel Cass, afterward eminent in American history, thrust his sword into the ground with indignant tears and broke it to pieces.

General Brock asked Tecumseh not to allow the Indians to abuse the prisoners.

"No!" answered Tecumseh, "I despise them too much to meddle with them."

On the 17th of August, the success of the British, which even they did not call a victory, was celebrated. They had recovered at this surrender some British cannon taken during the Revolutionary War. These pieces were welcomed with joy and even kisses by the British officers. The recaptured cannon were fired at the British celebration, and their fire was answered by the English war vessel "Queen Charlotte," which was much admired by the Western soldiers, being the first they had seen. Some few months after this celebration General Brock was killed at the battle of Queenstown, and the American forts fired their guns during his funeral in token of the respect which they felt for him. But the beloved brass cannon came back to the Americans in the battle of the Thames, and the "Queen Charlotte" also fell into the hands of the Americans.

General Brock had been so pleased with Tecum-

seh's map-making, and with his boldness in causing the Indians to cross the Detroit River first, that he took off his sash in public and fastened it around the body of the great chief. Tecumseh evinced much pleasure. But the English commander was surprised to see him without the sash the next day. General Brock, afraid that the chief was offended for some reason, sent his interpreter to ask why he did not wear the sash. The shrewd and politic Tecumseh, knowing well the Indian love for display and the tendency in human nature to jealousy, had transferred the mark of honor to the Wyandot chief, Roundhead, who, as he told the interpreter, was an older and abler warrior than himself.

Colonel Hatch, one of the officers in General Hull's army, describes Tecumseh's appearance at the time of the surrender of Detroit. He says that he was about five feet nine inches in height, had an oval face, a straight and handsome nose, and a beautiful mouth, "like that of Napoleon I. as represented in his portraits." He makes the curious statement, which we have seen nowhere else, that Tecumseh's eyes were hazel, being clear and pleasant when in conversation, but "like balls of fire" when he was excited by anger or enthusiasm. His teeth were very white, and his complexion light—more brown than red. This complexion, Colonel Hatch asserts, was a characteristic

of the whole Shawnee tribe. He was in the prime of life, straight and finely formed.

The same writer describes the modest costume in which Tecumseh always appeared. It was made entirely of the Indian-tanned buckskin, and consisted of a fitting shirt, perfect in fit, which descended to his knees; short pantaloons, and neatly fitting leggings and moccasins. This costume was finished with a cape and belt, with a mantle of the skin thrown over his left shoulder, which mantle served as a blanket. The edges of his cape and shirt were trimmed with a leather fringe, which also served as a finish around his neck. In his belt were his side arms, a silver-mounted tomahawk, and a knife in a leather sheath. "Such was his dress," says this officer, "when I last saw him on the 17th of August, 1812, on the streets of Detroit, mutually exchanging tokens of recognition as former acquaintances in years of peace, and passing on, he to see that his Indians had all crossed to Malden as commanded, and to counsel with his white allies in regard to the next movement of the now really commenced war of 1812."

Thus ended Hull's expedition into Upper Canada. For his conduct he has been very severely censured, and he was, no doubt, inefficient and cowardly. The only extenuations of his offence were his advanced

age and the failure of the government to support him properly. Though Hull might, as is believed, easily have taken Malden and secured other successes to the American arms, Upper Canada could not have been taken and held unless the command of Lake Erie had been obtained by means of a fleet. The old general was tried two years later by a court-martial, on charges of cowardice and treason. He was found guilty of the former offence and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned by the President, in consideration of his age and Revolutionary service.

By the failure of this badly planned and wretchedly conducted campaign, the settlements were left exposed to the ravages of hordes of Indians ever ready to join the victorious side.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIEGES AND BATTLES AT THE WESTERN FORTS.

FORT DEARBORN, or Chicago, then a lonely post in the wide wilderness, was surrounded by bands of Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes. Tecumseh had been endeavoring to induce these Indians to join the English. They wavered, however, and were waiting to see which side bade fair to be successful. General Hull, on hearing of the surrender of Fort Mackinaw, ordered the garrison at Chicago to dismantle the fort and abandon it. A number of Miami Indians were sent to protect the retreating party. Meanwhile, though presents were made to the Indians of the goods of the posts, one of the chiefs, Black Partridge, said, "leaden birds had been singing in his ears." The evening before the fort was evacuated a runner arrived from Tecumseh telling the Indians of his victory over Major Van Horne's party, of the retreat of General Hull to Detroit, and of the probability of the success of the English. This news of success decided the Indians, as Tecumseh expected, to join the British standard, and they commenced

operations by attacking the party of seventy men, women, and children, which was making its way out of Fort Dearborn. The Miamis who had undertaken its protection, being Indians, now began to feel strong inclinations towards the winning side. They refused to defend the whites and soon went over to the hostile Indians. The little garrison, attacked after it had left the fort, and knowing that there was no escape, fought bravely, and did not surrender until there were but few left alive. An Indian threatened to tomahawk the commander's wife, Mrs. Heald, who was already wounded. A quick-witted frontier woman, she understood Indian nature. Calmly looking the savage full in the face, she smiled and said, "Surely you will not kill a squaw." The Indian whom tears and cries would not have touched, dropped his tomahawk at a bit of ridicule. The fate of the prisoners was not yet decided, however. In the evening a council was held, and it was concluded to deliver them to the English commander at Detroit, as they had agreed to do on the surrender of the survivors. Many warriors from a distance had arrived, however, and they were determined on further massacre. The chief Shaubena and a number of other Indians were on the porch of the house which contained some of the prisoners, standing guard with their rifles crossing the doorway. The

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hostile Indians outnumbered them, however, and rushed past them into the house. The parlor and sitting-room were soon filled with these painted savages with their tomahawks and scalping-knives, waiting the signal of the chief. Meanwhile the women and children sat in the little bedroom weeping. Black Partridge said to them, "We have done everything in our power to save you, but now all is lost, you and your friends at the camp will be slain."

At this moment a loud war-whoop was heard. Black Partridge ran to the river, where he called out to the approaching canoe,

"Who are you, friend or foe?"

A tall Indian stood in the bow of the boat, his head surmounted with eagle feathers and his rifle in his hand. As the boat touched shore, he sprang out, saying, "I am Shauganash."

"Then hasten to the house," said Black Partridge, "for our friends are in danger, and you alone can save them."

Billy Caldwell, as Shauganash was commonly called, ran to the house, and by dint of threatening and entreating prevented the massacre. After much suffering the little body of survivors reached civilization in safety.

Great was the disappointment of the war party in the United States, aggravated by the taunts of the

opposition at the loss of all the outermost frontier posts in the North-West, and the utter defection of almost all the Indian tribes to the English side. The aged Miami chief, Little Turtle, who had been so steadfast a friend of the whites, was dead, and there was nothing to check the tendency of the Miamis to join the rest under the victorious lead of Tecumseh, who seemed now in a fair way to retrieve the fortunes of his confederacy, and to annihilate the settlements in the North-West, so that he could re-establish "the old line of the Ohio River." Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison were the chief obstacles. It was accordingly planned to have Fort Wayne captured by the Pottawatomies and Ottawas, aided by Tecumseh and the English, while Fort Harrison was to be captured by Miamis and Winnebagoes.

Tecumseh was at Malden making preparations to set out in September to assist in this enterprise.

Meanwhile, recruits were enlisting with great enthusiasm in Ohio and Kentucky. The Kentucky troops insisted that Governor Harrison should command them. Contrary to law, Harrison not being a citizen of Kentucky, he was appointed brevet major-general in the militia of that State.

Early in September Fort Wayne was closely invested by the neighboring Indians. It was built of wood, and its garrison numbered about seventy men.

Some Ohio troops who had been sent to the relief of Detroit before its loss was known, had been ordered to Fort Wayne, but having enlisted for the conquest of Upper Canada, they were disheartened at Hull's surrender, and showed no spirit in endeavoring to get to Fort Wayne. A young man by the name of Oliver, who lived at Fort Wayne, was on his way to that place when he heard of the siege. He immediately joined the Ohio militia, but seeing no chance of reaching the fort in time to do any good at the pace at which they were advancing, he returned to Cincinnati, where he informed General Harrison of the siege of Fort Wayne. The general promised him that he would immediately march to its relief. Oliver then returned and overtook the Ohio troops.

Thomas Worthington, an Indian commissioner, and Oliver, resolved to try to communicate with the garrison of the besieged fort. They persuaded sixty-eight of the soldiers and sixteen Shawnees to go with them. Among these Indians was the Shawnee Logan, the story of whose early life we have already given. Previous to the breaking out of the war, Tecumseh had sat by the camp-fire with him all of one night trying to persuade him to join the British in the coming struggle, while Logan on his part tried to induce Tecumseh to side with the Americans.

On the second day of the journey, thirty-six of the

relief party returned to the army. Not being strong enough to risk a fight with the Indians, the remainder stopped within twenty-four miles of the fort, while Mr. Oliver, with the Indians, Logan, Captain Johnny, and Bright Horn, endeavored to reach the garrison. Within five miles of the fort, Logan discovered that there were holes dug along the roadside. These were used by the Indians in night watching, each hole being large enough to hold a man. Logan's party therefore left the road, and by another route rode to within half a mile of Fort Wayne. They then reconnoitered to see whether whites or Indians were in possession of the fort, and having discovered that it had not yet been surrendered, they rode rapidly toward it.

Meanwhile the hostile Indian chiefs had devised a plan for taking the fort by stratagem. During a truce of some days they had perhaps discovered that the officer in command, Captain Rhea, was often intoxicated and unfit for the position. They gathered the warriors into a semicircle on two sides of the fort, while five of the chiefs, with knives and pistols hidden beneath their blankets, started out for the fort, bearing a flag of truce. These were to hold a council with the officers for the pretended purpose of treating with them. They would then assassinate all the officers, with the exception of Rhea, whom they

believed they could induce to open the gates to save his own life. In consequence of the drawing off of the savages for this maneuver, Oliver and his companions found no resistance on the side of the fort by which they approached. Finding one gate locked they went on to the next. On passing around an angle of the fort they came face to face with the five chiefs, among whom were Winnemac and Five Medals, bearing their white flag. The two parties shook hands, but the chiefs were decidedly startled by this sudden appearance, which meant, they did not doubt, that a large force was near at hand. Winnemac turned and went back to his camp. His companions, however, entered the fort, where they were told that Oliver, Logan, and the two Indians had come to stay. They had indeed arrived at an opportune moment—an hour later would have been too late; and for many days previous it would have been impossible to reach the garrison through the Indian ranks.

Mr. Oliver now wrote a hurried despatch to Worthington, and the brave Logan and his men, with new rifles, prepared for fresh perils. They took the letter and started from the gate of the fort. They were immediately seen by the savages, who pursued the flying scouts. The race was eagerly watched by the garrison. As they crossed the enemy's line in safety,

Logan gave a triumphant shout, which reached the ears of the anxious soldiers in the fort.

The scouts delivered the letter to Worthington, but still the troops delayed their march. Meanwhile the Indians, encouraged at seeing no force coming, and hoping for the arrival of Tecumseh, kept up a constant fire. Several times the wooden fort was in flames from burning arrows. The garrison was watchful, however, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The garrison saw, at one time, that the besiegers were preparing for some extraordinary effort. The Indians managed at length to get possession of a trading-house near the fort. From this they informed the garrison that they had been reinforced with British cannon and artillery, and demanded a surrender, promising to protect the garrison, but threatening a massacre if they were forced to storm the works. This demand was refused, and the garrison prepared for the utmost resistance. The commander having been suspended for incapacity, Lieutenant Curtis directed the defence. Every man able to do duty was furnished with several stands of loaded arms, arms being more abundant than men. They were ordered not to fire until the Indians were close upon the fort, and then to use their guns in rapid succession. This fierce fire forced the Indians to retreat within twenty minutes

with a loss of eighteen warriors. The boasted cannon burst—one on the first, the other on the second fire. They had been made of wood and hooped with iron by some ingenious English traders.

Governor Harrison overtook the sluggish troops marching for Fort Wayne, and reached the beleaguered garrison on the 12th of September, two days before Tecumseh started from Malden to the assistance of his warriors. The Indians gathered together in a swamp five miles from the fort the day before Harrison's arrival, to give him battle. They discovered by means of scouts that his force was too large for them, however, and after building great fires that the garrison at the fort might think a battle was raging, from the clouds of smoke, they fled by the fort in great disorder, acting the part of a "defeated force." By this means they designed to draw out the garrison in pursuit. Failing in this, their final ruse, they raised the siege at Fort Wayne.

Tecumseh's plan did not succeed better at Fort Harrison. This place was commanded by Captain Zachary Taylor, afterwards the hero of Buena Vista, in the Mexican War, and the twelfth President of the United States. His garrison consisted of about fifty men, one-third of whom were sick. On the 3d of September a body of Kickapoo and Winnebago Indians, with their women and children, came to Fort

Harrison. They requested to be admitted, saying they wished to hold a council and were under great necessity for want of provisions. Two young men had been killed the evening before near the fort, and Captain Taylor was decidedly suspicious of these Indians. He gave them food, but refused to open the gates of the fort to them. They lingered around, protesting their friendliness, until the next day, when they suddenly set fire to one of the block-houses which composed the line of the fort. At the same time a large band of Indians, who had previous to this been in ambush, opened a rapid fire on the burning block-house, and through the gap which it left into the fort. The garrison answered vigorously. The fort was now in great danger from the breach which the burning house would leave in the fortifications. Captain Taylor, however, pulled down a cabin, with which he made a breastwork over the opening. The Indians charged desperately several times, trying to fire the other buildings and to get over the breastwork, but they were bravely repulsed at every point by the little garrison. So inevitable, however, seemed death by fire or the tomahawk to those who remained inside, that two men tried to escape at the breach to the hostile Indians. One was killed, and the other, wounded by the Indians, retreated to the fort, where he concealed him-

self behind some barrels until morning, when he could be readmitted.

The Indians hovered around the fort for seven or eight days, but could gain nothing. Taylor immediately repaired the fortifications as best he could, and put things in readiness for a siege. The breach produced by the burning of the house subjected the garrison to more than one danger. It had contained the provisions of the fort, and the men seemed now likely to starve. They lived on some corn that had been cultivated in the neighborhood of the fort for several days. Captain Taylor at last succeeded in sending a messenger through the Indian lines in the night. The savages were much exasperated by their failure to take Fort Harrison, and a large body of them attacked the settlements at Pigeon Roost, a branch of White River. Here, with an inventive brutality known only to Indians, they massacred twenty-one men, women, and children.

CHAPTER XXVII.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR—HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER, AND DEATH OF LOGAN.

WHILE the army, from which so much had been expected, was unfortunate, the little United States navy, to which no one looked for success, had gained several victories on the sea. An American frigate, the *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Hull, a nephew of the general, and a brave man, took the British frigate *Guerriere*, while other important victories were gained on the part of the United States vessels. The Americans were quite as much surprised at this as were the English, who had beaten every other nation into acknowledging England's supremacy on the seas.

Meanwhile, General Van Rensselaer was defeated on the New York frontier at Queenstown in October, and nothing was accomplished there during the whole winter.

Ignorant of the wishes of the Kentucky volunteers and the plans and promises already made for them, the government appointed another old Revolutionary officer, General Winchester, to the command of the

army in the West. The soldiers were much dissatisfied, and it was with difficulty that Governor Harrison succeeded in persuading them to accept the strange general, when he overtook them at Fort Wayne. Harrison immediately returned to Piqua, where he undertook to organize a body of volunteers, to make an attack on Detroit. The government, however, on hearing of the previous arrangements of the volunteers, gave Harrison the chief command, while that of the left wing was given to Winchester. General Harrison busied himself in pushing forward provisions preparatory to the retaking of Detroit. An expedition under General Hopkins against some Kickapoo villages entirely failed, on account of the incompetence of the guides, a deficiency in the food supplies, and the insubordination of the troops. Some Indian towns above Peoria were destroyed, however, by Governor Edwards of the Illinois Territory, with whom Hopkins was to have co-operated. General Hopkins conducted another expedition against the Indian towns on the Wabash. They succeeded in destroying several of these from which the Indians had fled, and among them the Prophet's Town, on the ruins of which forty cabins had been built.

Meanwhile Harrison could accomplish but little on account of the mud, which made it impossible to forward provisions and artillery for his expedition.

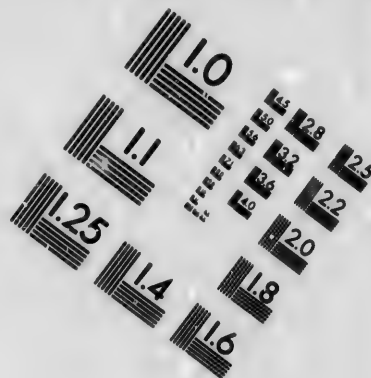
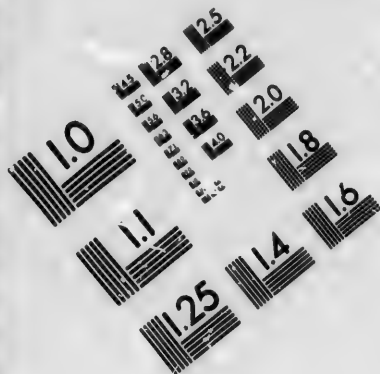
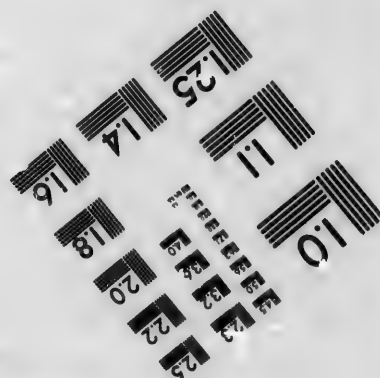
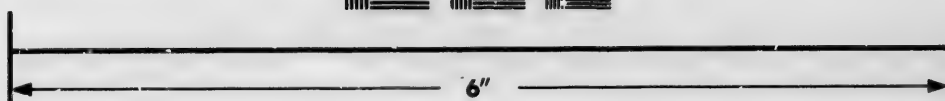
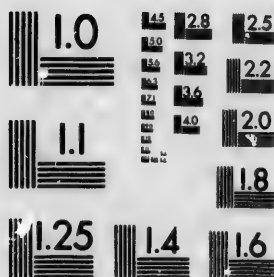


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The Shawnee Logan was acting the part of scout, and did great service to his American friends. In November, 1812, General Harrison told him to reconnoiter in the neighborhood of the Rapids of the Maumee. Logan took with him his old comrades in danger, Captain Johnny and Bright Horn. They were pursued by a body of the enemy, and made their escape with difficulty to the wing of the army under command of General Winchester. Logan reported to this officer his discoveries. He was accused at this time by some persons in the army of treachery. This suspicion of his fidelity to the American cause so hurt the feelings of the faithful Indian that he resolved to wipe it away. He visited the camp of his friend Oliver, and informed him of his intention. He consequently started down the Maumee with his inseparable companions, Captain Johnny and Bright Horn. They were surprised at noon by a party of Indians, among whom was the treacherous chief Winnemac. Logan, with quick presence of mind, boldly offered his hand to Winnemac, who knew him well, saying that he was just going to the British to give information. Winnemac, however, was too much of an Indian himself to be entirely deceived by this stratagem. They took away the arms of Logan and his companions, and guarded them carefully while they marched toward the British fort at

the Rapids. Logan, after a time, succeeded in impressing the Indians with the idea that he was sincere in his declaration that he had deserted the American cause. Winnemac restored to the captives their arms, but the Indians still kept a close watch upon them. Logan now resolved to brave his captors in a fight. This idea he managed to communicate to Captain Johnny and Bright Horn as they marched along. In order to reload their arms quickly they stealthily put bullets in their mouths. Captain Johnny afterward said that, seeing the man at his side noticed the motion, he calmly remarked, "Me chaw heap tobac."

When night came on the Indians encamped, some of them going off in search of black haws, a delicate little fruit much esteemed in Indiana. As soon as they were out of sight Logan and his men opened the attack. They killed three of the Indians immediately. Their fire was returned by the remainder of the party, who were near at hand, and both parties treed. Logan now received a mortal wound. Bright Horn was also wounded, and they mounted two of the enemy's horses, and, after fatally wounding two other Indians, they started for General Winchester's camp, twenty-five miles away, leaving Captain Johnny to follow on foot. This party of three had killed five out of six or seven of the enemy,

among whom was the chief, Winnemac. Logan paid dearly for his honors, but it was no doubt a great pleasure to him that he had vindicated himself. Those who had made the charge against him deeply repented it, and he was the idol of the camp during the two days that he lived in great suffering. Before his death he was seen to smile in spite of his pain. He was asked what he was smiling at. Indian-like, he answered that he could not help laughing when he thought of the way in which Bright Horn took the scalp of the dead Winnemac, while he kept his eye on the movements of the enemy at the same time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSISSINEWA VILLAGES—BATTLE AND MASSACRE ON THE RIVER RAISIN.

IN December General Harrison sent out an expedition against the Miami villages on the Mississinewa River. On the march of General Hopkins' force into their country the Miamis had become anxious for friendship with the United States. But their friendship cooled with its retreat, and when it was well out of the way they resolved on hostility. It was now highly important to defeat them in order to save Fort Wayne from their attacks. The detachment marched eighty miles over frozen ground, and arrived at the first Indian village. Many of the Indians had already escaped. They were pursued, and eight warriors were killed, while forty-two prisoners were taken and the town destroyed. The village of Silver Heels and two others were also destroyed. When the soldiers encamped at night Indians were discovered near at hand, and the men were awakened before dawn, that being the Indian hour for attack. A fierce engagement soon ensued, lasting until daylight, the Indians making strenuous efforts to reach

and release the captives. But they were at last driven off by a charge, leaving fifteen dead behind them besides the bodies thrown into the river. The effect of this expedition was very wholesome. The Delaware tribe and all the other Indians who were friendly to the United States immediately accepted the invitation of the governor and moved within the limits of the American frontier.

The troops under General Winchester were ordered in January to occupy the Rapids of the Maumee, otherwise called the Miami of the Lakes. This had been twice before attempted. Winchester reached the Rapids after a severe march through the snow. Here he received messages from Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, thirty miles ahead, entreating assistance. A party of three hundred British and Indians had occupied the town and threatened to burn down the houses and carry away the people. General Winchester held a council of war in which it was unanimously agreed to send forward an ample detachment to the River Raisin. This was a most unwise undertaking, for Frenchtown had but eighteen miles of frozen lake between it and Malden, and Harrison, as soon as he heard of it, pushed forward with all his might to stop it. He was, however, too late, for a detachment of over six hundred men marched to Frenchtown, surprised the British and Indians, and

after a sharp battle drove them from the town. When General Winchester heard of this he marched to Frenchtown with two hundred and fifty men.

At daylight, the morning after his arrival, he was attacked by Colonel Proctor at the head of a force of two thousand men, the Indians being commanded by Roundhead and Walk-in-the-water. The Americans were taken at a disadvantage and great numbers were killed, those who endeavored to escape being tomahawked by the Indians. Winchester himself was soon made prisoner. The British were repulsed, however, by that part of the American troops which had been encamped within the town. They resisted bravely, preferring to die thus than to be massacred by the Indians. Winchester was urged by the English to order them to surrender, since the artillery might easily destroy the village, and they would then be at the mercy of the savages. Winchester gave the order, but the troops did not surrender until they had secured a promise of protection from the Indians. After the surrender, General Proctor started for Malden, leaving the American wounded in the town with but one officer as guard, promising, however, to send for them so soon as his own wounded were transported. This he did not do, and they were most barbarously murdered by the Indians. Most of them were burned alive in the two houses in

which they had been left, those who attempted to escape being pushed back into the flames. The Indians started for Malden with all those whom they judged able to walk, tomahawking them when they gave out. The road was thus strewn with dead men. Nearly three hundred perished in the battle and subsequently by the tomahawk and burning, besides the six hundred who were taken prisoners. This loss was terribly felt by the Americans, and it is little wonder that the bitterest feelings were entertained toward Proctor for suffering such a massacre to take place. Even the Indian general, Tecumseh, abhorred this savage treatment of the helpless. Had he been present, the lives of the prisoners would undoubtedly have been saved. But he was still in the Wabash collecting warriors.

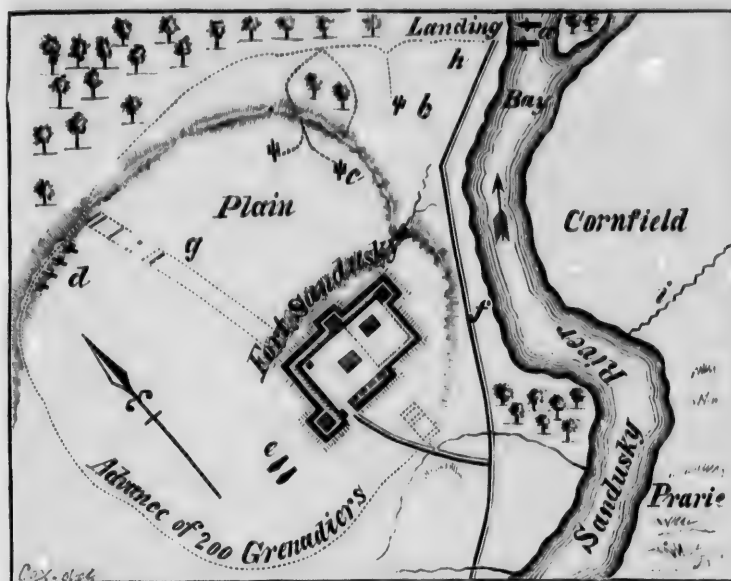
CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

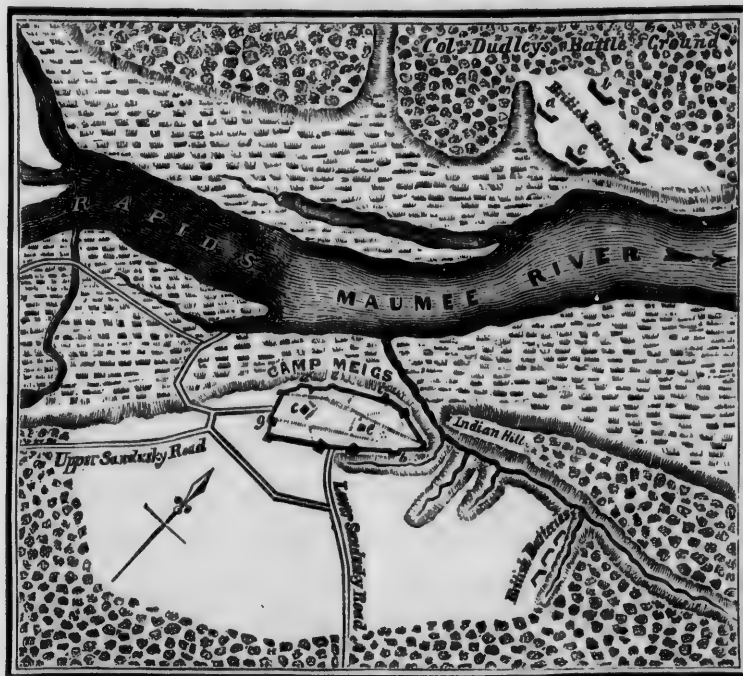
GENERAL HARRISON was now forced to give up all idea of attacking Malden for the present. Besides General Winchester's disaster, there had been great loss from sickness, and the term of service of most of the troops would soon expire. The siege of Malden was wisely deferred by the government until later, when the command of Lake Erie should be obtained through a fleet which was now in preparation. Fort Meigs was the depot of the artillery and military stores for the next campaign. General Harrison's main object at present was to hold this fort, situated at the Rapids of the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes, opposite to where the English Fort Miami, which proved such a temptation to General Wayne, had stood. Tecumseh, with the assistance of the Prophet, had been collecting Indians from the different tribes during the winter. As spring came on, and the ice disappeared from Lake Erie, General Harrison was in constant expectation of an attack from Malden. His force was now very much reduced on account of the expiration of the terms of service of

his soldiers. What men he had worked bravely, however, at the fortifications, which were still in an unfinished condition. In the latter part of April, 1813, the English, commanded by Proctor, and the Indians, under Tecumseh, appeared before Fort Meigs. They immediately began to erect three batteries on a high bank on the opposite side of the river. Meanwhile the engineer within Fort Meigs had suggested a plan which General Harrison immediately accepted, and the whole army was turned out to work under the engineer's orders. The ground immediately around the fort had been cleared of its heavy forest. From behind a few trees which were still standing, and from the trunks which lay on the ground, the Indians would now and then succeed in getting a shot at some of the garrison. On one side of the fort the trees had not been cleared away to so great a distance. Here the Indians were accustomed to climb into the tree-tops and annoy the Americans with their shots. This fire, however, served as a stimulus to the militia, and it was remarked on this occasion that their movements were much quickened "by a brisk fire of musketry about their ears."

The English had finished their batteries, and on the morning of the first of May the Americans saw that they were loading and adjusting their guns upon objects within the fort. In a few minutes an im-



FORT SANDUSKY AND ENVIRONS.



FORT MEIGS AND ENVIRONS.

mense wall of earth, as by magic, was presented to the view of the English gunners, and not a man or a tent was to be seen within Fort Meigs. This was the result of the engineer's scheme, and the day and night toil of the soldiers. A grand traverse, or earth wall, twelve feet high, had been built on the elevated ground in the center of the fort. This had been carefully hidden from view by the tents, which were now quickly moved behind it. For five days the fort was cannonaded and bombarded, with but little effect and not much loss of life. The fire was returned from the fort, but economically, for ammunition was scarce. When the fire from the batteries slackened, the American soldiers would appear above the embankment giving three cheers and swinging their caps in the air. Much amusement was created within the fort by the yells and demonstrations of delight on the part of the Indians when they thought serious damage was done by the bursting of a shell in the American camp. This mode of fighting was new to the Indians, and they admired it very much. Tecumseh always called the bomb-shells "double balls," and felt a great respect for them. The English tried the effect of a fire from the opposite side of the fort, but here their guns were silenced by the American batteries.

General Green Clay was now near at hand with a reinforcement of twelve hundred Kentucky volun-

teers. It was necessary for him to descend the river in eighteen flats. This he intended to do on the night of the 4th of May, reaching Fort Meigs by daylight. An officer and some men were sent ahead to inform General Harrison of his intentions. Harrison resolved to make a sally against the enemy on Clay's arrival. He sent Captain Hamilton to meet the reinforcements with directions to General Clay to detach about eight hundred men, which should be landed on the left bank of the river, where they were to attack the English batteries, spike the cannons and destroy the carriages, after which they were to immediately cross to the fort. Meanwhile the remainder of the troops were to land on the side of the river where the fort stood, and fight their way to it through the Indians. Captain Hamilton did not meet the reinforcements until after daylight. They had been detained by their pilot, who refused to proceed until morning.

When General Clay approached Fort Meigs, Colonel Dudley was detached to execute General Harrison's orders in regard to the English batteries. The remainder of the boats were to fall into line behind General Clay. In attempting this they were driven ashore. After some confusion and annoyance from the Indians, General Clay landed with the fifty men who were in his boat. They marched to the

fort without loss, under a fire from Tecumseh's Indians and with a discharge of grape-shot from the English batteries. The rear boats effected a landing in spite of a fire from the Indians. The troops immediately formed and returned the volley. They now received orders from Harrison to march in open order to the gates of the fort. Here they were met by a detachment sent out by Harrison. The force then turned and marched against Tecumseh's Indians, who were greatly superior in number, but whom they drove at the point of the bayonet for some distance. General Harrison, who was watching with a glass the operations of the troops, saw that this detachment was in danger from a body of English and Indians who were filing along the edge of the woods preparatory to attacking them in the rear. He immediately despatched his aid to recall the detachment. The aid's horse was shot from under him, however, and another officer repeated the order. The pursuing Americans were extremely reluctant to return, and it was with difficulty that they were induced to do so. In their retreat they were pursued by the Indians, who succeeded in killing more men than they had done before during the whole action. General Harrison could now see the detachment under Colonel Dudley carrying out their orders at the English batteries. The general ordered a sortie under Colo-

nel Miller against the batteries on the side of the river where the fort stood. This detachment attacked the batteries, spiked the cannon, took about forty prisoners, and routed the enemy, although the English were greatly superior in numbers. The enemy rallied and pressed Colonel Miller hard as he returned to the fort. Colonel Miller's loss was considerable while the English and Indians suffered severely. Meanwhile Colonel Dudley had landed on the opposite side of the river, marched two miles to the batteries, and raising the Indian yell had captured them. As the Americans cut down the English flag they were greeted by shouts from the garrison of Fort Meigs. General Harrison now signaled them to retreat to their boats according to his order. They remained at the batteries, however, interested in looking at the place, but spiking only a part of the cannon and without destroying the carriages. General Harrison now offered a reward to any one who would cross the river and order a retreat. Lieutenant Campbell undertook to do this, but was too late. A body of Indians in ambush had fired upon Colonel Dudley's scouts. He had ordered reinforcements to their assistance. Numbers of the eager soldiers immediately rushed into the woods in pursuit of the Indians, leaving the remainder of the force under Colonel Dudley to hold the batteries.

Meanwhile the English gunners who had fled on the attack of the Americans, reported to General Proctor. He supposed the attack to have been from the main force of the American army, and immediately sent for the most of his troops from the opposite shore. Tecumseh was so eager that he swam across the river, and, following the English force which had already attacked Dudley, fell fiercely upon the rear of the routed Americans. The detachment which had pursued the Indians returned only in time to join in the confusion of a hopeless rout. The greater part of the men were killed or captured by the Indians. Colonel Dudley himself fell by the tomahawk, and less than two hundred men out of eight hundred reached Fort Meigs in safety.

The American prisoners were taken to the old Fort Miami, inside of which they were confined. General Proctor allowed the Indians to select their victims from among the prisoners, whom they shot, tomahawked, or murdered in any way which suited their savage taste. Proctor is said to have witnessed this operation, which lasted some two hours, during which time about twenty men were murdered. Tecumseh now came down from the batteries, where he had been, not knowing what was going on. A British officer who was present described Tecumseh's conduct on this occasion to an American gentleman.

He said that suddenly a thundering voice was heard, speaking in the Indian tongue. He looked around and saw Tecumseh riding as fast as his horse could carry him, to a spot where two Indians had an American, killing him. Tecumseh sprang from his horse, and catching one Indian by the throat and the other by the breast, threw them to the ground. The chief then drew his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and, running between the prisoners and the Indians, brandished the weapons madly, and dared any of the hundreds of Indians around him to touch another prisoner. His people seemed much confounded. Tecumseh exclaimed, passionately,

“Oh, what will become of my Indians!”

He then inquired where General Proctor was, when, suddenly seeing him at a short distance, he demanded of the commander why he had allowed this massacre.

“Sir,” said General Proctor, “your Indians cannot be commanded.”

“Begone!” answered the chief, sneeringly; “you are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats!”

Not long after this the great Indian general's attention was attracted by some one to a group of Indians with something in their midst, at which they were looking intently.

“Yonder are four of your nation who have been

taken prisoners," said Colonel Elliott; "you may do with them as you think proper."

Tecumseh walked up to the little company and found in their midst four Shawnee Indians—Big Jim and Soldier, and two brothers named Perry.

"Friends," said Tecumseh, "Colonel Elliott has placed you under my charge, and I will send you back to your nation with a talk to our people."

This he did, discharging them on parole not to fight again during the war with the English. He sent some friendly messages to the chiefs of the Shawnee nation, and dispatched two of his followers to accompany the released Indians.

When the firing had ceased, an English officer with a flag of truce was seen crossing the river. He was met on landing by an aid-de-camp of General Harrison. He said that his object was to demand the surrender of the fort. The aid said that he might as well have spared himself the trouble, but that he would report to his commander. General Harrison, being anxious with regard to the fate of the prisoners, had the English officer, Major Chambers, blindfolded and admitted to the fort.

"General Proctor has directed me to demand the surrender of this post," said Major Chambers. "He wishes to spare the effusion of blood."

"The demand, under present circumstances," an-

swered the general, "is a most extraordinary one. As General Proctor did not send me a summons to surrender on his first arrival, I had supposed that he believed me determined to do my duty. His present message indicates an opinion of me that I am at a loss to account for."

"General Proctor could never think of saying anything to wound your feelings, sir," Major Chambers politely remarked. "The character of General Harrison, as an officer, is well known. General Proctor's force is very respectable, and there is with him a larger body of Indians than has ever before been embodied."

"I believe I have a very correct idea of General Proctor's force," said General Harrison; "it is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result of the contest, whatever shape he may be pleased hereafter to give it. Assure the general, however, that he will never have this post surrendered to him upon any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and to give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government, than any capitulation could possibly do."

Arrangements were then made for the exchange of prisoners.

An incident happened during this siege which

shows the contempt in which General Hull was held. An American soldier being near the river bank, an English soldier called out to him "that they would better hang out the white flag and surrender."

"General Hull has not arrived yet," answered the American; "until he comes you may save yourself the trouble of asking for a surrender."

General Harrison's force did not now amount to more than twelve hundred, owing to the loss in the engagement on the 5th of May. General Proctor had under his command about six hundred regulars, eight hundred Canadian militia, and about eighteen hundred Indians. The Indians, however, were incapable of strict subordination, and they now began to desert the English cause in large numbers. They had looked for some signal success at Fort Meigs, and they now saw little chance of it. It is said that General Proctor had offered large rewards in case the fort was taken. The Prophet, who seemed still to be a tool in his brother's hands, though he never fought in the war, was promised Michigan Territory for himself and his followers. Tecumseh was promised General Harrison, if this officer was captured. Whether this statement be true or not is not known. No doubt the proud Tecumseh would have been delighted to see in his power the man who had foiled his dearest plans, and had ever been his chief obsta-

cle and antagonist. We cannot help believing, however, that Tecumseh's enemy would have been treated with mercy if helpless in his hands.

News now reached the English forces of the capture of Fort George, in Upper Canada, by the Americans, under General Dearborn, and Proctor began to think it unwise to remain longer at Fort Meigs while Upper Canada was unprotected. Early on the morning of the 9th of May the Americans saw the enemy moving away.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SECOND ATTACK ON FORT MEIGS.

IT was with great reluctance that the United States government consented to the employment of Indians in the War of 1812, it having been a constant source of complaint against the English government that they had used the savages. Governor Howard of the Missouri Territory had dismissed a company of rangers which the Osage Indians had been permitted to raise among themselves in his absence. This powerful nation was so displeased that there was much fear of its turning against the American settlements.

An English trader named Robert Dickson had been sent in the spring of 1813 among the Indian tribes on the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers. He gathered together at Chicago nearly a thousand Indians, among whom was a great Pottawatomie chief, named Mai-Pock, who wore a belt of scalps around his waist. In the months of July and August nearly all the Indian warriors of the North and North-West were collected around Malden. Their camps extended from Brownstown to Detroit. They had

their families with them, and as they neither hunted nor planted corn, their support must have been a great burden upon the English government. The main force of the British in Upper Canada consisted of these Indians.

In the month of June, 1813, General Harrison, who was now in the interior, was informed that Fort Meigs was again likely to be invested. Before he returned to his outposts he held a council with the chiefs of the Delaware, Shawnee, Wyandot, and Seneca tribes. These nations still remained friendly to the United States. Harrison made them a speech, in which he told them that it was time for all the neutral Indians to take the one side or the other. He told them of a proposal that General Proctor had made to exchange his American prisoners for the Indians friendly to the United States. Harrison told them that this looked as though General Proctor had received some hint that they were willing to take up the tomahawk against the United States. The President wanted no false friends, and if they wished to prove their friendship they must either move into the interior or join him in the war. This last the chiefs unanimously agreed to do. They said they had been waiting for an invitation to fight for the Americans. A speech was made by Tahe, the oldest Indian in the West. He spoke in behalf of all

the tribes present, and professed the greatest friendship for the United States. General Harrison said that he would let the Indians know when they were wanted; "but," said he, "you must conform to our mode of warfare. You are not to kill defenceless prisoners, old men, women or children." General Harrison then told them that he had been told that General Proctor had promised to deliver him into the hands of Tecumseh if they succeeded in their attack on Fort Meigs. "Now, if I can succeed in taking Proctor," said General Harrison, "you shall have him for your prisoner, provided you will agree to treat him as a squaw, and only put petticoats upon him, for he must be a coward who would kill a defenceless prisoner."

Early in July, 1813, the Indians began to appear in the neighborhood of Fort Meigs. They attacked small parties who went out of the fort, and some men were lost in skirmishes with them.

On the evening of the 20th of July, the English and Indians, about five thousand strong, were again seen approaching Fort Meigs, of which General Clay was now the commander. Previous to the siege he had busied himself with clearing off the trees to a greater distance, and burning the trunks which had been left on the ground. The English forces now encamped below Fort Miami, and the Indians soon

took possession of the woods in the rear of Fort Meigs. Here they could effect nothing, as the grape and canister shot from the fort kept them at a distance. In the night an express was sent to General Harrison to inform him of the siege. General Clay expected that the English would immediately erect batteries. Most of the men were occupied through the night in throwing up new traverses, and preparing all for resistance. Those who were permitted to rest slept on their arms. On the 23d of July, eight hundred mounted Indians, commanded by Tecumseh, went up the river. It was supposed at the fort that Tecumseh intended to attack Fort Winchester. Everything still remained quiet around Fort Meigs. On the evening of the 24th, Colonel Gaines of the garrison, with two hundred men, made a circuit of the fort to see if the English had begun to erect any batteries. A stronger detachment was sent from the English camp to intercept him, but he succeeded in regaining the fort before he was overtaken. The next morning the English moved to the side of the river on which the fort stood, and encamped behind a point of woods. This movement led General Clay to suppose that they intended to storm his position.

The express from Fort Meigs found General Harrison at Lower Sandusky. He thought that the movement of Tecumseh toward Fort Winchester was

a feint to attract attention in that direction, while Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, would prove to be the real point of attack. As this post had been pronounced untenable and was unimportant, Harrison directed his main attention to Fort Meigs and Upper Sandusky. He moved his headquarters to Seneca Town, leaving Fort Stephenson in charge of Major Croghan. From this point he would be ready to relieve either of the important posts. He sent the express from Fort Meigs back with the message that he had not a sufficient force to march immediately to the relief of that fort, but that he would inform the governor of Ohio, and troops would soon be collected for that purpose if the enemy persevered.

Meanwhile Tecumseh had devised a stratagem by means of which he hoped to decoy the Americans from the fort. On the afternoon of the 26th of July, a heavy firing of rifles and musketry, followed by the Indian yell, was heard upon the Sandusky road. A body of Indians could be seen attacking a column of men who were at one time thrown into confusion, then rallied again, and the Indians gave way. This contest seemed to be approaching the fort. It had the intended effect upon the garrison, who seized their arms and demanded to be led to the assistance of their friends. Fortunately the express had arrived

that morning with Harrison's message, and General Clay concluded that there could be no reinforcements in the neighborhood. A few discharges from the cannons at the fort and a heavy shower of rain terminated this sham battle, which had lasted an hour.

On the 28th of July the siege of Fort Meigs was raised, and the English embarked in their vessels and sailed around into Sandusky Bay while a number of the Indians crossed by land.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ATTACK ON FORT STEPHENSON.

THIS movement had been anticipated by General Harrison. He had examined Fort Stephenson and found a hill in the neighborhood which commanded the fort, and to which he thought of removing it. Major Croghan offered to carry out this plan, but General Harrison thought it would probably be attacked before the removal could be accomplished. General Harrison was convinced that the fort could not be defended against the English artillery, and told Major Croghan that if the fort was approached by water, it would be presumable that the enemy had brought heavy artillery, and he must effect a retreat if possible after burning the fort. If, however, he should be attacked by land, it would be suicidal to attempt to escape through the Indian forces.

On the 29th of July General Harrison was informed by an express from General Clay of the movement of the enemy. In a council held with his officers, it was decided that Fort Stephenson was untenable, since the English could bring any number of battering cannon against it. General Harrison

immediately sent Major Croghan a peremptory order to abandon and burn the fort and effect a retreat. The bearers of this message having lost their way in the night, it did not reach Fort Stephenson for twenty-four hours. When it arrived at the fort the Indians were already hovering about, and in a council of officers it was decided to hold the fort until further orders should be received. The commander of the post, who was a nephew of the famous General George Rogers Clark, wrote the following note to Harrison:—

“SIR: I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can!”

The impudence of this note is accounted for by the fact that Major Croghan expected it to fall into the hands of the enemy. It reached General Harrison, however, and he did not understand this. He sent Colonel Wells to relieve Major Croghan, and summoned that gentleman to appear before him and answer for his disobedience. This was done satisfactorily, and the Major was permitted to return to his post.

A reconnoitering party first discovered the approach of the enemy by water on the 31st of July.

They returned to the fort about noon the following day, and a few hours afterward it was invested. Major Croghan was but twenty-one years of age; he had but one piece of artillery, a six-pounder, and his garrison consisted of one hundred and sixty men. The Indians first showed themselves over the hill. They were greeted by the six-pounder. Half an hour afterward the English gunboats appeared and the Indians were seen in every direction. The solitary six-pounder was fired at the boats a few times, and was answered by the English artillery. The enemy effected a landing with one piece a mile below the fort. Major Chambers then approached the fort with a flag. Major Croghan sent Ensign Shipp to meet him. Major Chambers said that he had instructions from General Proctor to demand the surrender of the fort, that he was anxious to prevent the effusion of blood, which could not be done if he were forced to reduce the fort by the large force of regulars and Indians and the artillery under his command. Shipp answered that it was their determination to defend the fort, which they would do if they buried themselves in its ruins, and no force could induce them to surrender. Major Chambers said that if the fort were taken, of which event they had no doubt, their Indians could not be restrained from massacring the inmates. The Indian agent, Dickson,

who accompanied Major Chambers, then remarked that it was a pity that such a fine young man should fall into Indian hands.

"Sir, for God's sake, surrender and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance," he said.

Shipp answered that when the fort was taken there would be none to massacre. An Indian at this moment came out of a ravine near by and attempted to wrest the American's sword from him, but was prevented by the Englishmen, who conducted Shipp safely to the fort. This last scene was believed by the Americans to have been a bit of stage play to illustrate the point to the ensign's mind.

The forces of the English consisted of about five hundred regulars and eight hundred Indians under Dickson. Tecumseh with two thousand Indians was stationed on the road to Fort Meigs to intercept any reinforcement.

The English now fired upon the fort from the cannon on their gunboats and the piece on shore. This firing continued all night with little effect. Major Croghan occasionally fired his little six-pounder, moving it from place to place to make the enemy believe that he had more than one piece. He was sparing in the use of it, however, as his ammunition was scarce. The English directed their fire against

the north-western angle of the fort. Major Croghan thought from this that they would endeavor to make a breach and storm his works at that point. He had the solitary cannon secretly moved to a block-house where it would command this angle, masked the embrasure, and loaded the gun.

Early the next morning, the English opened from their howitzer and three six-pounders, which they had planted in the woods during the night. In the afternoon they again concentrated their fire on the north-western angle. Major Croghan immediately strengthened the palisades at this point with bags of sand and flour. Later the smoke of the firing had so enveloped the fort that nothing could be seen from it. Feints were now made toward the southern angle, but the troops at the north-western angle maintained their position. Suddenly a body of three hundred and fifty men were discovered within twenty paces at this point. A heavy fire of musketry from the fort threw them into some confusion, but the commanding officer, Colonel Short, soon rallied his men. He bravely led them to the ditch, and then jumped in, his troops following him. When the ditch was full the masked embrasure was opened and the cannon did such effective work that but few escaped. The officers attempted to rally their men, but in vain; they were utterly routed.

The loss of the little garrison was one killed and seven wounded. The English loss was great. Night came on soon after the assault, and the wounded could not be relieved completely by either side. All those who were able returned to the English lines. Major Croghan conveyed water to the wounded English in the ditch by means of buckets over the wall of the fort. He also had a ditch opened under the palisades, through which those who were able crawled into the fort. The Indians succeeded in carrying away many of their own dead and wounded.

Before daylight on the morning of the 3d of August, the English and Indians retreated. They left a boat containing some clothing and military stores, and seventy stands of arms, while some braces of pistols were picked up around the fort. They had retreated precipitately, expecting an attack from General Harrison, who, however, had deferred marching to the relief of the fort, seeing that the English had only brought light artillery with them. News had been sent to Harrison that the English were preparing to retreat, and he immediately set out for the fort with a body of dragoons. He arrived there early in the morning after the enemy had disappeared. He did not pursue them, however, for he feared an attack from Tecumseh upon Fort Meigs or upon the reinforcements which were coming from

Ohio. In his official report, General Harrison called the youthful Major Croghan "a hero worthy of his gallant uncle."

On the day following the assault the Americans buried the English dead—among whom was the brave Colonel Short—with suitable honors.

A small party of Wyandot Indians were sent down the bay as scouts after the retreat of the enemy. They succeeded in surprising and capturing a few English soldiers. They brought their prisoners back in safety, with an evident sense of deserving extraordinary commendation for having abstained from cruelty. They were often seen telling the story to other warriors, and laughing over the terror of their prisoners, who, no doubt, expected to be tomahawked or burned.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANECDOTES OF TECUMSEH.

AT every defeat of General Proctor the Indians became more and more dissatisfied. When the first siege of Fort Meigs was abandoned, they pressed the commander to make a new effort. The success of the American arms in various skirmishes elsewhere was kept from them. A trader at length divulged it, and for this he was arrested by General Proctor, but the Indians demanded his release, and the commander felt obliged to comply with their wishes. The savages at this time held secret councils, and would give the general no information of their proceedings.

After his retreat from Fort Stephenson, Proctor and his forces proceeded to Malden by water, while Tecumseh with his warriors marched around the head of Lake Erie and met him there.

An American citizen, Captain Le Croix, had been arrested by General Proctor, and was at this time secreted on board an English vessel until he could be sent to Montreal. Tecumseh had an especial friendship for Le Croix, and it may have been because of his influence with Tecumseh that he was seized. Te-

cumseh, suspecting that Le Croix had been imprisoned, visited General Proctor, and asked if he knew anything of his friend. He even ordered General Proctor to tell the truth. "If I ever detect you in a falsehood," said Tecumseh, "I, with my Indians, will immediately abandon you."

General Proctor acknowledged that he held Captain Le Croix as a prisoner. Tecumseh then demanded that his friend should be instantly set at liberty, and the general wrote a note ordering the release of the prisoner, saying that the "King of the Woods" demanded it, and it must be done.

Tecumseh treated the American commander with equal contempt. A recent writer, we do not know on what authority, gives a challenge which Tecumseh sent to Harrison at the first siege of Fort Meigs. It ran thus:—

"GENERAL HARRISON: I have with me eight hundred braves. You have an equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave when we met at Vincennes, and I respected you; but now you hide behind logs and in the earth, like a ground-hog. Give me answer.

TECUMSEH."

Tecumseh was very careful that his dignity as an Indian chief and an English general should be respected. He knew enough of the English language

to hold a conversation on any ordinary topic. He never was known, however, to use anything but the Shawnee tongue in council or in conversing with the English officers or agents. Indeed he would not speak English except with those towards whom he felt very friendly. During the War of 1812 he always kept an interpreter with him.

At one time while the English and Indians were encamped at Malden, provisions became scarce. The English soldiers were supplied with salt beef, while horseflesh was given to the Indians. Tecumseh was incensed at this treatment of his people. He visited General Proctor and complained of the arrangement by which, he considered, an insult was offered to him and his men. The commanding general, however, seemed indifferent to Tecumseh's remonstrance. The chief then struck the hilt of Proctor's sword, and touched his own tomahawk, saying with dignity,

"You are Proctor—I am Tecumseh," thus indicating a way of settling the point if it were not attended to. General Proctor yielded.

The Americans always had great confidence in Tecumseh, though he was an enemy. Once when the English and Indians were encamped near the River Raisin, some Sauks and Winnebagoes entered the house of a Mrs. Ruland and began to plunder it. She immediately sent her little daughter to ask Te-

cumseh to come to her assistance. The chief was in council and was making a speech when the child entered the building and pulled the skirt of Tecumseh's hunting-shirt, saying,

"Come to our house, there are bad Indians there."

Tecumseh did not wait to finish his speech, but walked rapidly to the house. At the entrance he met some Indians dragging a trunk away. He knocked down the first one with a blow from his tomahawk. The others prepared to resist.

"Dogs!" cried the chief, "I am Tecumseh!" The Indians immediately fled, and Tecumseh turned upon some English officers who were standing near:

"You," said he, "are worse than dogs, to break your faith with prisoners."

The officers immediately apologized to Mrs. Rutland, and offered to put a guard around her house. She declined this offer, however, saying that she was not afraid so long as that man, pointing to Tecumseh, was near.

After the retreat from Fort Stephenson, Tecumseh, discouraged by the ill-success of the English, and having lost confidence in General Proctor, assembled a council of the Shawnee, Wyandot, and Ottawa Indians who were under him, and proposed that they should abandon a struggle which seemed to promise them no good. He told them that when

they had taken up the tomahawk and joined their father, the King, they were promised plenty of white men to fight with them; "but the number is not now greater," said Tecumseh, "than at the commencement of the war; and we are treated by them like the dogs of snipe-hunters; we are always sent ahead to start the game. It is better that we should return to our own country, and let the Americans come on and fight the British." Tecumseh's immediate followers all agreed with him in this decision, but the Sioux and Chippewas, when they discovered his intention, went to him and told him that he had been the first to unite with the English, and had induced them to join in the war, and now he ought not to leave them. This decided Tecumseh to remain.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

COMMODORE PERRY had for some time been busy superintending the building of two new vessels at Erie. Late in the summer of 1813 the American fleet was at last ready for action.

Perry sailed to Malden and displayed his vessels before the English fleet, which was in that harbor. Tecumseh was on the Island of Bois Blanc at the time. He was much delighted when the American vessels appeared, and told the Indians that the English fleet would soon destroy them. The great army of Indians who were on the island hastened to the beach to witness the battle. Tecumseh was much disappointed when he saw no signs of fighting. The imperious chief immediately launched his canoe and paddled over to Malden to inquire into it. He visited General Proctor, and said,

"A few days since you were boasting that you commanded the waters—why do you not go out and meet the Americans? See, yonder they are waiting for you and daring you to meet them; you must and shall send out your fleet and fight them."

When Tecumseh returned to the island he told the Indians, with evident mortification, that "the big canoes of their great father were not yet ready, and that the destruction of the Americans must be delayed for a few days."

On the 10th of September the engagement between the two fleets took place. Tecumseh and the Indians witnessed this novel mode of warfare from the shore with the deepest interest. Early in the morning the English vessels were discovered standing out from Malden, preparatory to giving battle to the American fleet at Put-in-Bay.

Commodore Perry sailed out to meet them. The wind was so light, however, that the battle did not begin until nearly noon. The English vessels opened fire first, and it was much the more destructive, owing to their superiority in long guns. Commodore Perry's flagship was named the "Lawrence," after the brave captain by that name whose vessel had been taken by an English vessel at the mouth of Boston harbor. For two hours and a half the "Lawrence" sustained nearly all the fire from the English fleet. At the end of this time there was nothing left of her but a battered hull, and most of her crew were killed or wounded. The wind had increased by this time, and the "Niagara" came up in gallant style. Commodore Perry now left the "Lawrence"

in charge of Lieutenant Yarnell. He attempted to cross in an open boat to the "Niagara," standing erect and bearing his flag, on which was the last words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." His men, who did not approve of the ardent young commodore's thus making a target of himself, pulled him down, however. The remnant of his crew upon the "Lawrence" gave three cheers when their commodore reached the "Niagara" in safety. Perry now told the commander of this ship, Captain Elliott, that he feared the day was lost, on account of the lighter vessels having remained so far in the rear. Captain Elliott immediately set out in an open boat, and, going from vessel to vessel, brought them up into the position where they could do the most execution. He was completely drenched with water, thrown up by the balls which struck on all sides of him. Meanwhile Commodore Perry resolved upon sailing through the enemy's lines, and succeeded in doing this, thus bringing all the "Niagara's" guns to bear upon the English fleet, while the smaller vessels, brought up by Captain Elliott, did good service. Such a fire as this could not long be sustained by the English ships, and the whole fleet at last surrendered. During the contest, soon after Perry had left the "Lawrence," her flag went down. The English had forced her to strike, but they were themselves

too much shattered to board her, and Lieutenant Yarnell soon hoisted his flag again.

After the battle was over a war of courtesy took place between the English and American officers. Commodore Barclay, the brave commander of the English fleet, and his officers, refused to retain their swords; and Commodore Perry refused to accept the sword of the veteran commander, for whom he could not but feel the highest respect. The swords passed back and forth many times, and the English officers were at last compelled to retain them.

On the day after the battle the English and Americans held one funeral service over the English and American dead. They were buried on the shore of Put-in-Bay, and the crews of both fleets were present. The day was pleasant and the lake was entirely calm. A solemn dirge was played, and the minute guns fired as the slow procession of boats carried the bodies to their graves.

General Harrison received at his headquarters, where he had heard the cannonading, the following modest note from the young commodore, announcing the result of his first battle:—

“DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and a sloop.

“Yours, with great respect and esteem,

“OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.”

The Indians did not understand the movements of a naval battle, and General Proctor, who doubtless dreaded the influence of a defeat upon them, said to Tecumseh,

"My fleet has whipped the Americans, but the vessels being much injured have gone to Put-in-Bay to refit, and will be here in a few days."

The suspicions of Tecumseh were soon aroused, however, when he thought he perceived indications of a plan to retreat from Malden.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES—DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

TECUMSEH was doubtless a very difficult ally to manage. Imperious and willful, it was natural to him to rule, and not easy for him to submit. General Proctor feared his outspoken disapproval, and dealt with him by a cringing and maneuvering policy, which roused still more the indignation of the sensitive chief. Proctor now told him that he was only going to send all his valuables up the Thames, where they would be met by a reinforcement and be safe. Tecumseh, however, felt sure that the commander was meditating a retreat. He demanded, in the name of his Indians, that he be heard by General Proctor. Audience was granted him on the 18th of September, and the Indian orator delivered his last speech, a copy of which was afterward found in General Proctor's baggage when it was captured:—

“Father, listen to your children,” said Tecumseh; “you have them all before you. The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are

now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time. Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans. Listen! When war was declared our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get our lands back which the Americans had taken from us. Listen! You told us at that time to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and they should want for nothing while the men would go and fight the enemy; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons; that we knew nothing about them and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad. Listen! When we were last at the Rapids (Fort Meigs) it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs. Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know

they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm (Commodore Barclay had lost an arm in a previous battle). Our ships have gone one way, and we are very much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the King, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail on its back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father. At the battle of the Rapids, last war (Wayne's battle), the Americans certainly defeated us, and when we returned to our father's fort at that place (Fort Miami), the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that

it would now be the case, but instead of that we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison. Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us and you may go and welcome. For us, our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

General Proctor refused to follow the advice of Tecumseh. It is even reported that this haughty chief called the commander "a miserable old squaw." Tecumseh had hoped to obtain assistance from the English in righting the wrongs of the Indians, but his contempt for white people extended beyond the American nation: it included the race. Tecumseh, though haughty and unbending, would doubtless have conducted himself differently toward a commander like General Brock, one who was capable of inspiring respect for his courage and wisdom in the mind of such an Indian. As it was, Tecumseh cowed Proctor. Some English officers afterward told Colonel Chambers of the American army that Proctor preserved a copy of Tecumseh's speech to show his officers the insolence to which he was forced to submit in order to prevent that chieftain's withdrawing from the struggle.

Finding that General Proctor insisted upon a retreat of the British and Indian forces, Tecumseh once more threatened to leave the English service. The Sioux and Chippewas again objected, and Tecumseh said that he was at home on the battle-field, that he had no fear of death, and that he would stand by them if they insisted.

The English army began its march up the Detroit River, and on the 26th of September Malden was destroyed.

The next day Harrison and his army crossed to Malden in the American fleet, expecting a battle with the enemy on landing. Great was their astonishment at finding only the ruins of the fort. General Harrison, with some regulars, over two hundred Indians, and a body of militia, consisting mostly of Kentucky volunteers, was desirous of immediately pursuing General Proctor. There was little hope of overtaking him, however, for he had nearly one thousand horses, while Harrison had none. Only one indifferent animal could be procured. On this, Shelby, the aged governor of Kentucky, who had joined the army under Harrison, was mounted. The deficiency was soon supplied, however, by the arrival of Colonel Richard M. Johnson's mounted regiment. A scouting party sent out from this regiment had captured an Indian, whom they found asleep in a house on the

River Raisin. His name was Misselemetaw ; he was a chief counselor of Tecumseh and an uncle of Logan, but more truly Indian than either of these celebrated men, for he had been engaged in the massacre at Pigeon Roost. He told Colonel Johnson that the Indians who were allied with the English amounted to about seventeen hundred, that they intended to give him battle at the River Huron, and that they still did not know the fate of the English fleet. This Indian was a man of some intelligence. He was under the impression that the Americans would put him to death, and he gave what was believed to be a frank account of the transactions among the Indians since Wayne's treaty. He said that the English agents had given them encouragement previous to the battle of Tippecanoe ; that now he thought that the Indians had been deceived. He said that he himself was forsaken in his old age by the Great Spirit in consequence of his cruelty and wickedness.

General Proctor promised Tecumseh from time to time that he would halt and give battle, first at one place, then at some other place further on. When the chief started upon the retreat, he made this remark to young Jim Blue Jacket: "We are now going to follow the British, and I feel well assured that we shall never return."

He seemed to feel homesick at leaving the country for which he had struggled so long.

On the retreat the Wyandot chief, Walk-in-the-water, deserted the English cause with sixty warriors. He visited General Harrison and wished to make peace. He was told only to abandon Tecumseh, and keep out of the way of the American army—terms which were gladly accepted.

General Proctor continued his retreat toward the Thames. Tecumseh was undoubtedly most impatient for fighting. At Dalson's Farm, a place where an unfordable stream falls into the Thames, it was at one time decided to give battle. Tecumseh and Proctor, riding together in a gig, examined the place for a battle-ground. The two generals approved of it, and Proctor said that here they would either defeat General Harrison or leave their bones. This idea pleased Tecumseh, and he said "it was a good place, and when he should look at the two streams they would remind him of the Wabash and the Tippecanoc." General Proctor afterward changed his mind, however, and left Tecumseh with a small party to defend the pass. The chief arranged his forces judiciously, and a skirmish ensued, during which Tecumseh was wounded in the arm. The Americans brought up ten cannons, and the Indians dispersed.

Battle was at last given on the 5th of October, near the Moravian town, a village of the Delaware Indians who had been converted by the Moravians. Tecumseh refused to retreat further, and indeed the place was well situated for defence, protected as it was on one side by the river and on the other by a marsh.

Shaubena, Tecumseh's aid, says that on the morning of the battle day, while Tecumseh, Billy Caldwell and himself were seated on a log near the camp-fire, smoking their pipes, a messenger came to Tecumseh saying that General Proctor wished to see him immediately. The chief rose and hastened to Proctor's headquarters. He soon returned with a melancholy expression on his face. He was silent until Billy Caldwell said to him,

"Father, what are we to do? Shall we fight the Americans?"

"Yes, my son," answered Tecumseh, sadly; "before sunset we will be in their smoke, as they are now marching upon us. But the general wants you. Go, my son; I will never see you again."

The English and Indians arranged themselves in order of battle preparatory to meeting the Americans when they should appear.

The English forces were posted between the swamp and the river with their artillery. Tecumseh

and his warriors were stationed in the swamp on some high ground. After his Indians were in position Tecumseh said to the chiefs who stood around him:—

“Brother warriors, I am now about to enter into an engagement from which I shall never come out—my body will remain on the field of battle.”

Unbuckling his sword and handing it to one of the chiefs, he said,

“When my son becomes a noted warrior and able to wield a sword, give this to him.”

General Harrison's army had risen early to resume the pursuit of the flying enemy. His army crossed the river where it was fordable, in singular style, each horseman taking one of the infantry on behind him, and the remainder crossing in canoes. When the mounted regiment came within sight of the enemy it halted. General Harrison, on coming up and conferring with Colonel Johnson, suddenly changed his plan of battle. He determined to try breaking through the English lines at once with a charge of the mounted infantry. When Colonel Johnson began forming his regiment according to the general's orders, he found that there was not room for more than the first battalion of his regiment to act between the river and the swamp. He therefore resolved to put himself at the head of his second

battalion, and with it to attack the Indians on the other side of the marsh. The whole army advanced until the first battalion of mounted infantry, under Colonel Johnson's brother, was fired upon from a distance. This startled the horses and produced some confusion. The English thus had time to load and deliver a second fire. But the mounted infantry, now completely in motion, charged and broke through the English line, which was instantly thrown into disorder. The horsemen wheeled right and left and did such destructive work that in a moment the battle at this point was over.

The struggle with the Indians was more obstinate. There had been eight or nine hundred of the English troops, while there were more than a thousand Indians under Tecumseh's command. According to the account of the famous Black Hawk, who as a young man fought at Tecumseh's side, the mounted regiment "came bravely on," but the Indians made no move until the Americans were so close that they could see the flints in their guns. Then Tecumseh sprang forward, gave the Shawnee war-whoop and fired. This was the signal for the battle to begin. The shout was answered from the American line, and the fire returned. Colonel Johnson's advance guard was nearly all cut down by the first fire, and he was himself severely wounded. As the ground was un-

favorable for fighting on horseback, the colonel ordered his men to dismount and form on foot. In this way a fierce conflict was waged for seven or eight minutes, when the Indians, hearing no more the encouraging battle-cry of Tecumseh, fled into the marsh. "Tecumseh fell dead, and we all ran," was the testimony of a Pottawatomie chief. Johnson was himself too severely wounded to remain to the end of the battle, but he said to those around him, "My brave men, the battle continues; leave me and do not return until you bring me an account of the victory."

Commodore Perry was present in this battle, acting as aid to Harrison. But few of the men on foot could take part, however. The victory was gained by the single dash of Colonel Johnson's regiment and the death of the great Indian.

Tecumseh had been killed, and at his side fell his sister's husband, Wasegoboah. A bitter and complicated discussion was long waged as to who killed Tecumseh. Shaubena and some others say that Colonel Johnson shot him with his pistol at the moment when the chief attacked the colonel with his tomahawk. The discussion was so aggravated by political rivalries and party bitterness at the time of Colonel Johnson's election to the vice-presidency, that it is now quite impossible to decide the question. The conflicting testimony then produced has hope-

lessly confused it. For in that day, skill in Indian fighting was regarded as a prime qualification for dignified political office, and men are often selected nowadays on no better grounds. It may be doubted whether anybody ever did know who fired the shot that killed the great chief. Those who saw him shot, from the American side, did not know him from any other Indian, and the Indians who saw him fall did not know his slayer. His death was not certainly known in the American army for a long time. Many mistook the body of a gayly dressed and painted warrior for that of Tecumseh. It is a shameful fact that from this body much of the skin was stripped by some American frontier men, who had become as barbarous as the savages against whom they had waged a life-long warfare.

General Harrison did not announce the death of Tecumseh in his report of the battle, since no one could be sure that the chief had been killed. Colonel Johnson had killed an Indian who was essaying to tomahawk him. It is quite likely that this Indian was none other than Tecumseh, who would naturally, with his quick observation, find out the leader of this cavalry charge, and seek to kill him.

Of one thing only are we certain. Tecumseh, dressed in his simple buckskin suit, with no ornament but an English medal hung about his neck,

was killed by a pistol shot from a man on horseback. The Indians recovered his body during the night, though it lay in the light of the American campfires.

He was about forty-four years of age, and in body and mind the finest flower of the aboriginal American race.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AFTER TECUMSEH'S DEATH.

THE war continued with varying fortune for more than a year after the defeat of Proctor; peace being finally concluded by the treaty of Ghent, though the last battle, at New Orleans, was fought in January, 1815, after the treaty had been signed, but before the close of the war was known. If we are to judge by the treaty of Ghent, the War of 1812 was a drawn battle, none of the vexed questions which brought it about being specifically settled in that document. Its practical results, however, were very considerable and wholesome. Great Britain, after the war, though not bound by treaty to do so, put a stop to the irritating and unjust practice of searching vessels flying the American flag. And warlike Americans, from that day to this, have not dreamed of easily conquering any part of the British provinces.

The character of Tecumseh had excited the admiration of the English as well as of the Americans. The Prince Regent, in 1814, sent a sword to Tecumseh's

son, Pugeshashenwa, and settled upon him an annual pension in consideration of his father's services. We know nothing of the son but that he removed to the Indian Territory with the remnant of the Shawnee nation. He did not figure as a man of any influence in the later history of his people.

The Prophet also received a pension from the British government, though not for valor. He was in the neighborhood of the battle of the Thames, but did not participate, either out of regard to his sacred character, or out of respect to the preciousness of his life. His portraits show him to be a man of repulsive face, having but one eye, and well calculated to impress the savage imagination as one who had mysterious dealings with the other world.

Most of the Indians living near the settlements submitted to the Americans after the battle of the Thames. The tribes have since been removed to the West, and have become partly civilized, though still retaining a tribal government. Many whites have intermarried with them; from this admixture of white blood and from other causes, the Indian nations have generally declined in numbers—more by a gradual absorption into the more numerous white communities than from extinction. The moment a half or quarter blood Indian removes from the reservation of his tribe, he becomes to all intents and purposes a

white man, and in two or three generations the last signs of Indian descent are obliterated.

The Prophet lived for twenty-two years after the death of Tecumseh, dying in 1834 among his people in their new home in the Indian Territory. He had sunk into a great obscurity long before his death, though he continued to exercise his prophetic gifts for many years after the overthrow of the movement that he had led. For no amount of failure ever quite discredits an impostor—there are always ignorant dupes eager to follow an impudent pretender or a fanatic.

In the spring of 1823, Isaac Harvey, a member of the Society of Friends, who was connected with the Friends' Mission at Wapakonetta, as superintendent of mills, visited one day an Indian who was suffering from pulmonary consumption. He found the door of the Indian's cabin shut and fastened, but after a time it was opened and he saw the sick man lying face downwards, his bared back cut in several places, so that he was in an exhausted state from the loss of blood. There was present none other than our old friend Tenskwatawa, the Shawnee Prophet, who was exercising his functions as a prophet or clairvoyant doctor. He informed the Quaker that the man was bewitched, and that these openings were made in his body to let out the combustible matter that had

been thrown into him. The good Quaker drove the Prophet out of the house and dressed the sick man's wounds.

On the following night the friendly superintendent of the mills was awakened by some one at his door wishing to get in. He heard a woman's voice crying in broken English, "They kill-ee me! they kill-ee me!" It was an Indian woman with her little girl. Mr. Harvey took her to the house of the United States interpreter, where she explained that a little messenger had brought her word that the chiefs were in council, and that she had certainly been condemned to die on a charge of having bewitched the poor consumptive on whom the Prophet had operated with knives. She begged the "Qua-ke-lee" to protect her, and said she would do all that he commanded. The shrewd Quaker, not relying on the friendliness of the interpreter, answered the woman coldly, but having secured another interpreter in the person of the blacksmith's son, he talked with her again and finally hid her and her daughter between two beds on a bedstead in the upper room of his house. He also killed with his own hands a small dog that had followed her. The life of Harvey's family depended, perhaps, quite as much as that of the Indian woman's, on their success in keeping her hidden. Every part of the Quaker's house was

searched, even this upper room, where there stood nothing but this innocent-looking bed with all the covers spread.

In the middle of that anxious day there came to the house of Isaac Harvey, his friend, the chief Weasecah, otherwise called Captain Wolf. He told the superintendent what had happened among them, as though he did not at all suspect his friend of any part in the matter. The Quaker earnestly remonstrated against the Indian belief in witches and witchcraft, and expostulated with him on the cruelty of putting people to death on an unproven charge of this kind. This disturbed the mind of Weasecah; he was surprised to find that the "Qua-ke-lee" did not agree with him on so important a matter.

About an hour afterward he returned and expressed his belief that Harvey knew more about the matter than he professed to. As the Quaker tried to evade, Weasecah urged him to tell what he knew, promising that so far from betraying him he would defend him to the utmost of his power.

It was a desperate resort, but Isaac Harvey felt that the case was a desperate one. Without frankly confessing all that he knew of the matter, he admitted to the chief that he believed the condemned woman was out of the reach of the Indians who were seeking her, and that they would never see her face

again unless they altogether abandoned the idea of executing her. This was a shrewd way of putting the case, but the Quaker added what startled the chief yet more, that he had made up his mind to close up the mission and take his family and go home.

After some thought, the chief proposed to Harvey that he should go with him direct to the council-house, where the chiefs were then in session. He thought if the "Qua-ke-lee" would promise the chiefs that he would be answerable to them for the condemned woman, he could prevail on them to pardon her. Isaac Harvey resolved to go, though it was like going into a den of wild beasts, thus to brave the angry chiefs in council. He asked the blacksmith, whose son had been his second interpreter the night before, and who had himself offered assistance, to let the boy go with him now. The smith did not believe in his success, but said that he had promised to help Harvey, and he would also go with his son. Entered now into the council-house these four—the chief, Isaac Harvey the Quaker, the blacksmith and his son.

"Be still and hear!" said Weasecah. He then told them of his interviews with his friend the "Qua-ke-lee," and of the occasion of their coming. The Indians, some of whom were painted and armed in a

way that made them quite appalling to the Quaker, now moved round talking one to another.

Isaac Harvey then addressed them through his interpreter, telling them with great composure that he had come with Weasecah and Simmeta (the blacksmith) to intercede for the woman; but seeing they had resolved to follow their own course, he was prepared to offer himself in her stead; that he had no arms and was at their mercy—they might do with him as they thought best.

At this the noble chief Weasecah took hold of Harvey's arm and said, "Me Qua-ke-lee friend." He begged the chiefs not to suffer their friend the Quaker to be harmed. But if they were still determined not to submit to the proposition, he offered his life instead of his friend's.

This heroic attitude of the Quaker, with the loyal and brave act of the chief, checked the tide of hostile feeling, and for a minute all were in suspense. Then chief after chief to the number of six or eight stepped up to the Quaker, each offering his hand and saying, "Me Qua-ke-lee friend." The blacksmith also declared himself the Quaker's friend, so that the good man was surrounded by quite a number. Weasecah then argued with them eloquently, so that at last the whole council offered their hands in friendship. The only exception was Tenskwatawa,

the Prophet, who sullenly left the council-house in defeat.

It was hard for the Quaker to prevail on the poor woman to come out of hiding. "They kill-ee me," she cried. Even Weasecah could not persuade her to leave her place of concealment. She remained several days in the Quaker's house, when she returned to her own people, and lived in peace.

By this interference of Isaac Harvey, persecution for witchcraft among the Shawnees was destroyed. The gradually increasing enlightenment of the nation, under the lead of missionaries of several denominations, has done away with many of their old superstitions.

All dreams of perpetuating savage life in opposition to civilization are futile. Civilization produces a dense population. It is not desirable that a savage race which spreads itself thinly in squalid hunting bands should possess a fertile country capable of supporting a hundred times as many people in the comfort and enlightenment of civilization. Tecumseh's impulse was a patriotic one; but it was a mistaken patriotism. The later chiefs of the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, and Miamis, who saw plainly that it was only by learning the arts of civilized life that their people could be saved from destruction, were wiser than he. But the tribute which we al-

ways pay to courage, eloquence, administrative genius, and the most devoted patriotism, rightly belong to the great Tecumseh, who, had his lot fallen to him in a more favorable time, might have produced results more permanent than a confederacy of savages. It is in the nature of all confederations of savage tribes to fall asunder. Vainly Tecumseh labored, for the very laws of nature were against him. But he serves to show how great even a savage may be.

THE END.



APPENDIX.

AUTHORITIES FOR THE LIFE OF TECUMSEH.

Life of Tecumseh and of his Brother the Prophet. With an Historical Sketch of the Shawanoe Indians. By Benjamin Drake. Cincinnati, 1841.

History of the Shawnee Indians, from the year 1681 to 1854 inclusive. By Henry Harvey, a Member of the Religious Society of Friends. Cincinnati, 1855.

History of the Late War in the Western Country, comprising a full Account of all the Transactions in that quarter, from the Commencement of Hostilities at Tippecanoe, to the Termination of the Contest at New Orleans on the Return of Peace. By Robert B. McAfee. Lexington, Ky., 1816.

A Historical Narrative of the Civil and Military Services of Major-General William H. Harrison, and a Vindication of his Character and Conduct as a Statesman, a Citizen, and a Soldier. With a detail of his Negotiations and Wars with the Indians, until the final Overthrow of the celebrated Chief Tecumseh and his Brother the Prophet. The whole written and compiled from original and authentic documents furnished by many of the most respectable characters in the United States. By Moses Dawson, Editor of the Cincinnati Advertiser. Cincinnati, 1834.

Sketches of Western Adventure: Containing an Account of the Most Interesting Incidents Connected with the Settlement of the West, from 1755 to 1794; with an Appendix. By John A. McClung. Also Additional Sketches compiled by the Publishers: a Biography of John A. McClung. By Henry Waller. Covington, Ky., 1872. [First Edition, 1832.]

Biographical Sketches of General Nathaniel Massey, General Duncan McArthur, Captain William Wells, and General Simon Kenton; who were Early Settlers in the Western Country. By John McDonald of Poplar Ridge, Ross County, Ohio. Dayton, O., 1852.

A History of Indiana, from its Earliest Explorations by Europeans to the close of the Territorial Government in 1816; comprehending a History of the Discovery, Settlement, and Civil and Military Affairs of the Territory of the United States North-West of the River Ohio, and a General View of the Progress of Public Affairs in Indiana from 1816 to 1856. By John B. Dillon. Indianapolis, 1859.

Biography and History of the Indians of North America: a History of their Wars, with an Account of their Antiquities, Manners, Customs, Religion and Laws. By Samuel G. Drake. Boston, 1848. [First Edition, 1832.]

Life and Services of General Anthony Wayne. Founded on documentary and other Evidence furnished by Colonel Isaac Wayne. By H. N. Moore. Philadelphia, Leary, Getz & Co., 1859.

A Memoir of the Public Services of William Henry Harrison, of Ohio. By James Hall. Philadelphia, 1836.

Sketches of the Civil and Military Services of William Henry Harrison. By Charles S. Todd and Benjamin Drake. Cincinnati, 1840.

Life and Adventures of Daniel Boone, the First Settler of Kentucky, interspersed with Incidents in the Early Annals of the Country. By Timothy Flint. New Edition, 1868.

The Colonial History of Vincennes, under the French, British, and American Governments, from its First Settlement down to the Territorial Administration of General William Henry Harrison, being an Address Delivered by Judge Law, before the Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society, February 22d, 1839. With Additional Notes and Illustrations. Vincennes, 1858.

Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley. By Sanford C. Cox. Lafayette, 1860.

Historical Sketches of the Late War between the United States and Great Britain, blended with Anecdotes illustrative of the Individual Bravery of the American Soldiers, Sailors, and Citizens. By John Lewis Thompson. Philadelphia, 1816.

Romantic Passages in Southwestern History: including Orations, Sketches, and Essays. By A. B. Meek. Third Edition. Mobile, 1857.

Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West. By James Hall. Philadelphia, 1835.

History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Philadelphia, 1842.

A Full and Correct Account of the Chief Military Occurrences of the Late War between Great Britain and the United States of America. London, 1818.

The History of Kentucky: An Account of the Modern Discovery, Settlement, and Progressive Improvement, Civil and Military Transactions, and the Present State of the Country. By Humphrey Marshall. Frankfort, 1824.

A Chapter of the History of the War of 1812 in the Northwest, embracing the Surrender of the Northwestern Army and Fort at De-

troit, August 16, 1812, with a Description and Biographical Sketch of the celebrated Chief Tecumseh. By Colonel William Stanley Hatch, Acting Assistant Quartermaster-General of that Army. Cincinnati, 1872.

Early History of Western Pennsylvania and the West, and of Western Expeditions and Campaigns from MDCCLIV. to MDCCCXXXIII. By a Gentleman of the Bar. Pittsburg, 1846.

Memories of Shaubena, with Incidents Relating to the Early Settlement of the West. By N. Matson. Chicago, 1878.

Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes of the American Frontiers. By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Philadelphia, 1851.

Autobiography of Rev. James B. Finley. Cincinnati, 1853.

A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner, during Thirty Years' Residence among the Indians in the Interior of North America. Edited by Edwin James. London, 1830.



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